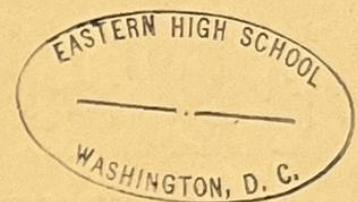
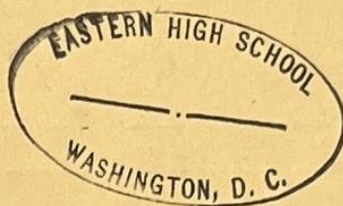
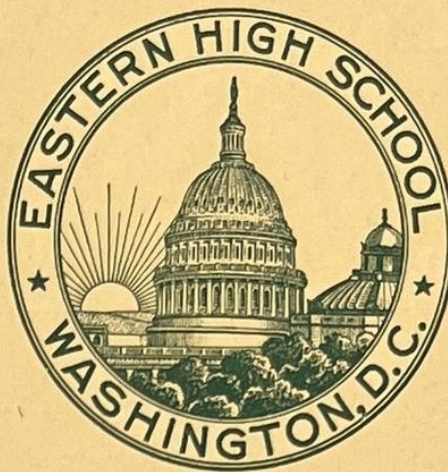


THE EASTERNER



FEBRUARY, 1925

VOLUME XXVIII



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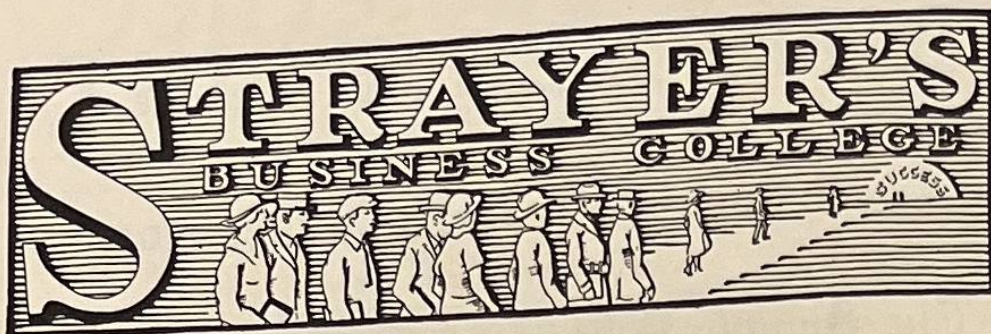
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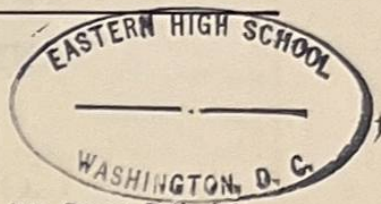


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Freshman Firstlings

In this, our Freshman number, we have devoted a page to freshman compositions. Their efforts appear below. The January, and not the February sections are given.

HOW TO APPRECIATE MUSIC

If you are going to an orchestra concert, you must know how to listen to the music. In the first place, do not go to watch the leader "beating the air with a stick," but to learn how necessary music is. All music tells a story. Shut your eyes, and if the piece is a furious one imagine that you are on a ship during a great storm. You will hear the thunder, and the waves dashing against the ship. With a soft, soothing melody, you can picture a mother putting her baby to sleep. Chopin wrote a prelude which is sometimes called the "Raindrop Prelude," due to the fact that while at a friend's house rain began to fall. He sat down at the piano and imitated the dropping of the rain, and the subdued roar of the thunder. Exert your imagination, but not foolishly, and you will discover in music a precious jewel which you hitherto have not known.

EUGENE STEWART, 2101.

A REAL THRILL—AND SPILL

My most thrilling experience occurred night before last. The recent heavy snow has been ideal for sleigh riding. There is a very precipitous road in Benning called Ridge road. This road is where we do most of our sleigh riding. The hill is about a mile long with a sharp turn at the bottom. This turn causes all the trouble. Few sleigh riders are able to make it.

I started out, and in about six seconds, I was going like an arrow. It only takes about a minute and a half to get to the bottom of this hill, and when I was near the bottom I saw trouble coming. I dragged my feet, but this did not help much at the speed I was going. By and by I reached the bottom and started to make the turn, but it was impossible. The first thing I knew I was flying

head first over the snow and finally turned a somersault into an extra large snow drift. When I emerged from it, I looked like any ordinary snowman that children like to build. Strange to say, I wasn't hurt very much, outside of scratching my arms and face all up and receiving two black eyes and a twisted ankle. I finally managed to hobble over to my sled and saw that the runners were broken and the guider was smashed.

The next time I come down Ridge road I am going to find some soft spot when I fall off.

RICHARD SPARROUGH, 2181.

SOMETHING I LIKED

One morning, as I was about to cross a busy traffic corner, I saw something I liked. It was a little thing, which, perhaps, was noticed by only a few others, yet I am sure that they appreciated it as I did.

A little dirty, frightened poodle was trying to cross the street, but was afraid to cross in front of the constant stream of automobiles. Twice he tried, but each time ran back to the sidewalk, with a little yelp.

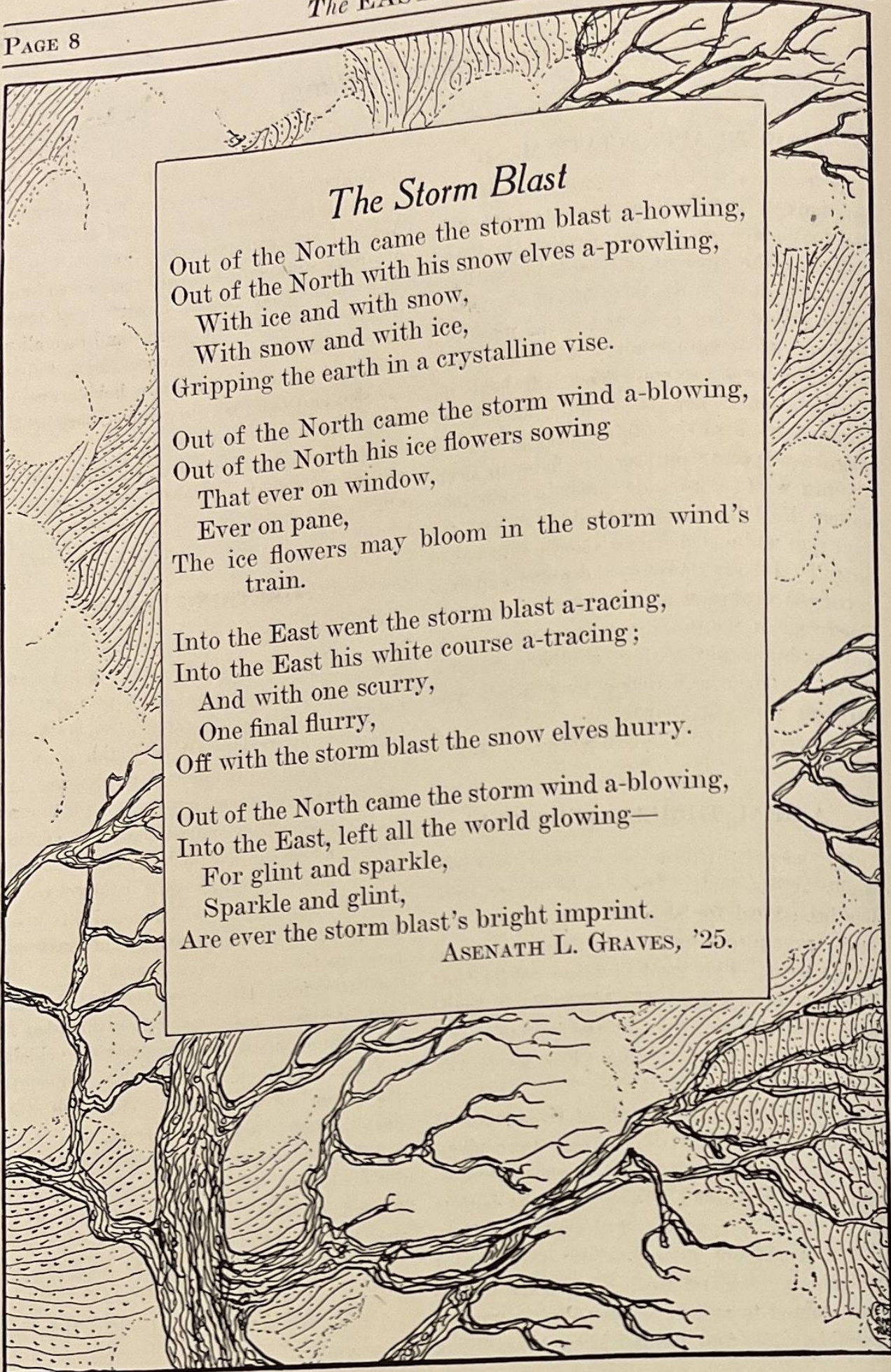
As he stood there, a little dubious about the safety of a third attempt, a small boy came up the street, ragged and forlorn, like the little dog. He picked the dog up, and, holding him in his arms, safely threaded his way in and out the swiftly moving vehicles.

They parted on the opposite corner, the dog going one way and the child the other. They probably never met again.

But what mattered that few people saw the little act? Kind deeds need not even be noticed, save by those who are benefited, but their value is the same.

RUTH BELL, 2061.

"It is easier to offer objections than it is to originate."



The Storm Blast

Out of the North came the storm blast a-howling,
Out of the North with his snow elves a-prowling,
With ice and with snow,
With snow and with ice,
Gripping the earth in a crystalline vise.

Out of the North came the storm wind a-blowing,
Out of the North his ice flowers sowing
That ever on window,
Ever on pane,
The ice flowers may bloom in the storm wind's
train.

Into the East went the storm blast a-racing,
Into the East his white course a-tracing;
And with one scurry,
One final flurry,
Off with the storm blast the snow elves hurry.

Out of the North came the storm wind a-blowing,
Into the East, left all the world glowing—
For glint and sparkle,
Sparkle and glint,
Are ever the storm blast's bright imprint.

ASENATH L. GRAVES, '25.

In Days of Old

ASENATH L. GRAVES, '25

"They're coming, Henry! They're coming! Lie low, for God's sake!"

The sibilant whisper of John Cummings, first mate of the *Plymouth Town* broke the stillness of the hold.

"Thanks, sir," came the barely perceptible answer, muffled by the thickness of the sides of one of the water casks.

Slowly and outwardly composed, John walked toward the ladder that led to the deck on which the measured cadence of soldiers marching could already be heard. A sudden shadow made him look up.

"Why Wedderspoon," he called heartily in German to the sergeant whose head peering down the opened hatch had caused the darkening of the hold. "What a pleasure! What do you say to a game of pinochle and a stein of beer?"

"This is no time for beer!" the other answered. "We want that boy first. Come now, Cummings, give him up."

"The boy?" John asked in well feigned bewilderment. "The cabin boy?"

"Nein! The Heinrich Valter," the sergeant replied, consulting his warrant. "He's supposed to be trying for America, and he was last seen headed this way. Now are you going to give him up and save yourself a long trip to prison or must I find him?"

"Heinrich Valter?" the mate said perplexedly. "No, I don't know anyone by that name, but he may be a stowaway. You may look."

"May look indeed!" Wedderspoon roared with laughter. "May look!" He made a deep mocking bow. "I must humbly thank you, sir, for your unparalleled goodness," he said; and then he added, closely watching John's face, "We'll start here, then! Spread out. Look behind and examine each suspicious cask," and he set them an example by so vigorously examining the nearest one that he spilled half of its contents.

"Sergeant!" the mate cried, horrified, for the water supply in 1840 was an important matter on the trip from Hamburg to New York.

Wedderspoon only replied with a derisive laugh, but he contented himself with less forceful demonstrations after that. Hardly able to restrain himself, John followed him as he went up the first row of casks, drawing ever nearer to the one in which Henry was hidden.

Only five casks away! Wedderspoon knocked off the top, and looked with disgust at the green water in it. Four casks away! Another top off.

"Phaw! Do you drink this stuff?" he queried as he passed on to the next. That one he only knocked with the stock of his gun to prove its fullness. Two casks away! Again he passed by with but a rap. Surely he would open the next and then—the boy!

"Phew!" Wedderspoon exclaimed dropping his gun to the floor, "warm work!" Lazily he seated himself on that very cask in which Henry was crouching.

The mate gasped, and watched him, fascinated, as he called directions to his men. Had he only known that his own tasseled boots swung within two inches of his quarry! John shuddered at the thought. He must not let him suspect.

"What's this Vanter—is that the name?—done?" he asked.

"Valter," Wedderspoon corrected. "He evaded conscription. Claims he's English."

"English," echoed the mate desperately fighting for control.

"Yes. His mother was English and his father, who was born a German, lived in England all his life. Young Valter was born there, but he came over here to live with some kin when his parents died. He was conscripted—first draft of his age. He tried to crawl out of it, did everything but pay a

(Continued on page 29)

The Valentine Man

"Valentines! Valentines!
Little rhymes and plenty of hearts,
Lacy paper and cupid's darts—
Valentines? Valentines?"

an old man called, approaching a group of Eastern collegiates.

"Say!" cried G—— W——, seeing his wares. "What's that supposed to be?" and he pointed to a great red card.

"A heart, sir," the old man answered eagerly.

"Shades of Miss Wilkins! If that's a heart——"

"Miss Wilkins mightn't recognize it, sir, but the flappers—they can spot 'em a mile off. And look at the rhyme:

"Give me your heart, and you take mine—
Ever to be my valentine."

"It's about time somebody discovered a new rhyme for 'valentine,'" F—— T—— put in cynically, as G—— seemed too wrapped in thought for reply.

"There's nothing pleases them so much as 'mine' rhymed with 'valentine,'" the old man returned sagely. "Why that combination has ruined more rivals!"

"Rivals," F—— murmured.

"Yes, 'rivals.' Why listen," and bringing up a cluster of cypresses blossoming with hearts, he read:

"What means a heart an' a valentine,
Dearest since you have broken mine?"

"I don't see any sense to that," J—— H—— objected.

"Oh, but the other gentleman does," chuckled the old man. "Just such a valentine, and then a call, and—but then," he added quickly as J—— grew impatient, "for them as don't like quarrels, here's the thing."

"What is it?" asked J——.

The old man drew out a picture of two turtle doves, with this inscription:

"My house, my hand, my heart are thine
If thou wilt be my valentine."

"Why there's not a heart on that one!" J—— cried.

"Oh, no. Its 'sweets to the sweet' but not 'red to the rusty,' and hearts is red so they jus' put them in the verse instead of the picture."

"Hum! There's a heart in that verse," J—— murmured thoughtfully.

"Awful verses," J—— B—— put in.

"Awful verses?" the old man exclaimed.

"He ought to know," G—— remarked. "You should see some of the stuff he's written."

"I hope, Mr. G——," J—— said, "you mean 'stuff' in the newspaper sense of the word."

G—— loftily nodded "of course," as he didn't want to show his ignorance of what the newspaper sense of the word was, and then broke in, "here's what you want,

"I sing of you, O maid divine,
I sing of my darling valentine!"

"What's that white thing there?" J—— asked.

"That's the lyre you sing with," the old man explained.

"What's the good of a compliment if you send a lyre with it?" J—— asked.

"That's a question, but the ladies never ask it. Liars come sorta natural to them."

The boys were all deep in thought; so he strolled on once more calling his song,

"Valentines! Valentines!
Little rhymes and plenty of hearts,
Lacy paper and cupid's darts.
Valentines? Valentines?"

* * * * *

An hour later I met the old gentleman in the halls. I looked at his tray aghast. Where was the unbiological heart, the cluster of

(Continued on page 28)

College and Campus

(This is the second of a series of articles on colleges offering scholarships to Eastern.)

BUFF AND BLUE

When one mentions George Washington University, we think of our own "home" college to which so many of our friends go. We are so close to it, in fact, that we do not realize its true greatness.

Founded in 1821, co-educational, and non-sectarian in nature, it is one of the best universities in the South Atlantic district. It is not a poor, struggling institution as it is sometimes pictured. Recently a million dollar endowment fund drive was undertaken, and proved successful. As a result, Corcoran Hall and the G. W. Gym have been erected. Other buildings are under construction.

The university boasts of the large number of its 5,000 students who work during the day and attend college at night. The night classes rank the same scholastically as the day classes.

Another advantage besides its proximity to Washingtonians, is the large number of national, and even international celebrities whom the university secures to deliver lectures from time to time.

George Washington offers a number of courses which it advertises in *THE EASTER*NER day and attend college at night. The nighting, architecture, medicine, pharmacy, and law.

The Eastern High School diploma is sufficient for admission. Each year, however, seven scholarships are offered to the high schools of the District, the Kendall being the highest. The other six are of equal value, but are not so famous. Those students who take the competitive scholarship examinations, held the latter part of May, are excused from school during the examination week. Coaching classes have already been formed in many of the studies required, and anyone desiring further information on the subject may obtain it from Miss Hawes in Room 101.

Clarke Robb won a scholarship in '23 and

Marie Kroll was a winner last year. Eastern hopes to take the Kendall scholarship this year.

Two of Eastern's teachers, Miss Arnold and Mr. Haworth, went to George Washington on scholarships won here at Eastern.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

(As described in a letter from a student to his cousin)

DEAR MARGARET:

Do you mean to say you are still hesitating between Syracuse and an all-girls' college? After all my explaining too, about how good Syracuse really is! I admit it doesn't go in much for dead languages and all that stuff, but it has as good an arts course as you can find anywhere. Girls from all over the Eastern States come here for drawing, painting, history of art, and so forth. It offers a peach of a musical course, too; so you won't have to drop your "dee-dee-deeing" while you are here.

Syracuse has just about the right number of students for a university, six thousand, (big enough to be good in all scholastic and sport contests, and not big enough to lose its school spirit). There are almost as many boys as girls because the New York State School of Forestry is here, which is mighty attractive to the boys, since besides being one of the best schools of its kind in the country, its tuition is free. Then a lot of them come as I did for the medical course which has a fine reputation.

If you like sororities and fraternities and that stuff, you'll find branches of all the good "nationals" here. In fact, almost everybody but the greenest freshmen lives in one of the "houses."

Why, Margaret, since Eastern offers a scholarship every year to Syracuse you'd be foolish not to try for one, and more foolish still not to come here anyway.

Love from your cousin,

DICK.

Two-Eyed Tom, or from Cowboy to Cowpuncher

JOHN E. BOWMAN, '25

Day was slowly breaking at the "Dubbell Bar Ranch." Two-eyed Tom, an inmate of the Ranch, saw that it wood soon be broken to peaces. He theirfor jumped from his bed and began to dress hisself. Let us leave him thusly engaged and let us look into his character.

Two-eyed Tom was a cowboy at the Dubbell Bar Ranch. He was madly in luv with Lonesome Lizzy, the dawter of the owner of the Ranch. Now, nobody new that Two-eyed Tom luvved Lonsome Lizzy, knot even Lizzy her-own-self, becawz Tom hadent told her yet.

So this morning when Two-eyed Tom was looking threw the window and adjusting his seven-shooters on his hipps he suddenly saw a scream, a woman's scream,—low and piercing. He jumped from his bedroom window which was on the tenth floor of the two-story bilding & struck bottom unharmed & jest in time to see a horse come from behind the pigpen at the rate of 4 miles per hour. There was 2 riders a—man and a lady. Tom seen the streaming red hare of the lady & knowed it must be Lizzy. Then evijently Lizzy was being kidnapped. Impossible,—for she was no kid. But wait,—the man was Sneering Sam, the gambler, whose luv had bin refused a millyon times by Lonesome Lizzy. This then was Sam's revengeance.

Tom leaped on his trusty broncho. The self starter dident werk, as the animal was asleep, so Tom applied the spurs, and hastented in pursuit in high gear.

By this time Sneering Sam had a lead of 13 kilagrams, but Rom was steddily gaining. Steddily, and slowly, but shurely. In 21-7 minutes he was close enough to hear the snorting snorts of Sam's hoarse and to sea the sneering sneers on Sam's face. . . . In 2 seconds they will be side by side. Ah-ha, a plan,—Tom will seize Lonsome Lizzy's streaming tresses (vis., her read hare) and pull hisself onto S. Sam's hoarse with Lizzy and S. Sam,—3 on 1 hoarse.

"Stop, fowl villin," erize Tom, "lest I blow your fowl branes from beneath your lid."

"Cerees," came the answer, "I shall never stop."

"No?"

"No, I shall drive straight to yonder ledge and the hoarse and the 3 of us shall be cast to destruction in yonder pool. Ah-ha!"

He turned the steering wheel sharply and the hoarse swerved and jumped from the ledge,—a fall of 24 ft., 3 1-16 inches, to apparent destruction.

CHAPTER II

(By the Author of Chapter I)

As the hoarse leaped over the cliff Tom sez to Sneering Sam, "Kin yuh Swim?"

"No," sez Sam.

"Then the joke's on you, cause I can swim. I shall save the heroine, namely Lizzy, and you shall be drowned."

"Kin you swim?"

(By this time they fell 11 feet, 21-32 inches.)

"Yes," sed Tom cheerily. "I learnt it in the goldfish bowl at home, and wot's more I kin play pool, and that's lucky, because we will soon all be in the pool."

"Cerees," sed Sneering Sam for the 2nd time that day. "Luck is agin me."

He wood of sed more, but at this moment they hit the water. It was a knockout,—for Sam was knocked all around. Tom immedjitly seezed Lizzy and began to swim to shore, a distance of 10 yards, 4 feet, and being a good swimmer he accomplished this within an hour.

Safely on shore at last, Lizzy, with all the charm of her 47 years looked gratefully at Tom.

"My hero," she shrieked softly.

"My shero," came the growling response.

But they were interrupted by Sneering Sam, who was going down for the 2nd time successfully.

(Continued on page 30)

Blue Vervain

Ghosts properly belong to faded, colonial mansions whose crumbling portals seem to welcome the shades of those who, like themselves, have only happy days to remember. A haunted bungalow would seem an impossibility, an anomaly; but I know of one, the more to be feared because its cheerful appearance conceals no hint of the menace that lurks within.

It was ill fated from the beginning, for the workmen found the site where it was to be built hidden beneath a dense growth of the sinister beauty of the blue vervain. They still whisper over the evening fire, those few workmen who are yet alive, of how Black Mitchel, the strongest of them all, boasting of his indifference to "those old wives' tales of the blue vervain" had first uprooted a clump of it. The doctors had said when he was found dead two days later, "heart failure"; but his friends knew. Not for nothing had they seen, grasped in his dead hand, that tiny sprig of the fatal flower.

They whispered, too, when the house had long been completed and yet still stood vacant, of how Jim, the night watchman, was killed by a tiny, falling bit of plaster. When the "Old Un" had picked it up next day, it had crumbled and crumbled in his hand as he examined it; and suddenly he had stared at it in horror and thrown it far away. He would never tell them the reason for his sudden terror; but Steve, who was standing nearest, in-

sisted that it was a leaf he had seen in the center of the plaster—a leaf of the blue vervain.

But even these whispers could not keep the little house empty forever, and one day Edmund Cross, a very young groom, brought home to it his even younger bride. That night as they talked together after all their guests had left, he laughingly told her of the weird tales rumor had woven around their home.

"But that's the good of college, Edna," he said. "It teaches us the triviality of all that 'bunk.'"

Edna's laughter was a little uncertain. He went on.

"You see blue vervain doesn't mean evil to me, but home—and you."

"Blue vervain," she murmured.

"Why, we ought to call our home really, the House of the Blue Vervain," he continued.

"Yes, the House of the Blue Vervain," she assented; but as Edmund bade her good night, he heard her repeat that name again with a little catch in her breath—"The House of the Blue Vervain."

(Write your own conclusion to this story, *sign* it, and drop it into the *EASTERNER* Box in the office. Endings must not exceed 500 words, must be written on one side of page, and must be submitted not later than March 2. The best ending will be published in the April issue of *THE EASTERNER*.—EDITOR.)

YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND ALWAYS

DOROTHY E. WALKER, '25.

The ashes were falling thick and fast;
 The soldier at his post heeded them not.
 He was a Roman; his duty
 Was to remain at his post.
 It grew intensely black; only jets of flame
 Lit up the deep void.
 The hot ashes filled the streets;
 People fell in them, were smothered in them.
 Others, rushing by, fell over them,

All intent only on fleeing from the burning
 mountain.

A woman stops and cries to the soldier,
 "You fool! run for your life! the mountain's
 aflame!"

He stayed where he was.

Almost two thousand years after
 They found him
 Dead, at his post.

How Much Do You Know?

JOHN E. BOWMAN, '25

"I bet I'll beat you to the classroom," said the Freshman to the Senior, as he hurried down the corridor.

The Senior, of course, would not think of doing so undignified a thing as to run to the room; so he sauntered through the doorway a moment or so after the Freshman.

"I'm going to open a window," declared the Rookie. "It's too warm in here."

"Nonsense," contradicted the wiser one. "You're warm because you were running to get here. Don't you know that the temperature of all the rooms in Eastern High School is automatically regulated and that it is absolutely impossible for a room to get too warm or too cold?"

"Well, you may be right about the *temperature*, but how are you going to get fresh air in the rooms if all the windows are closed?"

"Fresh air? You get all the fresh air you need, and some to spare through that register over there in the wall. Fresh air is constantly being forced into the room through the register at the bottom of the wall; and the impure air which rises toward the ceiling, is being drawn out through the register at the top of the wall."

"Then you mean to say," gasped the little fellow, "that it would really be best if every window in the building were kept shut?"

"It certainly would. And I'll give you another chance to show your ignorance. You say, 'every window in the building.' All right; how many windows do you suppose there are in the building?"

"Oh, I don't know—perhaps a hundred."

"Wrong, my child. There are exactly one thousand windows."

"Gee!" exclaimed the green one. "Wouldn't it be fun to wash all of them!"

"If you stop to figure it out, you will find that, by allowing fifteen minutes for each window, it would take you more than thirty days of eight hours each to get all the win-

dows washed. And by that time the first ones would be ready to be washed again."

"I never realized that there was so much work to it," murmured the Freshman.

"And you probably never considered how many persons are required to do all this work. There are Mr. Kirby, who is chief janitor; Mr. Sheahan and Mr. Kneas, assistant janitors, as well as Mr. McQueeney, chief engineer; James King, electrician; two assistant engineers, a gardener, two firemen, two coal passers, eight laborers, three women laborers, a matron, and a night watchman. That makes twenty-five altogether."

"I shouldn't have thought that there were more than five or six," said his awed listener.

"Why, my boy," continued the intelligent one, "there is always one person in the building at night. If the school is open at night there are eight. And, by the way, it costs from ten to fifteen dollars a night to keep the building open."

"Zounds, as Shakespeare would say," commented the youngster.

"But to get back to the subject of heating," pursued the other, "permit me to inform you that from the first of October to the beginning of May, nine or ten tons of coal are used daily. That means that as much coal is burned in one day as some families use in an entire winter."

"Yeah, and that would make about 2,000 tons a year," added the Freshie, to show that he knew a thing or two about arithmetic.

"And figuring four pounds to a shovelful," elaborated the Senior, not to be outdone by the other's knowledge, "that would mean 1,000,000 shovelfuls!"

The Freshman absently toyed with the ink-well as he allowed the "1,000,000 shovelfuls" to sink into his brain.

"Ah, yes, the ink!" said the Senior.

(Continued on page 28)

Whistling Pete—A Whale of a Story

GEORGE A. MAIN, '26



Whistling Pete was not, as you may think, a person. He was a whale. (Behold the title.) You may ask, and pertinently, why a whale should be named Whistling Pete. However, I must sustain interest in the plot, and you will be answered later in my narrative.

There is a sandbar across the mouth of the St. Johns River which keeps all large sea creatures from entering this sheltered Florida waterway. However, at certain times of the year the tide rises to a great height, and on these occasions any large animal or fish may cross the bar and enter the channel.

During one particularly high tide a large whale came blundering up the river. His presence was soon known to everybody along the water from Jacksonville to Palatka, the limit of his range. The St. Johns is not very deep, and the animal was confined to the boat channel. Now this channel was made with the determination to spend as little money as possible on it, and as a consequence it is not particularly wide. Many a night a river steamer felt heavy shocks, as the mighty animal vented its rage against the boat's side. Many a day found the intelligent whale following the wake of some up-river boat, patiently waiting for the refuse from dinner.

About this time the river steamers were troubled with a strange danger. While sailing along some dark night the pilot would hear two whistle blasts, a signal for the boat to go to starboard and let another craft pass. The pilot would steer to the right, then look for the other boat. Yet no light would be seen, and repeated swinging of the searchlight would reveal nothing. This happened many times, until the river people were convinced that the river was haunted by a second "Flying Dutchman." Finally one pilot, after hearing the two blasts, swung his boat to port instead, and to everybody's consternation, encountered a huge bulk under the

water. Needless to say, all other signals were implicitly obeyed; and still no one had a satisfactory answer to the riddle.

These eerie signals continued for several years, until finally the problem was solved by the captain of a freight craft carrying wood to St. Augustine. The boat was rounding Buffalo Bluff one dark night, when four whistles were heard. Now four whistles are the equivalent of "I am in great distress; help me." Immediately an attempt was made to locate the crippled vessel with a spotlight, but nothing was found. Then the captain decided that it was some launch stranded on Buffalo Bar, and a small boat was sent out to answer the distress signal which was repeated at regular intervals. The boat made its way toward the shore, guided by a hand searchlight, which lighted the shore in the search for the wrecked craft.

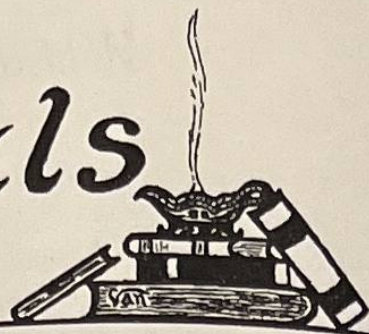
Imagine their surprise on finding their old friend, Pete the whale, stranded on the sandbar. He wagged his tail in friendly acknowledgment of their coming, and again uttered the four whistles. The men gazed at each other in blank amazement, then burst into a roar of laughter. Here was their mysterious vessel, their "Flying Dutchman," their pet "hant." At last the ghost was laid.

They hurried back to their boat, but it seemed a shame to leave Whistling Pete to die there on the sandbank, so after much labor he was set afloat. As soon as the monstrous animal was comfortably settled, he gave three whistles, which means, "I'm all right now, thank you," and disappeared up the river.

The Cadet Notes do not appear in this issue as the Cadet Editor failed to turn them in on time.



Editorials



Eastern welcomes you, February Freshmen. "Do well, Do Better, Do Best."

WANTED—

One gym where an Easternite does not require a shoe horn to get into, where he can get a seat occasionally, where he is not forced to yell into his neighbor's ear instead of the atmosphere, and where he can see Eastern vanquish her opponent. Please send same to Washington, D. C.

In other words, we need a gymnasium here which has adequate facilities for spectators. Both the George Washington and the Central gyms are woefully lacking, although the former is more roomy. Comfort alone is not so important as safety. The G. W. gym. is also safer; and the over-crowded galleries at Central with but one exit each present a menace which would result in a catastrophe in case of panic. A possibility of such a danger must be eliminated.

Why can't the capital of the Nation have a comfortable and safe place for indoor sports?
H. E. A.

NEW SOURCE OF POWER DISCOVERED

It was reported last night from the physics department of Eastern High School that a great fund of hitherto untamed strength and dormant energy has been discovered by Professor A. Senior. This tremendous force consists of five hundred and one freshman powered beings, moving in steady and irresistible tide. Skillful statisticians and careful calculators figure that this amount of energy turned into the proper channels by means of

a system of dams and pressure pumps will be sufficient to run the school in three years' time. Professor Senior emphasizes the importance of not allowing this great body of potent potentialities to lie idle at the start. He says that it needs only the help of the Fly-by-nights of the order of Juniors and his own co-mates to lure this force by the small inlets, "EASTERNER Subscription," "Participation," and "Athletic Tickets" into the central channel of school spirit. With sincere cooperation Professor Senior prophesies that we may expect an almost immediate transformation of this strength to energy. A. L. G.

OUR ORGANIZATIONS

It is a known fact that a school is judged by its record of achievements other than scholastic, as well as by its rating in scholarship. Now we desire to see our school at the head of the list in both, and we can keep her there only by cooperating. The best way to do this is for each pupil to contribute some of his time to the advancement of his school. It is merely a question of joining some of the organizations and doing his best.

There is such a thing as "overdoing it," however. Some of the students join too many organizations, and become hindrances rather than assets to them because they cannot devote the necessary time to all of them, and keep up their studies at the same time. The best Easternites are those who decide in quality rather than quantity, who enter only a few activities, and prove their worth in these.

J. A. M.

FACULTY

Friends and fellow-sufferers—excuse the slip—fellow-students: Well, here it is copy day again and the faculty column is still a broad expanse of unsullied white paper. Copy day, we shall state for the benefit of the uninitiated, is the day when all the members of the EASTERNER staff fail in recitation because they were up all the night before getting their “stuff” ready.

You see, we couldn’t ask the teachers for any more information for the faculty page. We haven’t recovered from the last time yet; neither have they. Therefore we decided to consider the faculty from the viewpoint of the student. (I just love to use that editorial “we.”)

“Mistake us not, reader,” as Shakespeare or somebody said. We’re not going to publish student opinions of the faculty. How could you think it?

But during our long and varied career as a student—well, as a pupil anyway—we have heard certain comments on the manner of running the school which we think should be offered as suggestions. The only reason we have not suggested them before is that we have been too busy framing reasons why it took us so long to get to class or why we didn’t write that exercise.

After thinking over the proposed improvements, we have selected a few which are here offered for unanimous approval by the faculty.

1. We think teachers should use discretion in “calling down” pupils who are going up the wrong stairs. You may be talking to a senior. Of course, if you are sure he’s a lower classman, it’s all right.

2. We’d like it much better if you didn’t ask us why we were late for school. It’s so likely to embarrass us.

3. We believe examinations would be much more effective if the questions were given out a few days beforehand, so that we would have time to understand them thoroughly.

4. We don’t think you ought to break up

important conversations in the halls between periods. Of course, there are some people who just chatter, but when we are discussing a really pressing matter with a cherished friend, and some teacher says, “Don’t block up the corridor,” oh, if you only knew how it pains our tender hearts!

5. We should like the faculty as a whole to get more practice in making the letters “e” and “g.” We admire the artistic manner in which most of the teachers form their “d’s,” but even the highest forms of art begin to pall if you see too much of them. We suggest that advisories make very good practice paper.

We would appreciate it if these suggestions were put up at the next faculty meeting, so that the formality of voting for them may be disposed of.

* * * * *

That row of stars has a practical as well as ornamental value. It takes up space.

Now let’s see. Oh, yes! You’ve heard of imaginary conversations between famous people, haven’t you? Well, we have a strong imagination, and the other day we imagined a few conversations in which members of the faculty took part. Some of them were quite interesting.

Take this one for instance, between Miss Boyd and a sophomore (any sophomore will do).

Miss Boyd: “Forgot to bring your book back? Oh, that’s all right; tomorrow will do perfectly well. You can bring in a nickel any time it’s convenient.”

Sophomore: “Oh, I couldn’t think of waiting till tomorrow, Miss Boyd. I’ll go right home at lunch-time and get it.”

Or this between Miss Egbert and the spirit of William Shakespeare:

Shakespeare’s spirit: “How did you like my *Hamlet*, Miss Egbert? Do you think it will get into the EASTERNER?”

Miss Egbert: “Why, yes; I believe it’s
 (Continued on page 28)

SCHOOL news



Hist! 'Tis a deep, dark secret! There have been weird happenings in this honest building. Many rumors have gone the rounds, yet no one seems to have fathomed their true meaning. After laborious effort some of these rumors have been gathered for your benefit.

It is even reported that the orchestra members whom Mr. Felix Mahoney drew are not the angels that he pictured them, but that he was prejudiced because of their heavenly music. However, as a former newspaper cartoonist on *The Star* and as a leader in artistic circles, his motives should not be questioned.

Some of the most ignorant of the rookies, gossip has it, didn't know who Dr. Small was, until a brilliant senior nearby told them of his work in behalf of putting Eastern where it is now. For those who still don't know, Dr. Small is a former principal, and he spoke at the Christmas assembly. There, too, a dreadful rumor was confirmed by Nathan Clark, who, as tactfully as possible, told us that there is no Santa Claus. (We still don't believe him.) Girls, it is said, fell in love with the announcers of the radio stations which sent greetings to us.

Miss Grace Leigh Scott, of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, proved adequately her ability as a speaker recently when she kept awake all of those who frequently sleep throughout assemblies.

It is stated that a number of our most prominent students were over here *early* on the night of January 16. The attraction was the Home and School Association meeting and "eats" furnished by the domestic science department. An instrumental trio and a chorus by the Glee Club furnished music. Much of the evening's entertainment was done by the Dramatic Club, which presented *The Burglar*

and a monologue. Although cloaked in secrecy, it was learned from a reliable source that some of the teachers nearly disclosed their age in lending old-time dresses for the domestic art exhibit!

Quite contrary to its usual dignity, the *EASTERNER* staff had a celebration just before Christmas by a party which has been described as being a "scream." Everyone is silent on the subject, but Mr. Haworth can play baseball, George Roth makes an excellent villain, and the ice cream eating championship stands seven plates to four for Tom Howard against "King" Prender, if we believe all we hear.

The Cub appeared recently as a supplement to *THE EASTERNER*, and found instant favor because it fit exactly into "Twelve Tons" and could be read in class. (Don't let the teachers know this.)

Eastern's at it again! Another triumph was checked upon her ledger when eleven students won prizes in the National Lighting Educational Contest. She is especially proud for she claims the winner of the grand prize, a Chevrolet touring car, won by Erma Louise Ford who also received a five-tube neutrodyne set and a medal.

The other prize winners were as follows: Adlena Willis, five-tube neutrodyne set and medal; Marian Gaylord, wrist-watch; Ronald Brown, twenty dollars in gold; Evelyn Burns, ten dollars in gold; Florence Painter, Kingsland Prender, Carl Ackerman, Geraldine Carpenter, Bella Edelson, Annalee Shankle, five dollars in gold each.

Mildred Koontz, Isabelle Anderson, and H. D. Anderson received medals and certificates in the monthly Underwood Typewriter Contest for January. Mary Dennean, Wini-

fred Duffy, Olinda Facchina, Ethel Gill, Ethel McGunigal, and Irving Raley were awarded certificates.

We do not attempt to stop here, but aim to go on to even higher and bigger things.

MID-YEAR GRADUATION

January 30 marked the departure from Eastern of another distinguished class. With John Rosson presiding, they presented a most interesting class day program on January 23. We heard the class song, will, prophecy, and poem on that day. For their play they presented *The Red Lamp*, by Hiliard Booth. The class officers were: President, John Rosson; vice-president, Elizabeth Newsom; secretary, Sayde Furr; treasurer, Ernest Parker.

Graduation night brought Mr. Roy Helton back to us as speaker. Mr. Helton is one of our most famous alumni, being a poet and author of note. The valedictory and the presentation of diplomas sent another class into the annals of Eastern's history.

At the commencement exercises of the two-year business class on January 29, Mr. Arthur Robb, a staunch friend of Eastern, delivered the address. The class officers were: President, Margaret Brust; vice-president, Anne VanVoorhis; secretary, Edna Jenkins; treasurer, Frank Campbell.

FADS AND FOIBLES OF LAST SEMESTER

The lure of the radio still holds us all. As evidence, look from the window and try to count the aeriels on the roofs across from the school.

Competition is offered by the cross word puzzle craze. On the cars coming to school, before school, during lunch hours and class hours, we have seen the puzzle fans working all semester. Some of our most famous personages have fallen. A prominent senior was heard to ask imploringly for a three-letter word meaning a large body of water.

The high neck dresses held sway over this period. Some of the girls looked rather warm

at times, but they stuck it out gamely. The snows brought out a few galoshes. More practical than some fads, at least.

Another epidemic of checker playing struck the school. Eastern never wholly abandons this pastime for long.

What will *this* semester bring?

TEXTBOOK INSCRIPTIONS

Ever since I came to Eastern my hobby has been to mark up my books. I soon lost pleasure in changing the appearance of Socrates, Napoleon, Louis XIV, and other gentlemen of international fame. That, I say, passed with my freshman year. Then I became a connoisseur, collector, fiend, or what you will, of inscriptions for my books.

That some were irrelevant I do not deny. Neither do I claim the honor of originating them all. I am a collector, not an author. After three years of patient collecting, it is high time to allow the world the chance to see my poor efforts. Therefore this article.

There is, of course, the common type of lettering such as "E. H. S." or "Eastern" or, perhaps, the owner's initials. These I say are commonplace writings. Occasionally one sees a Greek letter, denoting the fact that the owner takes Greek. Another group is the "Danger" set. This includes "Rat Poison," "For External Use Only," "Open Day and Night," "Do Not Open Until December 25," "Handle With Care," and "Torture." These could be used on any book.

The "Specific" group is interesting to study. On a math. book we see "Down With La Follette and Radicals," or "In case of fire, please throw in." For Halleck we recommend "Official Guide Book," or "Thank you, call again"; "24,000 lbs." "If you like her, Cæsar," or "Joke Book," are excellent captions for "Twelve Tons." Several other catchy expressions, "Out of order," "Book of dope," "Applesauce," or "Brain food," fit in anywhere.

The most expressive inscriptions we have seen are short one as "*c@&()" or "N. G."

If you have any rare types of this style of literature, won't you please send them to me?

H. E. A., '25.



OUR BASKETBALL STARS

Kessler

"Barney" learned his A B C's in a book that read "Absolute Basketball Champions of the District—Eastern." Furthermore, he believed it, and still does. He was on the championship team of '23, captain of the '24 victors, and again captain this year. Anyone by watching his playing cannot help laughing at the way in which he makes monkeys of his opponents, and it is not often that "Barney" is caught napping. On the court, or gridiron, as guard, or quarterback, he is a flash of lightning in a hurry to get somewhere. At school, his arrival before 9:30 is rare indeed. That's "Barney," sometimes called Bruce!

Bennie

"Jew's" specialty is long shots, those from mid-floor being exactly suited to his tastes. No matter how careful the other team's guarding may be, the game is as good as lost if Ralph (yes, that's his real name) is "right," for the basket seems an irresistible magnet for his shots. "Jew" was a member of the famous '24 aggregation, too. Bennie is quite a baseball player, though few know it, besides having his extraordinary basketball ability.

Radice

Julius Radish is the short, broad, speedy player in our outfit. He was an all-high football man, and it seems perfectly reasonable to say he will be an all-high basketball man, too. "Julie" is a celebrity in other lines besides these. He has long been a member of the students' council, and has recently entered

dramatics. It is his sincere hope that his training acquired in dramatics will help him to "blarst" Western's chance at the Harvard cup. We hope he "blarsts" them several times. Radice was in the basketball squad last year, also.

Scruggs

Whenever you see a human jumping-jack racing down the floor—at about forty miles an hour, chewing gum just about twice as fast—that's Harold Scruggs. His friends claim that he can outjump any other player in the interhigh series, and after seeing him in action, we agree that there is much foundation for the claim. Scruggs' ability in jumping has been traced to the fact that he eats Mexican jumping beans, so famous detectives discovered.

Heeke

The handsome, calm center of our team is Mr. Prometheus Ulysses Heeke, the gentleman who performed so creditably in the recent football season. The heavy uniform cumbered him somewhat then, but he now has the chance to show his real speed on the basketball floor. His job is filling the immense gap left by Jack Smith, and a very good plug (if he will pardon the figure) he is, too. Incidentally, this is his first year in basketball at Eastern.

Madigan

Noted for his ability as a baseball and football star, as a Chinese lover, and as a worthy rival of Barney Kessler for tardiness, "Skinny" Madigan is adding to his laurels by

adorning the basketball team. Sometimes he plays guard, and sometimes center; but he does both equally well. Whether he is stage-loving, or stepping on someone's neck in football, "Skinny's" bound to succeed. He did

his bit in the '24 basketball season.

This is a bird's-eye view of our basketball squad. Others are Burch, Lowden, McIntosh and McAllister.

THE SEASON THUS FAR

As we go to press Eastern has played three games in the interscholastic basketball series.

The team defeated Central in the first game, 21 to 17, was defeated by Western in the second, 22 to 16, and conquered Business, 29-11.

Everyone is looking forward to the second game with Western. It will undoubtedly be

the best game of the series. Eastern is determined to come back strong and defeat Western, while Western is determined to retain the lead.

Just because we have lost one game is no reason to concede the victory to Western. Our team is going to win the next Western game and then beat them again in the play-off.

GIRL LUMINARIES

While waiting for the class teams to be organized we decided to interview those who have charge of the teams this year. The first person to whom we talked was Nellie Dalrymple, the manager.

Nellie entered Eastern in February, 1922, and was too late to try for the team; but she learned to play basketball in her gym. class under Miss Stockett's coaching. In her second year we were in the new school, but as she was a February classman, Nellie couldn't be on the class team. And now we shall continue the interview in her own words:

"In my third year I was made assistant-manager and elected captain of the team on which I played. I made the junior class team, and, having passed in all my subjects (and here we might add that she was an honor student), won my 'E.' It was hard, but enjoyable work, and under Miss Stockett's guidance we learned a great deal about true sportsmanship. In this, my fourth year, I was made manager and hope to make the senior class team. I hope to win another 'E,' as this will be my last chance to play basketball in high school."

Dorothy Colliflower, who is the assistant-manager, insisted that she had done nothing of importance; but we finally prevailed upon her, by asking many questions, to tell us the

following and think that you will agree with us in saying that her work has really been quite worth-while:

"When I was in my first year at Eastern, the freshmen were not allowed to go out for basketball, except for practice; so all that I could do was to learn the rules of the game and practice hard. In my second year we were in the new building and I again went out for my second-favorite sport." Here we interrupted.

"What is your favorite sport?"

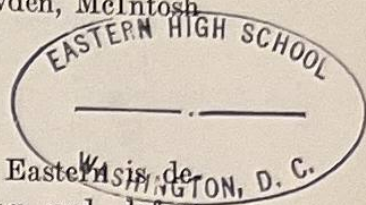
"Swimming," was the reply.

"I played on the sophomore class team of which I was captain," she continued, "and in this, my third year, I was made assistant-manager. I hope to make the junior class team and obtain my longed-for 'E.'"

The next person we sought to interview was one of the referees, Jane Flournoy.

Jane was a freshman in the old school when we were working on the two-shift system. Because of the crowded conditions and lack of equipment, she could not play regularly, and so in her sophomore year she could only be "sub" on the class team. However, when we came to the new school there was plenty of time, room, and equipment; so Jane was rewarded by her perseverance and made as-

(Continued on page 29)



ORGANIZATIONS

A Chap of Conviction

Mr. Nathan Clark, newly elected student manager of the Dramatic Society, regarded his interviewer contemptuously. Then, on seeing a pencil and pad, the ear-marks of a poor reporter, his indifference changed to flowery eloquence; and in oratorical style he put forth the merits of his organization.

"I am convinced," he soliloquized, "that this organization has reached heights far too lofty for even the aspirations of other societies at Eastern. Elaborate plans have been made this year and with the largest membership in its history, dramatics at Eastern gives promise of flourishing as it has never done before.

"It is at the weekly meeting of the society that new and remarkable talent is unearthed. Our present program plan is without a doubt a huge success."

We suggest that the Debating Society would be greatly enriched by one of Mr. Clark's oratorical skill. Why not a rounded career, Nathan?

Les Camarades

Margaret Knapp, president of Les Camarades, was quite enthusiastic about their Christmas dance, given January 2, at the Blue Triangle.

"The dance," she said, "was given jointly by our club and the Bon Secour Friendship Club of Central. Although the evening was bad, the dance was well attended."

"Our members," she went on to say, "distributed Christmas cheer in the form of toys and dolls which were sent to the Salvation Army Headquarters."

Girls' Rifle Club

"Our club has been organized for five years," Captain Benton began, "and I think our teams get better every year. Our aims are the same as those of any other rifle club. We also have socials and entertainments at frequent intervals.

"Eastern's early rifle teams made some exceptionally good showings in the various contests, but we are at present greatly handicapped by the temporary loss of our range. Repairs will be completed shortly, and two new heaters have been installed; so we expect to progress rapidly in the future. We hope to enter the inter-high matches this spring; and if we do, you may rest assured that we will make a creditable showing."

The reporter drew fire when he asked, "How much better than the girls' team is the boys' team?"

"No better at all," Captain Benton retorted. "We believe that our girls are as good shots as the boys, and we think that if a match is arranged between the two, the girls will prove that we, at least, cannot be classified as the 'Restless Sex.'"

Boys' Rifle Club

"Our Rifle Club teaches its members how to handle a rifle efficiently," stated the Assistant Captain Petrola. "I suppose you already knew that, though.

"You will find, I think, that all persons who use a rifle frequently, are steady, responsible, self-reliant people, persons who can be depended upon in a 'pinch.'

"The Rifle Club has done very well in the past," he asserted, "but I believe in looking forward to the future as a chance to improve. Our team will shoot for the Rice Medal in February, and we hope to do well in the inter-high contests this spring.

"New members are solicited, but only if they are sincere and serious in their work."

Merrill Club

The Merrill Club, with Maud Boynton as president, was not idle during the holidays.

"Our dance," Miss Boynton states, "given in December at the Grace Dodge Tea Room, was a great success. Our girls have also been active in social service work. We distributed Christmas toys and stockings crammed plumb full of goodies to the children at the Gospel

Mission. Although we have made no definite plans, we expect, as usual, to give a Merrill Club play, and to entertain the basketball boys at the end of the season."

Fidelis Club

"I think we found the most interesting way of doing the usual Christmas social service work," said Eunice Smith of the Fidelis Club. "We sent boxes to two girls at an academy in Virginia. Each box, valued at about twenty-five dollars, contained underwear, a sweater outfit, coat, dress, beads, books, powder and perfume, as well as eatables."

"Scottie" Speaks

"Uh, huh," said Evelyn Scott, talented concert mistress of our orchestra, "we've got a pretty good set of musicians this year."

"Yeah," she added, pounding a jazz version of Chopin's Funeral March on the Music Room's A. B. Chase, "the orchestra——. Oh, hello, Pauline. Going to the Rifle Club dance?" seeing a friend of hers enter the room. "As I was saying, we can expect great things of the orchestra this year. The giving of major credit has made membership much more inviting. Good night! Miss Monk expected me to go over something at 3 o'clock. Oh well, it's only 4:38 now. So long."

The Hiking Club

"Well," began Sarah Davis, when asked something of the origin of the club, "the Hiking Club has been a standing feature in girls' clubs at Eastern since February, 1923. So, you see, we are quite old, as clubs go, and I think we have developed accordingly in our achievements. When the club was originated there were fifty members enrolled; now we have about thirty. The drop in membership is accounted for by the fact that we revised our constitution, and made our membership requirements more strict than they were formerly."

"Each hike, when completed, counts on each girl's record, and when one of our mem-

bers has one hundred miles to her credit, she is given the school letter. We are now planning to give a red star to the girls who hike two hundred miles. The promise of these awards greatly helps us in accomplishing our object which, you probably realize, is to promote an interest in outdoor life and personal health among girls," said Miss Davis.

A Rival of Kitty

Edward Andrus, president of the Glee Club, is not bashful. However, his curiosity is enough to cause the traditional cat to look to her laurels. When an effort was made to interview him, his questions far exceeded those of his interviewers. Gazing down upon them from his airy height, Andrus inquired the how, where, when, what, why, and which of our reasons for interviewing him. His curiosity satisfied, his features took on a mysterious aspect.

"Well," he said in basso tones, "I've got some 'dope' not generally supposed to be known. It's a secret. I'll tell you tomorrow."

Incidentally, it's still a secret.

Debating Society

Durward Keatts is a modest young man. He remained home several weeks to escape the reporters who for some time had endeavored to interview him. However, we trapped our victim shortly before THE EASTERNER went to press.

"The Debating Society, despite its excellent qualities, is not well enough supported by the students," he said. "Now as the oratorical contest draws near, prospective contestants would do well to gain the practical experience of research and public speaking our society affords. Those, also, who aspire to the Dramatic Society will obtain helpful suggestions in public speaking and stage presence by joining the Debating Society. All are welcome at our bi-monthly meetings where interesting programs are arranged by the members."

We now know why he avoided us so long. He was preparing his oration.



JUST A SLIP

(Seen on William Hayes' typewriting paper.)

"Teacher will make no further reference to neglect to do dome work."

* * *

Bertha: "Are we going to have a half holiday today? It said so in the newspaper."

Meuhlhaus: "I hope Mr. Hart reads newspapers."

* * *

Mr. Winicov (to girl who wrote test on a whole sheet of paper): "Mary, I thought I told you to write on a half sheet of paper."

Mary Crown: "I didn't have a half sheet of paper."

* * *

Mr. Suter: "Yes, oxygen is used in hospitals. Now who can tell me what to do to a drowned man, whose lungs are filled with water?"

Person as yet unidentified: "Give him a drink of sulphuric acid and an electric shock."

* * *

Miss Taylor: "Where does your tongue go when you say 'seventh,' Mr. Phillips?"

Lowden: "Aw, how does he know; he's left-handed."

* * *

Some of the teachers were surprised when they saw how naturally Finger took the part of a donkey, but it didn't astonish the students. Hunnicut said he did not know that Finger had on a mask.

* * *

Hoffman: "Money talks."

Lowrey: "My pocketbook has only whispered for months."

WHO KNOWS?

A rookie who has poise, grace and intelligence.

A sophomore who is unsophisticated.

A junior who is not enviable.

A senior with a kind word for the rookies.

* * *

Miss Shelp: "If I asked you to insert several arithmetical means between two numbers, what would it mean to you?"

Finger: "Nothing."

* * *

Miss Taylor: "Write a composition on the use of good English."

Nicholson: "I don't know anything about that subject."

* * *

Miss Egbert: "Here and there you find a man who can make money by making a fool of himself."

Hoffman: "Finger is learning his profession young."

* * *

(Heard in Chemistry): "Will an electric conductor give you a transfer?"

"Sure, to the next world."

* * *

Mrs. Byram (in music class): "Now turn to page 23, and look at the numbers on the first brace. What time does it say, Mr. Suit?"

Suit (glancing quickly at clock): "Just half past ten."

* * *

Purcell said he would have brought his car to school if he could have found someone to push it.

Mr. Suter (in chemistry): "What is peroxide used for?"

Pauline Roth: "Indeed, Mr. Suter, I never use it."

* * *

She: "Well, I passed math at last."

He: "Honestly?"

She: "What difference does that make?"

—*Stylus*.

* * *

Miss Underwood: "Where else is tin found besides Bolivia?"

J. Reznick: "Detroit, Michigan."

* * *

OVERSHOES FOREVER

The sun shone brightly overhead

The day was cold and clear.

I started at full speed ahead,

Yet could not help but hear:

"You haven't put your rubbers on,

Come right back here and do it."

The snow outside was cold and dry,

What need of rubbers there?

Why, none at all, so argued I;

But mother didn't care.

"That snow will soon be mud and slush,

And if you don't you'll rue it."

I said, "But mother, I don't want—

Oh, well, where did I leave 'em?"

—KATHRYN WHITE, '25.

* * *

SOLUTION FOR CROSSWORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. Poesy
5. Atlas
9. Dart
10. Emp.
12. Atom
16. Odd
19. Rev.
20. Si
21. Yes
23. Mrs.
26. R. R. O.
27. Baa
28. Str.
29. Yogi
33. Ado
35. Oars
38. Notch
39. Nurse

VERTICAL

1. Pa
2. Or
3. Et
4. Ye
5. Ap.
6. La
7. At
8. So
9. Deficiency
11. Mark
12. Marvellous
14. Advisory
15. Assembly
16. Or
17. Desert
18. Or
21. Yrs.
22. Greed
24. Ra
25. Sat
30. On
31. Go
32. It
33. Ah
34. On
35. Or
36. As
37. Re.

Mr. Haworth was being chased by the police. For what dread deed none knew.

He ran into Mr. Hart's office and cried, "Save me! Hide me behind the door or under your inkwell, any place, but hurry."

"That is not necessary," said Mr. Hart calmly. "Just disguise yourself. Give me a toothpick and sledgehammer and I'll knock out your teeth. Then no one will recognize you."

"But," wailed Mr. Haworth, "I won't be able to eat beefsteak!"

"That makes no difference," said Mr. Hart unfeelingly, and he began searching in his bookcase for the needed implements.

At this point, however, the police broke in and ran to Mr. Haworth. One excitedly dragged out a cannon on the end of his watch chain, and fired. Somebody screamed. I hoped it wasn't Mr. Haworth, but the smoke was so thick I couldn't see. They were all gone when it finally rolled away.

Nathan Clark and John Bowman were very busy swiping "Twelve Tons" and hiding them in their vest pockets. John Bowman pocketed the most, so Clark gave him a stolen copy of Cicero. John was overjoyed.

Suddenly it became so dark that the Kline twins got mixed up and neither knew whether he was himself or his brother. Then the lights flashed on, and as they appeared to be coming through my bedroom window, I was rudely awakened.

* * *

Miss Boyd: "Finger, how do you spell 'Chronicles'?"

Finger: "Not very well."

* * *

Teacher: "What are the five senses?"

Bright Pupil: "Nickels!"—*Monitor*.

* * *

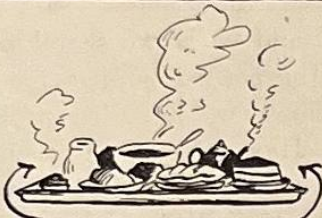
Father: "John, I got another note from Miss Jones, your teacher, today."

Son: "S'all right pop. I'll keep it quiet."

—*Mirror*.

POOR NATHAN CLARK
IS IN HERE
SOMEWHERE

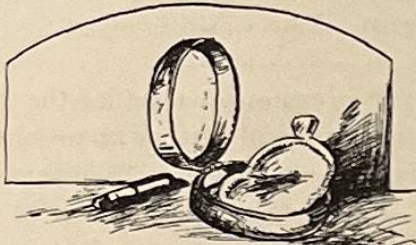
It happens every time
he goes out without a
chaperon.



Mr. Guyon's Lunch?
No.
Mr. Haworth's Lunch.

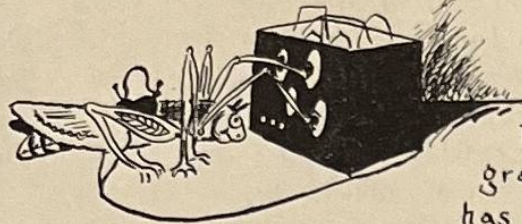


Mr. Flury's Lunch?
No.
Hannah Stolar's.



Commonest sight at
Eastern — the Complexion.

TOPICS of the DAY
AT
EASTERN



We learn,
in our
biology
class,
that a
grasshopper
has its ears
on its back.

Section of
average
rookie's
report.

a	d	d
d	d	f
d	d	d
d	d	d

Section of
ANY
Senior
report.

e	e	e
e	e	e
e	e	e
e	e	e



Mr. Schwartz's Purse

Note extreme emaciation,
or, in other words, terrible
flatness.

And

Mr. Schwartz's
HANDS.

Money! Money!
MONEY!!

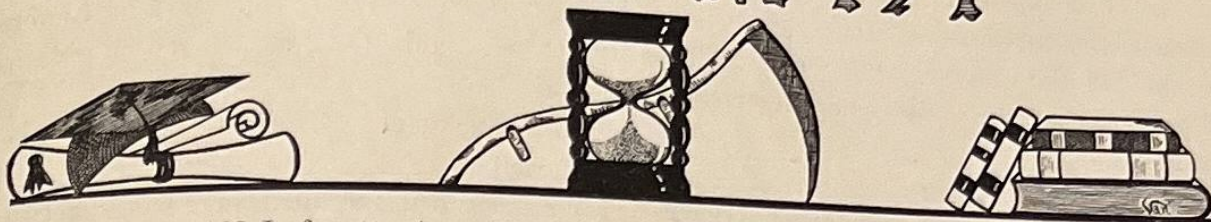
Alice Norwood, '25

Parson (at the climax of a Sunday School lesson): "Now, who knows where the men go who shoot craps on Sunday?"

Little Will: "Under the railroad bridge."
—Monitor.

In an Utopian Eastern "composition" L. M. S. suggests that delinquents sent to the office be presented with a chocolate milk sundae. We respectfully offer it for Mr. Hart's consideration.

ALUMNI



162 Lafayette Ave., N. W.
Washington, D. C.

December 23, 1924

DEAR JOE:

The Alumni Reunion has come and gone and I surely enjoyed it. I saw so many of the old schoolmates, teachers, and friends of our jolly high school days that I completely forgot I was bald headed and thought I was a boy again. I was really quite surprised at the large number who attended. It was said that there were more than seven hundred there—the largest ever.

The meeting was opened by Mr. Bertram G. Foster, '94, retiring president, who announced the names of the officers nominated for the coming year and had ballots distributed so that we might vote. The following were elected: Dr. De Witt Croissant, '94, president; Miss Rosemary Arnold, '17, vice-president; Miss Pauline Lohman, '15, secretary, and Leonidas McDougle, '22, treasurer. An executive committee was also appointed. They are Cameron Burton, '17, Charles Boteler, '16, Miss Mary Murray, '12, Paul Doerr, '24, John McInerney, '23, Bertram Foster, '94, and Earl Jonscher, '16.

Dr. Croissant, the newly elected president, gave a brief but clever talk. John McInerney and Paul Doerr presented an original skit, while "The Grand Uproar," a comic opera, and two clog dances by students of the school completed the program.

Then came the best part of all—the time when everybody met everybody else. My, how good it was to see all of them again!

After a while we moved downstairs and had refreshments. Some amused themselves by dancing, but many of us only talked and

talked of "them days which are gone forever."

That was when we missed you most. It's a pity you couldn't have been there. You'll have to arrange to be with us at the next reunion, no matter what happens.

Your old Easternite classmate,

BILLY.

PERSONALS

Marvin Hummer, ex-'21, has recently closed a successful football season as manager of the Washington and Lee gridmen.

We received recently an announcement from Major and Mrs. Clifford V. Church of the birth of a daughter, Rosa Marguerite. Major Church was a member of the class of '96 and Mrs. Church, a French girl. They now make their home in Paris.

For some time now Eastern has been longing for new fame in the writers' world. And now she has it. Two of her most prominent sons have come forward with contributions.

Watson Davis, '14, has just published *The Story of Copper*, an authoritative and non-technical book on the red metal, which has played so great a part in the civilization of mankind since the beginning of history.

Moreover, Roy Helton, '04, has recently published *Jimmy Sharwood* which deals with the life of a real boy who lived in the northeast section of Washington. A boy's gang, Harrison's Barn, the city jail, East Capitol Street, and the Peabody School are all a part of the setting.

Announcement of another wedding which comes as a surprise to many is that of Margaret Beall—ex '27, to Stanley Sullivan. The marriage occurred December 25, 1923.

*Try and Find It***The Valentine Man***(Continued from page 10)*

cypresses, the turtle doves, the objectionable lyre, and all the others? Only one was left, and seeing that the halls were deserted, I picked it up.

"Pretty punk!" I said.

"It's a wonder it's left!" he cried. "Someone was parked behind every corner to grab me and get one as I came along. This is just the thing for you now—"

"Like the forest oak to the clinging vine Will I be to my valentine."

"Why that 'clinging' vine alone would get any girl."

"But suppose she's not a clinging vine!" I cried.

"She'll like it all the better."

"I'll take it," I quickly said, for I thought I saw Miss Watts coming. "It's ugly, but all the stores are sold out."

"They are?" he ejaculated.

"Yes. Give it to me."

"Like fun I will: I need it myself," and straightening up miraculously he began to search through his pockets for an envelope. I jumped forward and caught hold of his beard.

"Hey!" he said. "Miss Monk stuck that on herself, and it's on tight. Be careful!" But I relentlessly pulled it off.

"Nathan Clark!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, bosh!" he said, feeling of his chin. "That stickum sure does stick! But it was worth it! J— H—, G— W—, J— B—, F— T—! What won't they do for me now when I mention the 'Valentine Man'!"

And chuckling, he hurried off to find a stamp.

Faculty*(Continued from page 17)*

good enough for publication, Bill. But it's too long; boil it down."

Here's one between Mrs. Hall and Miss Bucknam:

Mrs. Hall: "Was it Charles I or General Grant who said, 'Give me liberty or give me death'?"

Miss Bucknam: "Neither; it was Oliver Cromwell."

We imagined the next one while getting ready for gym. one day.

Miss Stockett talking to the writer: "Yes, indeed, your gym. work this year has been splendid, and you have been punctual every time. I'm going to give you E+ for the semester."

We couldn't imagine our reply because the whistle blew and we had to begin to look for our middy tie.

That's enough imagination, I suppose. Congratulations are in order. I've written this whole column without one single reference to cross-word puzzles.

How Much Do You Know?*(Continued from page 14)*

"There are about one hundred quarts of ink used every year."

"But that doesn't seem to be very much," said the young fellow, doubtfully.

"Perhaps not, until you calculate how many thousand inkwells or how many thousand fountain pens that amount of ink would fill."

"That's right, too."

"And think of all the desks and all the electric lights in the building. There are 83 teachers' desks, 1,808 pupils' desks, and something like 750 electric lights. And talking about supplies, there are about 100 boxes of chalk used yearly, and from twelve to fifteen rolls of towel paper used daily."

"But how is it that you know all these things?" asked the wide-eyed Rookie.

"Oh," explained the brilliant one, "I'm a Senior, you know."

At this time their teacher interrupted the

Try and Find It—Continued

conversation, as teachers have a habit of doing.

"Please stop that talking back there in the corner," came the familiar strain, "and get down to the geography lesson. Can either of you tell me what country was formerly called Tavantinsuyu?"

"No, sir," answered the learned Senior.

"Yes, sir," contradicted the Freshman. "Tavantinsuyu was the native name for the Empire of Peru before the Spanish Invasion."

Girl Luminaries

(Continued from page 21)

sistant to Manager Perry. This year she was made official referee.

Marion Barrett, was next found, and from her this interesting information on her basketball career at Eastern was obtained:

"When I first started to Eastern, a green little freshman, one of my greatest ambitions was to be a good basketball player. I attended the series games of the upper-classmen and watched them with awe and amazement. Finally I was made forward on one of the section teams. Although we lost the first game, I was very much thrilled to find myself playing out on the floor, with spectators cheering on the side-lines. With the next year my enthusiasm increased, and in my third year we were settled in the new building and had all necessary accommodations. I played on the junior team, and having successfully fulfilled the requirements, won my hard earned 'E.' This year I hope to make the senior class team and another 'E.'"

In Days of Old

(Continued from page 9)

substitute. He was saving his money for America and didn't approve of involuntary service anyway; so he made a break for it."

Wedderspoon laughed and his laugh was worse than a threat. "He'll find out two things before he's through. One is 'Once a

German, always a German,' and the other is that he must take his medicine!"

It was indeed fortunate that the interruption by one of the men gave John a moment's respite and relief, for the soldier had come to report the search of the hold finished.

Wedderspoon slowly rose. "To the rest of the ship," he ordered. Then he turned and said, "First, Cummings, I have a desire to sample this wonderful water of yours. Schweber," he ordered, "get me a drink."

The man drew from his canteen a battered tin cup, and reached for the top of that very cask on which his sergeant had been sitting. Henry's hiding place! The mate shut his eyes convulsively and listened for the cry that would tell of the discovery of the boy.

"Look!" he suddenly heard Wedderspoon cry.

He looked up to see the soldier's hand releasing a still, fast-closed top as the man followed the sergeant, who was striding toward a distant cask the top of which bulged queerly.

"Did you all miss this sight? Are you blind?" Wedderspoon asked scornfully. "Idiots! He would be in that if in any."

Quickly one of the soldiers threw off the suspicious top, only to disclose more water.

"The top was put on badly," the soldier ventured.

"Ugh!" the sergeant grunted disgustedly, turning upon his heel to the ladder and forgetting his desire for a taste of the water.

Almost afraid to hope, John watched the last man clamber up the ladder. The boy was saved, saved! Almost tenderly he replaced the top that had in such a timely manner called Wedderspoon's attention.

At nightfall the sound of oar in oarlock told Henry from his hiding place that he was safe, that at last the soldiers had gone. Then the creaking of the windlass, and the seamen's chanteys as they hoisted the sails told him of the weighing of the anchor for the long trip to America, the land of promise.



We have received the following exchanges:

The Eagle, Lindbloom High School, Chicago, Ill.

The Forum, Senn High School, Chicago, Ill.

The World, Central High School, St. Paul, Minn.

The Gleam, Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minn.

The Retina, Waite High School, Toledo, Ohio.

The Nautilus, Greenville High School, Greenville, S. C.

West High Weekly, West High School, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Mirror, Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Archive, Northeast High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Voice of South High, South High School, Youngstown, Ohio.

The Ring-Tum Phi, Washington and Lee University, Va.

The Emersonian, Emerson Institute, Washington, D. C.

The Balance Sheet, Business High School, Washington, D. C.

The Review, Central High School, Washington, D. C.

Normal News, Wilson Normal School, Washington, D. C.

The University Hatchet, George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

The Junior Pioneer, Columbia Junior High, Washington, D. C.

The Forum, Chicago, Ill.

A good, attractive magazine with excellent photographs, cartoons, and clever stories.

The Gleam, St. Paul, Minn.

You have a well-arranged and well-developed magazine. The literary department is interesting, and the alumni and school notes are especially well written. Your cuts, too, are far above the average.

The Nautilus, Greenville, S. C.

An old friend at Eastern, and fully as attractive and worth-while as ever. Your magazine remains one of the best on our exchange list.

The Voice of South High, Youngstown, Ohio.

Your magazine might be improved by the addition of cuts at the heads of the departments and by a larger number of jokes.

The Stylus, Hanover, N. H.

Your second issue is quite an improvement over the opening number. We trust you will expand your magazine by including stories, poems, etc.

Two-Eyed Tom

(Continued from page 12)

"Save me!" he yelled unromantically.

"Presently," answered Tom, as he and Lizzy fell into each others arms.

"Do you love me?" asked Tom.

"No," replide Lizzy, truthfully.

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes."

CHAPTER III

Four minutes later Tom & Lizzy had agreed to "Love, Honor, & Obey."

CHAPTER IV

They lived scrappily ever after.

THE END

A short story contest will be held for *The Adjutant* this year. The winner will have his choice of a box of ten seats at the competitive drill or ten dollars in books.

Another contest will be held for the best brigade yell. Details for both contests will be announced later.

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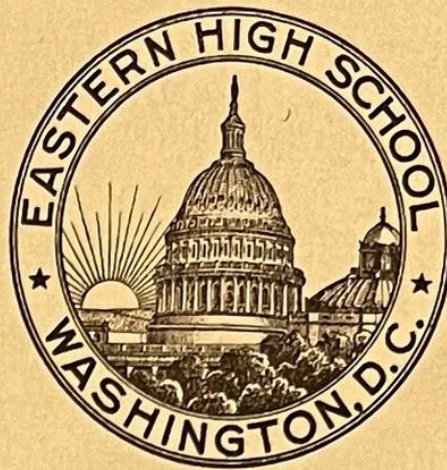
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THE EASTERNER



Anniversary Number

APRIL, 1925

VOLUME XXVIII



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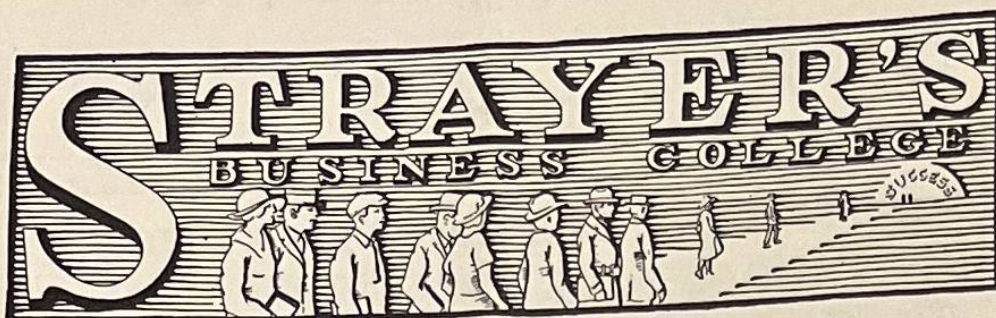
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An Author-Alumnus Speaks

"Yes," we admitted, "we are only amateur journalists, Mr. Helton, and this is our first interview."

Roy Helton, author, and Eastern alumnus of 1904, nodded sympathetically, adjusted himself in a chair, and proceeded to discuss, among other things, present-day American literature.

"Many American magazines today are printing stuff which the editors and authors know is 'junk,'" he said. "But it's what people want to read, and publishers have to satisfy the public taste, which is demanding stories on about the mental level of a twelve-year old."

While he deplored the general trend of popular taste in literature, Mr. Helton said he did not mean to imply that everything which appeals to the public in general is cheap.

"There is Mark Twain, for instance," he explained. "Everybody reads his books and likes them, whether highbrow or lowbrow. But what I object to is this sentimental 'flapdoodle.'"

This "sentimental flapdoodle" is also Mr. Helton's chief objection to moving pictures. He is by no means a movie fan, since he goes only two or three times a year.

"They're all alike," he declared. "You know exactly how each picture is going to turn out. As soon as you see a young man with slicked-back hair, you know he's the hero; and when you see a girl with the light playing around her head, you know she's going to marry the youth with the shiny hair."

The interviewers, who as journalistic students are particularly interested in writing as a profession, questioned the former EASTERNER editor about literature as a life work.

"If you've got it in you to write, you're going to do it, no matter what difficulties you may have to overcome," he answered. "I know a fellow who left school when he was nine years old and went to work in a tannery. He was eighteen or nineteen when he became interested in literature. So he gave

up his job and went to work in a book store for three dollars a week. Every evening he would take books home and read them. He educated himself that way and is writing splendid novels now."

Mr. Helton showed us a copy of the EASTERNER as it appeared when he was editor. Except for the title, it would hardly be recognized as the forbear of the present-day EASTERNER. He also spoke of the EASTERNER room of his day and was much interested in hearing about the publication room which we now enjoy.

While at Eastern, Mr. Helton was active in debating and dramatics, having a leading role in the Christmas play during his senior year. He was also in the cadets. After leaving Eastern, he went to the University of Pennsylvania, where he was prominent in literary, dramatic, and debating circles. He was a member of the University's debating team which defeated George Washington University one year.

During his college career he became interested in writing and later did newspaper work for about a year, writing a column for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. He now teaches at the Penn Charter School, in Philadelphia.

Radio is one of Mr. Helton's hobbies. He says he first became interested in wireless about the time Marconi was making his discoveries. He is also very fond of walking and has taken long walking trips through the mountains in Maine and in Kentucky and Tennessee. He is now working on a novel of Kentucky mountain life.

Mr. Helton writes both poems and novels. *Jimmy Sharswood*, a story of a boy's life, appeared several months ago, and his latest book, *The Adventures of Peacham Grew*, has just recently appeared.

And, by the way, Mr. Helton does not do cross-word puzzles. He says they are either too hard or too easy.

KATHRYN WHITE, '25.

Our History: 1895-1925

HERBERT E. ANGEL, '25

Journalism first started at Eastern with *The Owl*, the wise predecessor of THE EASTERNER. *The Owl* was about the size of *The Cub* now. It contained few departments, and merely recorded the news in a literary style. This paper lasted one year (1890-91).

There were no more publications until 1895.

In the initial number of the EASTERNER, which was published on April 17, 1895, the principles of the paper were clearly set forth. "We intend to embody in these columns as nearly as possible our highest ideals of what a school paper should be. We may be bold; we are sincere," stated the editorial page.

Under the direction of Philip Gerry, Miss Kate D. Bucknam, J. W. Wattawa, Dr. W. S. Small, Miss Elizabeth Birtwell, Mrs. F. T. Doggett, and Miss Freda D. Egbert as succeeding faculty advisers for the paper, these ideals have been kept foremost.

The first EASTERNER contained eight pages, two of which were taken up by advertisements. Each page was three columns in width, and had about the same dimensions as the present paper. This paper was published monthly, the cost per year being fifty cents.

Literary, Alumni, Cadet, Editorial Clubs, and Humor were the departments constituting the first number, although the humor department was weak and undeveloped, showing that jokes were as scarce then as now.

Literary work consisting especially of combined feature articles, and editorials were prominent on the first few pages. Departments, short news articles, and jokes filled the remaining pages in the order named.

Athletics was added as another department in the next issue. The following issue presented a feature article on Ada Rehan, the actress, together with her picture. This was the EASTERNER's first cut. Simultaneous with this, the first Exchange Department appeared. Poetry superseded the verse which

the previous issues contained. Notes of the various classes were printed, and the paper assumed a more literary aspect.

The next step in the growth of the EASTERNER was to increase its size to sixteen pages, and reduce the number of columns from three to two. This occurred in 1898. Each department had its own cut, though they were but a column in width. Social and School News were new departments added to the growing publication which had now assumed the size of a magazine. Pictures were profuse in all the issues of the year.

The year 1905 saw the changing of the EASTERNER's external appearance again. The paper was cut to two-thirds of its former size, and a single column was used in place of the former method.

In 1910 the grade of paper used was greatly improved. Pages were made two columns wide. The departments were given two column cuts. A "Monkey Business" column took the place of the Local department. Girls' Athletics, and Debating were made a part of the magazine. Thirty-two pages was the size of the paper then. The pages, however, were somewhat smaller than ours now.

The seniors' pictures and write-ups in 1911 started the idea of the year book which we have today. Pictures of cadet companies and other organizations were also included.

A critical comment column and a dramatic column came in 1914.

Since then the EASTERNER has kept much the same appearance as now. In 1918-19, however, the issues increased in dimensions slightly. During this time resumés of Eastern's war work were published.

Through all the years, THE EASTERNER's motto has been, "Do well, do better, do best." Its thirty years' history shows the success of the motto.

"He who won't be advised can't be helped."

Anniversary Greetings

Do you remember 'way back when horses "motivated" the street cars out East Capitol—nearly to Lincoln Park; when to ride farther it was necessary to climb aboard a cumbersome horse-drawn omnibus called a "herdic"? Do you remember when there was only one automobile in all of Washington, and not a single "movie"? Do you remember Coxey's Army, C. M. Lacey Sites and Allen Dishl Albert? If you do—but why speculate? These things went just ahead of me around the corner. And the EASTERNER still lives! Long live the EASTERNER!

J. V. KELLY, '97.

PLEASE EXCUSE

I take my pen in hand to say
My brains are not themselves today.
And so, dear readers, don't expect
A lively flow of intellect.

My stately dome, from which erstwhile
Ideas poured forth in nifty style,
Now hits on three or not at all,
And if I crank will only stall.

My gifted pen, which once, gadzooks,
The envy was of writer folks,
Is only fit for spearing bass
Or digging up the garden sass.

So has the mighty fallen low,
Or even lower still, and so
I take my pen in hand to say
My brains are not themselves today.
FRAZER C. HILDER, '00.

I have seen the new EASTERNER, and I remember the limp blue-backed one of the old days, the one with a long-haired lady on the cover,—a long-haired lady nursing a smoking lamp.

The lady is gone from your cover,—anyhow her hair would be shorter now, and the lamp, it's easy to gather, is no longer smoking in the hands of your editors.

But old Eastern, I'm happy to have so

recently seen, survives all our fluctuations: and here's hoping she always will.

ROY HELTON, '04.

Nine years ago when the EASTERNER was 21, ex-editors and managers voluntarily raised a fund for prizes to celebrate its majority. At the thirtieth anniversary I would suggest the organization of a club with small annual dues, to be composed of ex-members of the staff for various years. The funds so derived could be used, under direction of the Principal, for prizes for exceptional work by succeeding editors and their staffs, for the best contributions, and generally to stimulate interest in the EASTERNER which for nearly a third of a century has served to express in its columns, the spirit, the traditions and the ideals of the Eastern High School.

JAMES W. BERRY, '05.

THE EASTERNER

Here in these pages throbs the heart of youth
Aglow with visions of the promised dawn,
Impatient of the seekers who have gone
Before them groping toward the grail of truth!

Here golden opportunities invite
Brave minds to mount the Pegasus of song,
Or tell the world wherein its ways are wrong,
Or chant the sagas of achievements bright!

And here in retrospect the ancients see
The faded vision of their early dreams,
And hear the service call that ever seems
To haunt the halls of school-day memory!
The scroll unrolls; our children hold the pen
And picture hopes we dared not dream of then.

SAM BRYAN, '06.

I have often wondered if anything could quite equal that fearful joy I felt at seeing my first contribution to THE EASTERNER appear in print, and I'm rather inclined to believe that nothing could. Certainly it didn't persist through my experience as editor, for

I was far too busy trying to inveigle my friends into having copy in on time, to find much opportunity for joyous contemplation. But apparently the present staff has no such difficulties, for whenever I read *THE EASTERNER* I am overcome by the wealth of stories, poems, songs, feature articles, jokes, and "pleasantries," that appear. I offer my congratulations and best wishes.

ELIZABETH P. DEFANDORF, '09.

How time does fly! Only a short time ago, it seems, I was editor of the *EASTERNER*, and had the pleasure of inaugurating the plans to commemorate the twenty-first anniversary of the paper. We felt mighty fine over the fact that the *EASTERNER* had reached its majority, and would be able to cast its vote, if voting were permitted.

Now, I find that the paper is about to celebrate its thirtieth anniversary. Thus, nine years have gone by so rapidly that it seems not more than a few days ago that I had the pleasure of guiding the destinies of the official organ of the school.

It is with very great pleasure that I send greetings, and I feel sure that the *EASTERNER* will continue to serve in the future, as it has in the past, the best interests of the Eastern High School.

CHAS. M. BOTELER, '16.

It's a fine idea to invite all the "old timers" to felicitate you, and I do, most heartily, and with gusto, but why in the world didn't you have a real celebration—and give us a good excuse to come back for a week-end? I haven't seen an *EASTERNER* for at least a decade, but I suppose it's a real sheet now—nobly keeping pace with the New Eastern. The best of luck to you.

DOT SHANER, '18.

Looking down through the vista of years, I see again the time when *EASTERNER* "copy" was the most important thing in life, and when the *EASTERNER*, fresh from the press was more beautiful than any mere popular

magazine. The world was bounded, then, by four red, brick walls. Nothing imposing, nothing wonderful, but enclosing all the hopes and aims of a class, who were just as much dream-builders as all classes before or since. There is a new building now, very modern, very much up-to-date, a model in some ways, but I do not like it. My heart still yearns for the old building, old teachers, old friends, and old dreams!

KATHERINE C. McCAULEY, '19.

I have seen several issues of the *EASTERNER* in the last few years and I am glad to see that improvement is not limited to our building alone. Wishing you and the *EASTERNER* the best luck, I am

Very truly yours,
HUMPHREY M. WALSH, '20.

It was, I confess, with a bit of homesickness for old days working on *THE EASTERNER*, that I read the invitation to send greetings on this occasion. Yet I felt proud, too, that I was counted as a small part in the forging of that chain, year by year, of Old and New Eastern's traditions and aspirations, which have been faithfully depicted for thirty years by *THE EASTERNER*.

It is good to note the progress made with each issue of our beloved paper. Carry on your good work and fire those to come after with a zeal for an even bigger and better *EASTERNER*, if that be possible.

GRACE WELCH KNOTT, '21.

As the 30th Anniversary copy of our cherished *EASTERNER* goes to press, allow me to extend my sincerest and heartiest congratulations. The *EASTERNER* has made great strides since its initial publication. It has been a source of joy to all those who have interests in Eastern, and has served to promote that general indefinable something—school spirit. In its beginning it did well; as time went on it did better; and now it is aiming for the highest goal—to do best.

EDNA G. BURROWS, '22.

**THIRTY YEARS OLD, AND STILL
GROWING**

Since 1895 Eastern has grown much in size, in buildings, in athletics—and in intellect. Her size can be measured by her increased enrollment. Her new buildings can be seen and then appreciated. Her forward strides in athletics can be watched on the gridiron, the basketball floor, and the diamond. Her bigger and better thoughts can be read in *THE EASTERNER*. Down the trail for thirty years have Easternites laughed and thought their way into the columns of *THE EASTERNER*. If big thoughts they've tried to utter, if glad smiles they've tried to win, their journal has faithfully recorded them. All that was best in them has fought

its way into their magazine. May it long continue to serve and prosper in that capacity!

KARL G. PEARSON, '23.

Congratulations to the *EASTERNER* on her thirtieth birthday! Here, indeed, we have the magic Fountain of Youth; for though "our" paper grows older every year, she remains as excellent and full of spirit as ever. This paper is a great institution, a very great one. Be proud of it, dear Easternites. You will cherish your *EASTERNERS*, and when you, too, have passed from Eastern's halls, every page will hold for you a memory and a revelation.

FERN H. PAINTER, '24.

SNOW ON THE SEVERN

See the soft white mist descending,
Like a bridal veil unending,
To the drab, dark earth a-lending
Mystic glory.
See a million crystals dancing
On the North Wind's breath a-prancing,
Like a fairy troop advancing,
Winter hoary.
See the silver moon arising,
Like a glittering goddess gliding
Upward through the clouds a-riding,
Glorious queen.
Makes each snowflake iridescent,
Casts her shadows opalescent,
Dripping from her radiant crescent
Silver sheen.
Hear the cadence of the Severn
Rolling through its white-walled cavern,
Past the snow-encrusted tavern
To the sea.
Hear the night bird's weird calling
Rend the air with shrieks appalling
Till the dying echoes falling
Cease to be.

LOUISE BARGAGNI, '25.

College and Campus

(This is the third of a series of articles on colleges offering scholarships to Eastern.)

THE HONOR SCHOOL

Few colleges specialize in the honor system to such a marked degree as does the school of the Generals, Washington and Lee. From one year to the next, day and night, the college buildings go unlocked, and nothing is ever taken. Examinations are held, sometimes with a professor present, sometimes with only the scholars there, yet no one cheats. A store with no storekeeper is conducted for the students, and the store makes money. With honor as its crowning glory, it is most appropriate to have the school named after those famous exponents of honor, Washington and Lee.

This university, offering courses in liberal arts, commerce, engineering, law, and journalism, has been noted for its progressiveness; and since its founding in 1749, it has taken numerous steps to make it one of the best schools in the south. As early as 1846, a course in agricultural chemistry was offered, while in 1869, the first school of journalism in America was established. Later, in 1905, the first school of commerce in the south was added.

The college itself is located at Lexington, Virginia, a town noted for its historical associations. The town rests on a plateau, midway between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies, at a point where the scenic beauty is unexcelled. The town also affords opportunities for employment to those who work their way through college.

Tuition is two hundred dollars per year. With living expenses included, the average cost per year is about seven hundred dollars.

Entrance is obtained either by certificate of the high school principal, or by examination. Eastern offers one scholarship of eighty dollars for one year. This is awarded on Mr. Hart's recommendation.

Arthur Bondurant, '24, is the most recent of Eastern graduates to go to Washington and Lee.

H. E. A., '25.

WELLESLEY, "THE COLLEGE BEAUTIFUL"

In 1875 Wellesley College, "an absurdly large group of buildings capable of holding three hundred pupils," was opened.

Wellesley, however, could never be accused of encouraging "grinds," for it realizes the value of play, too. Three hours of gymnasium work or its equivalent in hockey, basketball, golf, horse-back riding, or some other sport is required weekly. The three great college celebration days are all out-door festivities. "Tree Day," when the Freshmen plant their class tree and the seniors say good-by to theirs, is a distinctly home gathering to which no outsiders are ever invited. On "Float Day," however, all friends of the girls are invited to gather on the shores of the lake to see the nautical celebration. "The Barn Swallows," the members of one of their most famous clubs, give bi-weekly dramatic entertainments and occasional dances; the Shakespeare Society is proud of its meeting house which is a replica of Shakespeare's birthplace; and the Agora, their debating society, is famous.

Although it costs perhaps a thousand dollars a year to go to Wellesley, the college has provided scholarship and loan funds to help pupils who might not be able to go to college otherwise.

A. L. G., '25.

POWER

A genie shall come with the feet of the wind,
And tower within my hall;
Yes, he must appear from the wreathing mists,
When I, his master, call!
He shall carry me down, a puff of smoke,
Where the light of the sun never glows,
Down to the deepest depths of the earth
Where the river of knowledge flows.
And I shall drink deep of the turbid stream
But—I wonder as I arise,
Will I, with a new-'wakened light in my own
Fear the look in my genie's eyes?

ASENATH L. GRAVES, '25.

Blue Vervain

(Synopsis: Edmund Cross and his bride Edna had just moved into a little bungalow which was thought to be haunted because of the death of two workmen during its construction, and also because on the very spot where it stood there had been a patch of the sinister blue vervain growing.)

Several days passed in happiness for the young couple. Then one night after Edmund and Edna had finished supper, there came a prolonged ring of the doorbell as if someone were in desperate need of assistance. Edna rose, hurried through the hall, to the door; but just as she opened it a cloud of plaster fell from the hall ceiling and filled the house with fine, white dust. Edna screamed and started, for her foot struck something on the doorstep, a something which, by the dim light in the hall, proved to be a pot of blue vervain with a piece of plaster stuck in between the roots.

"Edna, what is it?" shouted Edmund sprinting from the dining room.

"It's—it's blue vervain," whispered Edna, and caught his arm, trembling.

"Stay here. I am going to find out who is doing this. No, you had better come with me. I cannot leave you here," and Edmund took her hand, made a tour of the little garden, and looked long across the black meadows; but he could see no living form.

A week passed. Each day plaster fell in some room. Sometimes Edna narrowly missed injury or death, and sometimes she was nowhere near the room in which plaster fell. Every night a pot or a branch of blue vervain was found on the porch and each day, somewhere among the groceries, Edna found a sprig of the fatal flower. The mystery grew on Edna until the least sound would set her trembling and she refused to go outside the house.

One night Edmund decided to hide on the porch and watch the little path. About eight o'clock, a figure turned in at the gate, moved lightly and cautiously up the steps and placed on the doorstep a branch of blue vervain to which a small piece of plaster was tied. As the figure rose from its stooping position, Edmund jumped toward it.

"Hey, leggo!" yelled the figure, and turn-

ing, asked in an indignant manner: "Say, what's the idea of jumping on a perfectly respectable salesman? I ain't done anything to you."

"What's the idea of your sneaking around my house and frightening my wife to death?" demanded Edmund angrily, yet relieved to find that the "mystery" was a material thing.

"Well, you see—by the way, your plaster isn't any good, is it?"

"No, and I suspect it's your fault. What do you know about it?"

"Well, I know it's no good. You'll have to replace it, and when you do, remember there is no plaster like the Blue Vervain Stickever Plaster. You see, I am salesman for that. I tell you, it's the best plaster in—"

"And you have been worrying us to death to sell plaster?" asked Edmund angrily.

"Yeh. That's what I should do. 'Put the article for sale before the customer's notice in all unusual and attractive ways'. It says that in Lesson 49, Volume 7 of *Salesmanship*. Great stuff, you should try reading it," he explained enthusiastically.

"Oh Edmund!" Edna's voice suddenly came from the doorway. "What is it?"

Before he could reply, the persistent salesman had run in front of him.

"Here it is, Ma'am!" he explained. "Just find out all about it in this little booklet. Here're a couple of blotters too and—"

But here Edmund stepped in front of him.

"That'll do," he said, leading Edna inside; but the last words he heard as he slammed the door were:

"But Blue Vervain Sticks ever!"

"Then," Edna began, "then, Edmund, that was the ghost?"

"Yes," he laughed, "and I guess this," he pointed to the literature the salesman had given her, "this means that the ghost of the House of the Blue Vervain is laid forever."

MYRTLE POSEY, '26.

"Willing workers work wonders."

The Mermaid Tavern

THE PLOWMAN

There are green shoots at your feet, lad,
 And blue sky overhead;
 And birds' songs sound so sweet, lad,
 The sumac flames so red.
 The clouds are lying low, lad,
 The budding branches sway—
 And sunset's mellow glow, lad,
 Foretells the end of day.

Then put away your plow, lad,
 Your footsteps homeward turn;
 The sky is darkened now, lad,
 And curled the leaf of fern;
 The windows gleam before, lad,
 With dim lamps' pleasant light—
 And soon you'll close your door, lad,
 Upon the April night.

The crescent moon is high, lad,
 And night wind murmurs past,
 As on your couch you lie, lad,
 In well earned rest at last.
 When comes the early dawn, lad,
 Refreshed and strong, you'll wake,
 With weariness all gone, lad,
 New toil to undertake.

—ELISE SCHARF, '27.

HOPE

At evening when the sun sinks in the sea,
 And all the world has set aside its cares,
 I sit alone and dream, upon the quay,
 Of this old world and all the pain it bears.
 These little ships that safe at anchor ride
 Far happier are than I, for they ne'er knew
 Of sordid toil, and woes on ev'ry side.
 In my sad soul the fair is lost to view.
 But see—from out the heav'nly blue there
 shines
 A single star, bright talisman of hope!
 Despair within me now no longer finds
 A place; I can with any fortune cope—
 A sweet, clear voice, a hand upon mine laid,
 And, "I am with thee, be thou not afraid."

—JOSEPHINE TREMAIN, '26.

THE WIND AND I

There's a little catch in the breath o' the wind
 As it blows through the winter tree.
 As it shakes the last leaf to the cold bough
 pinned,
 As it taps on my window to me.

Together we roamed when the year was new,
 And sang with the blossoms of spring;
 Together sailed clouds in the summer blue
 And in fall made the sad leaves take wing.

But singing has ceased and laughter has
 hush'd
 And faded becomes summer's blue;
 And an icy breath 'gainst my cheek has
 brush'd
 And my breath's' become chilly, too.

So in I go to make friends with the fire;
 But still the wind I see
 Is waiting without. Will he never tire
 Of moaning and calling for me?

EVELYN BURNS, '26.

WHAT IS A POET?

What is a poet? He who doth create
 A wealth of melody through language's art,
 Seeking to move and stir the human heart
 To beauteous thoughts that they in accents
 great
 Might sing his praise and long revere his
 state,
 To future generations thus impart
 Undying fame! To make the mighty start
 In admiration at his beauteous prate?
 No, rather he who in his simple way
 Perceives the rose tip-tangled on the thorn,
 Noting new beauties throughout paths e'er
 trod,
 Finding the world grow lovelier day by day,
 Feeling through star-lit night and dewy morn
 The omnipresent majesty of God.

GEORGE ROTH, '26.

"Dear Madam"

MIRIAM MARSHALL, '25

David Boyce took a turn about the room, evidently thinking very hard, and then sat down and wrote two letters. One he wrote rapidly, dotting his i's emphatically; but the other was the object of much thought and consideration. The first was a business letter. It was in answer to one from his private secretary reminding him of a club meeting. It was far from Boyce's intentions to go to that meeting.

"The idea," he thought, "of a fellow's going to that dry meeting on the day after Easter. I have mind to drop that club altogether. Those fellows are so solemn and owl-like."

But the other letter he wrote betrayed the real reason for his intended absence from the club. It was written to a young person named Marjorie, and was filled with all the adjectives, similes, and flights of fancy that lovers invariably use. One fact, repeated over and over again, was that he would be delighted to accept the kind invitation of Marjorie to a dance at her home on the evening after Easter.

When he had finished, he carefully put the letters in their envelopes and mailed them himself, not daring to trust a precious mis-sive to the careless hands of his butler.

The days dragged on; the day after Easter arrived. Boyce had just been to the florist's and ordered an old-fashioned bouquet for Marjorie. She had told him she was to dress as a colonial maid.

Thomas, his butler, opened the door for him.

"Two letters have arrived for you, sir," he said.

"Where are they?" Boyce inquired eagerly.

Thomas looked on the table, on the book-case, felt in his pockets, and still no letters.

"Thomas! What have you done with them?" cried Boyce furiously. "I can forgive you some things, but this I never can. Why one might be from Marjorie. She might

be ill! She might have been in an accident! Why, she might be dead! Things happen very suddenly." He trembled to think of it.

The evening came; it was almost time to go. Boyce summoned Thomas.

"Thomas," he commanded, "you start to look and don't stop until you have found those letters."

Then he proceeded to dress most carefully.

Suddenly Thomas emerged proudly from the library, produced two letters, and walked quietly out. But he left gloom behind.

David had snatched the letters up and torn open the typewritten one first, on the principle that it is always well to save the best until last. The letter was from his secretary. What did the girl mean by saying that she told the members that he would be there? Such impertinence! She also said that she was puzzled by his letter and that she was afraid he had made a mistake.

Well, if she couldn't understand a simple, direct business letter, she was not capable of being a secretary, David thought. He dismissed that from his mind and opened the other letter. He knew by the handwriting on the envelope whom it was from, but the letter that tumbled out was not in her handwriting. It read:—

Dear Madam,

I received your letter of recent date. I regret to say that I cannot attend the meeting you mention. Easter week seems to me a particularly unfortunate time, for that is the very start of the after-Lenten festivities with which that meeting could hardly be said to accord.

Yours truly,

David M. Boyce.

People that evening wondered on seeing a handsome young gentleman dash past them, muttering to himself in an agitated manner, "There's some hope in the word 'meeting' and the flowers; but if she won't listen what will I do?"

(Continued on page 33)

Worse Than Verse

NATURALLY!

"The Sophs stood on the railroad track;
The train was coming fast.
The Sophs got off the railroad track,
And let the train go past.

"The Seniors stood on the railroad track;
The train was coming fast.
The train got off the railroad track,
And let the Seniors past."

TO AN EXAM.

I wonder who invented you?
What were you like when you were new?
Please tell me what's the land you're from;
From some queer place you must have come.
Poor little thing made to annoy—
To worry every girl and boy.
You cause the brightest day to cloud.
With dire misgivings soft and loud
You bring the blues to everyone,
And chase away all of the fun.

—MILDRED ROGERSON, '25.

WISHES

If I but had a wish to make
I'd ponder long and deep.
I'd first write down the things I'd want,
All things that I could keep;
And after 'bout a week of strife
And thought upon that line,
I'd wish for twelve good wishes new
That I could claim as mine.

DIGITUS.

POET'S LAMENT

If all the poems I have written
Were piled into a pile,
And with a candle they were litten
You could see the blaze a mile:
But all the money I have gitten
From the poems I have wrote
Would not hurt the wee-est kitten,
If I poured molten down its throat.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE SHEARS

Inspire my heart, O Muse, and guide my pen,
For 'tis a glorious deed I sing to men.
Before a shining glass a maiden fair
Stood to arrange her lustrous golden hair,
With careful eye disposed each gleaming
strand,
Each nice adjustment made with practised
hand;
Then, calmly critical, at last surveyed
Her work, and grimace of displeasure made.
Then sudden in her azure eye there gleamed
A glint of purpose that heroic seemed.
Forth from the house she confidently went,
And to a well-known place her footsteps bent,
Where creams and powders in array were laid
And solemn snip of shears proclaimed its
trade.
At first the maid beset by craven fears,
Seemed near to weak retreat and childish
tears,
But conquered these and bravely raised her
head,
"I'd like it bobbed and shingled, please," she
said.

—KATHRYN WHITE, '25.

Caesar's Attack on America

FLORENCE M. PAINTER, '26

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: This account has been recently discovered in one of the old Roman columns and has not been printed before.)

Julius Caesar had had a busy day. When he arrived home, he went into the courtyard and throwing back his toga, sat down in the most comfortable rocking chair he could find. But his rest did not last long, for the telephone bell rang and he was forced to answer it. This took him a long time because his slave had forgotten to turn on the electric lights and he had to search for the button. He took down the receiver and the following conversation went on:

"Hello. Is this Julie?"

"Yes."

"This is Cicero. I have collected all the legions into our boats and want you to come immediately to sail for America. Brutus has been spying there and has just sent me a cable telling me to come without delay. He says that the Americans do not suspect anything; but if matters are put off, our plans may be thwarted."

"O. K. I will be there, Cis."

Caesar donned a more warlike dress, and gathering his spears, jumped into a waiting Ford. He reached the dock just in time, and entered one of the boats as the oarsmen were pulling out.

All went well until the fourth day, when a storm came up and they were blown from their course. The sailors were very much frightened and didn't know what to do. Caesar, however, had made better preparations than the other members of his company, for he had carried a compass.

The losing of the way was not the only misfortune. One of the ships sailed too far ahead of the others and was blown up by a submarine.

One day Caesar called to the stern all the men on the ship.

"Do you see those three ships way over

there?" he asked. "Those are Columbus's ships on their way to discover America."

As they were standing there and marveling, they felt a terrible jolt. "Suffering spark plug!" cried Caesar. "We've hit the Statue of Liberty."

They saw a large number of hydroplanes speeding toward them. Out of the first one jumped Brutus, who helped the soldiers into the planes.

They flew over to Potomac Park. After getting out of their planes, they marched to the White House, and forced an entrance. There was President Washington listening in on his radio set to a superb rendition of "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

Caesar then marched his army up Pennsylvania Avenue. On the way they met the bronze General Jackson taking a solitary stroll with his horse, and demanded his immediate surrender of America to Rome. The General took one look at the sharp bows, and agreed to anything, for they had already taken his pedestal down to cut 16th street through. Brutus was so happy that he knocked down several of the war-like Indians who were hiding behind the telegraph poles.

Caesar then went back to the ships, and the return voyage started. On the way home some of the soldiers noticed two strange boats fighting together.

"What's that?" they asked Caesar, who seemed to know almost everything.

"That's the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*," he answered.

As they sailed back into the harbor at Rome, Caesar pulled a watch out of his pocket. "It's 6 o'clock," he exclaimed. "We're just in time for dinner."

That night as Caesar was waving his hand out of the window at the ZR3, which was making a flight around the world, Brutus came up and stabbed him with a bread knife because Caesar didn't know a thirteen letter word for "beef stew."

ON LOOKING INTO A SEED CATALOGUE

The human race seems to become inspired in the springtime. People whose ideas have lain dormant all winter bring those ideas into play at the first touch of Spring's magic wand. Some of those ideas are sensible; others, the more frequent, are foolish. In the latter category I might include the prevalent mania for gardening.

Others have their pet fault or faults, but gardening is my fault. And the part I enjoy most about gardening is studying the seed catalogues. The three thoughts are firmly associated in my mind: springtime is here; garden time is here; the first seed catalogue is here.

So by the first of April of each year I have written for at least ten circulars of seed companies. They come one by one, and when all on the roll are present, I take a day off to examine them.

I open the first one half cynically, as if to say, "They'll not get my money this time!" I read the first page and look at the profuse illustrations of prize tomatoes. The lure has once more been successful. I read on and on. Tales of eight-foot corn, twelve-inch cucumbers, giant asparagus, prize-winning lettuce, are set along the way as cunning traps for my willing feet. I am a ready victim. I take pencil and paper, and selecting an assortment of seeds from each, I empty my pocketbook and send away my hard earned dollars for seeds.

Then I haunt the hardware stores for tools of my profession. A little later, I plant all my seeds, except those that did not come. I hoe weeds with marvelous vigor at first, then gradually lose interest. At last, long after I have tired of my work, I manage to harvest a few eatable radishes, an ear or two of corn, and a handful of beans. The potatoes, hardy species! didn't even appear above the ground.

After the day when I did not reap what I sowed, I come across those seed catalogues again. I sit down to look them over as of old, but in a different attitude now. They have lost all their spring glamour, and after a few moments they go into the fire.

Now it is winter. I have renounced seeds and gardening forever. In fact, it was one of my new year's resolutions. Never again will I waste my hard earned money on useless seed * * * And then, as I renew that worthy resolution, I seem to see myself, the year before, disclaiming all interest in seeds * * * And as I say it, I think of the two letters which are already on their way to two reliable (?) seed companies.

GEORGE A. MAIN, '26.

ON THE LAWN

Have you seen the pretty little tree that has lately been planted on Eastern's west front lawn? And do you know its name? If not, make a pilgrimage to the front of the building and pay your respects to the Bertram G. Foster Memorial Tree. When Mr. Foster noticed that the tree which formerly stood there was dead, he instantly thought of a little fir in his own garden which he had just a few years previously transplanted from his home in New York. He immediately offered it to Eastern where it was transplanted to what we hope will be its permanent abiding place. Thus Mr. Foster was responsible for the tree, but it was Mr. Hart who christened it.

"Yes sir," he told Mr. Foster, "for the next hundred and ten or fifteen years (that's about how long it will live), that tree will be known as the Bertram G. Foster Memorial Tree." Allow us to applaud his choice of name.

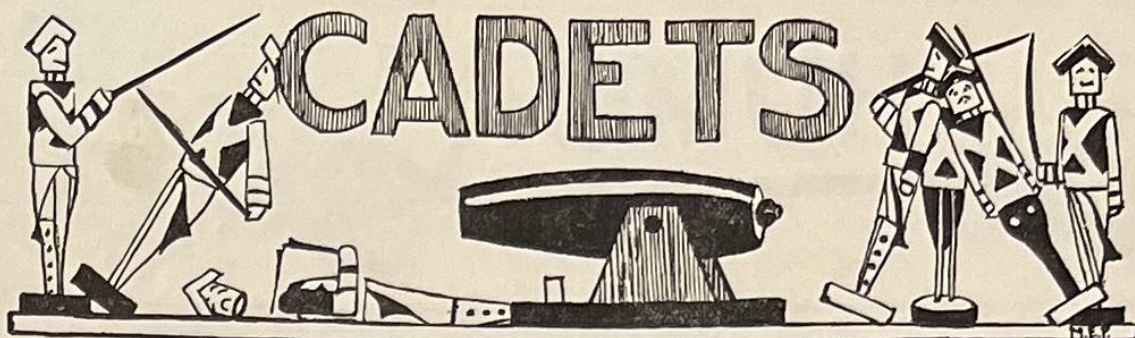
A LULLABYE

Now sleep, my little baby, sleep,
The while thy mother hovers near.
Thy peaceful rest shall angels keep
Until the morning doth appear.

Beneath the wide and starry sky
Thy father watches o'er his sheep
As quietly at rest they lie.
So sleep, my little baby, sleep.

JOSEPHINE TREMAIN, '26.

"To improve the world begin by improving yourself."



MAJOR DONOVAN

Eastern welcomes the assignment of Major J. G. Donovan detailed for cadet instruction at Eastern and Western. Although he is to divide his attention between the two schools, his office will be at Eastern and we naturally feel that he is "one of our own." Eastern has longed for a cadet instructor for several years and now that he has been appointed, we feel sure that Eastern's battalion will be improved 100 per cent.

Major Donovan's duties will consist mostly of instruction in technical and detailed drill maneuvers—points which are of infinite value to the companies in preparation for the Competitive Drill.

The school extends a hearty welcome to him and looks forward to the benefits which will be derived from his instruction.

CAPT. NATHAN A. CLARK.

Just Information

The time of the competitive drills is drawing near; in fact, the drill days before the battalion and regimental competitiveness can be counted on one's fingers. The company competitive drill will take place June 1 and 2 in the Griffith Stadium. However, there are three outstanding events which are scheduled to take place before this drill of drills. These are the battalion competitive, the regimental competitive, and the annual brigade review.

The battalion competitive will be held April 30 in the Central Stadium. Our companies will take the field under the command of Major Wilton Gibson at 4:20 o'clock on that day. Major Gibson will be somewhat handicapped by having a five-company battalion, while most of the other majors have only three-company battalions. All the more to his glory if he wins.

The third regiment, composed of battalions from Eastern and Western, will compete with the first and second regiments on May 4, at 4:00 o'clock. This will be the third regimental competitive. In the two previous drills, the third regiment has always been

third. This year, however, we hope to turn the tables.

The annual brigade review will take place May 7, in the Central Stadium. At the review a prominent army officer inspects the whole brigade and then presents awards to the winners of the various events which have previously taken place during the year. The winning war game team and the winning band are honored on this occasion. This is the last outstanding cadet activity before the company competitive drill.

On Thursday, February 26, commissions were presented to the officers of the whole brigade. General Rockenbach presented the commissions and delivered a speech to the corps. Twenty-one Easternites received commissions on this occasion.

The inspection to determine the guard of honor for General Rockenbach brought out the fact that the Eastern companies were not quite up to the standard set by companies in other schools. In a comparison of the scores of the inspection, it was found that out of a

(Continued on page 33)



Morgenstein: "Gee, I wish Venus was the Goddess of Wisdom."

Okun: "Why?"

Morgenstein: "I put that on the English test."

* * *

C. Hoffman: "Why didn't you get honors?"

Digitus: "Because three teachers gave me fair."

* * *

Zepp claims that he has insomnia. He woke up twice in chemistry the other day.

* * *

George Main: "A teacher called me down for creating a disturbance at the musical assembly."

Andrus: "What were you doing?"

Main: "Singing."

* * *

Miss Bucknam (in American history): "Name a labor-saving device that is used today."

Purcell: "My father."

* * *

Mrs. Hall (in American history): "What work is connected with Webster?"

Evelyn Scott: "The dictionary."

* * *

Lowery: "Why do we have to read Chaucer?"

E. Grant: "So we appreciate how easy our modern languages are."

* * *

V. Howard wants to know if a boy and a girl in a canoe on the canal would be considered as canoebial bliss!!

* * *

Hoffman: "Gosh! This looks hard."

Mr. Schwartz: "Well, it isn't as easy as it looks."

Startzel (coming from biology exam.): "I have just finished a great scientific achievement."

"Sonny": "How's that?"

Startzel: "I got an absolute zero."

* * *

Burns: "The Secretary of State has charge of the great seal which he keeps in his office."

Unclaimed Voice: "Why don't he keep it in the zoo?"

* * *

Allan Cross: "Are you going to pass in French?"

Lowery: "I'm afraid not."

Allan Cross: "Why?"

Lowery: "I'm taking Spanish."

* * *

Miss Taylor (in English): "Mr. Finger, you will have to do something to improve your form."

G. Finger: "Yes, I'm going out for track."

* * *

Mr. Suter: "What do you do after you apply a flame to the exit table of a Kepp Hydrogen Generator?"

A Scholar: "Pick up the pieces, if you can."

* * *

Mr. Padgett: "What three words do you use most?"

A. Cross: "I don't know."

Mr. Padgett: "Correct."

* * *

Mr. Haworth says the latest mathematical law is: The amount of talking is directly proportionate to the distance from the teacher.

* * *

Miss Milliken (reading English paper): "Alain, Sire de Malétroit was sitting in a high chair when Denis entered the room with his legs crossed."

IN AUTO SCIENCE CLASS

Mr. Rick: "Now picture that large, heavy engine lying over on its side, with this poor man pinned between it and the wall. What do you think you would do in such a case?"

Harold Scruggs: "Flood the carburetor, and tell him to swim out."

Think deeply on this one

Mr. Schwartz (in German class): "You ought to be able to get a book for about seventy-five cents."

Hoffman: "I only paid forty cents for my old one, and there is not a word written in it."

* * *

Eulalo Kindy (formerly in Mr. Flury's section): "How do you like your rookie section?"

Mr. Flury (smiling): "Fine. You know I like fresh, green things in the spring."

* * *

Miss Boyd: "Who's using the *Panama Canal*?"

FORWARD, MARCH

Miss Johnson (in Latin class): "Mockabee, what does *haec* mean?"

Mockabee: "A long walk."

SOLUTION TO EASTERN'S TRAFFIC PROBLEMS

After forty years of intensive study of the traffic conditions at Eastern High School, Professor U. R. A. Bonehead, chief director of the traffic at Hicktown, has drawn up the following set of rules:

1. Remove the "up" stairs, and station a few members of the Glee Club at the bottom. Their songs are guaranteed to be uplifting.
2. Remove the "down" stairs, and put greased sliding boards in their place.
3. To clear the building quickly, place a man with free samples of candy at each exit.
4. Provide each student with a pair of skates, and a pair of bumpers.
5. If all these methods fail, dismiss school. Perfect order is then guaranteed.

FLORENCE PAINTER, '26.

NAMES OF GREAT BOOKS OFT REMIND US

Where the Blue Begins—Test on Friday the Seventh Period.

A Likely Tale—Ruth Greenwood comes to class with a pen!

Alice-For-Short—Alice Morgan.

The Wanderer—Ellis Brooks.

Youth of the Year—Nathan Clark.

Way of the World—Having the English period cut out the *very* day you studied.

The Silent Woman—Nellie Dalrymple.

Just So Stories—Tardy excuses, etc.

Maid's Tragedy—A forgotten compact.

AS OTHERS SEE THEM

SPORTS

Alex Gregory..... Paavo Nurmi

"Sunny" Burdine..... Babe Ruth

Julius Radice..... "Red" Grange

"Sap" Allman..... William Tilden

Miriam Marshall..... Suzanne Lenglen

Ralph Bennie..... Walter Hagen

DANCING

James Willey..... Arthur Murray

Mildred Crews..... Irene Castle

OPERA

Edward Andrus..... Chaliapin

Aliceogene Graves..... Madame Jeritza

Hannah Stolar..... Galli Curci

SPEAKING STAGE

Nathan Clark..... John Barrymore

Roberta Harrison..... Jean Eagles

Mrs. Bryam: "Oh, her voice just flutters up and down so melodiously—!"

Lowrey: "Can't she control it?"

* * *

Thom: "What are you doing tonight?"

Chester: "Studying."

Thom: "I'm not doing anything either; let's go to a show."

* * *

Andrus: "Why aren't you careful? You missed me by a hair when you just shot!!"

Hoffman: "I'm sorry."

* * *

G. Roth: "Can you give me a sentence with 'exeresance' in it?"

K. White: "Full moons are ex-cresents."

SCHOOL news



1. A recent meeting held for parents, teachers and pupils. Former graduates gave five minute talks on the question of occupation after graduation from high school. The Glee Club presented its sketch from the *Fortune Teller*. Songs, dances, gypsies, and Nathan Clark's well-known love interest have made this one of the most popular plays of the year.

So number 1 meant a good time for everyone.

2. The thing that has power to soothe even the turbulent rookie.

Aside from regular music periods, there are offered music appreciation classes on Friday under Miss Clara Burroughs. The seniors who were able to crowd into the music room heard a most entertaining talk on grand opera by Mr. Charles Isaacson. It surely must have destroyed some of the unreasoning awe that prevails on that subject.

3. The reward for scholarship.

There were 153 honor pupils, ten per cent of the school, this semester. The third semester claimed the greatest number of them and the first came next.

4. Amusements to make our favorite period go quicker. They consist of entertainments in the auditorium. On Tuesdays the class in dramatics usually provides a short sketch. On other days there are movies and music. Room 112 is headquarters for the Girls' Noon Hour Club. Here we see them busily playing checkers or solving cross-word

puzzles. We still have dancing in the armory, but the steps and hall surrounding it are relieved of most of the lookers-on by these other amusements.

5. This stands for an honor that has come to Eastern through one of her prize students, Wilma Shively. Most of us know nothing of this award. A prize is offered by the Radcliffe Club of the District to the best junior girl in each of the three academic high schools. In February, Wilma was presented with the *Oxford Book of English Verse* at a

dinner of the club. Everyone will agree that it was a well deserved prize.

6. At least twice lately this word has meant good luck. On one occasion, the Rev. C. R. Stauffer brought to us Dr. Jesse M. Bader, an evangelist at the Ninth Street Christian Church, who gave a decidedly interesting talk.

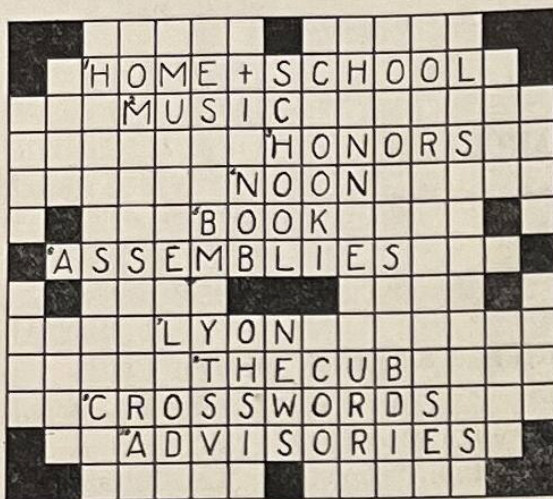
At our assembly on March 3, Dr. William Mather Lewis of George Washington University was the speaker.

7. A treat for the journalistic writing was a talk by Mr. Gideon Lyon, assistant editor of the *Star*. He spoke on the subject of newspapers and journalism.

8. This spells something for nothing to all EASTERNER subscribers. It is something good, too. Miss Graves and Mr. Morales make it almost equal the EASTERNER itself.

9. What our teachers give us when we don't pay attention.

10. The faithful chronicler of our progress



F. M. PAINTER.

or the opposite—as the case may be. Anyway, we got them in March.

NOON NEWS

Pugsie sniffed, slightly startled by the silence that surrounded his small self.

"Yes, it must be lunch hour. It isn't like me to come at the wrong time" he thought.

Even though he was a dog, much colored with black spots, he knew that the crowds were missing. While he was watching, something round and hard landed on his back. He turned and looked disgustedly at the quoit player who couldn't aim any straighter than that.

Going a little farther, he came upon a small crowd. Yes, this was a part of the old group of dance watchers. But even then they had moved down into the armory.

As he was getting lonely, he decided to go to the next floor to find his friends. He rambled into Room 112. There he noticed some girls intently engaged in moving round pieces of wood over a board of black and red squares. Others were looking frantically through dictionaries, knitting their brows, and exclaiming "give me a word of four letters that means 'story'," Still others were chatting to their friends. Seeing that they were too busy to pay any attention to him, he indignantly strutted out.

When he arrived at the assembly hall, he found many of his friends at last. They didn't pay the slightest attention to him, however, but were all gazing at a picture.

"Tomorrow we have music, and Friday dramatics," he heard some person say.

"This school ain't what it usta be," he thought as he scurried out of the door.

CLEAR?

Vun day the other night, last week about a month ago, I heard me a noise in the front middle of the backyard vich don't use to be dere: I jump the bed out, run mid the door and even I see my old grey iron mare tied loose and running with the stable off. The one that finds it will pay me a reward of \$5.

—*Monitor*.

BEHIND THE LUNCH COUNTER

With the ringing of the bell at 11:25, my most interesting period begins. Right; you guessed it. Lunch!

Some thoughtless person may think this means merely eating. Not so, for I am one of the lunch-room laborers. Rushing frantically to the counter, I wait for the stream of hungry people to pass before me. Snatches of enticing conversation come to me only to be lost in the uproar.

A rookie asks me to open a "pop" bottle. With a flush of mortification, I am obliged to confess that I have never mastered the art. A visiting stranger attempts to seize a salad through the glass. With a polite smile (but inward grin), I point to the plates displayed on top.

A thrill of interest comes with the approach of a noted alumnus. Coach Guyon's cheery smile and, "What have we today?" brings a cheery response from behind the counter.

One might not suppose that this work trains the mind, but it does. We learn to remember the favorite dishes of certain teachers. One, invariably, takes coffee; another, potatoes; another, cocoa; and so on down the list. One of my fellow waitresses at the ice cream counter has observed that the most mild-mannered people buy the most daring ice cream, such as Harlequin. She attributes this to the fact that all must be brave and daring, if only subconsciously.

Considerable agility must be displayed in dodging girls hurrying to and fro behind the counter. One girl has an annoying habit of standing, hand on hip, with her elbow impeding traffic. This must be remembered and avoided.

As the stream of "hungarians" gradually decreases and finally almost ceases, I grab a tray and join the happy, eating throngs. A short interval of chatter, another bell—and back to study again.

L. B.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.—*George MacDonald*.

ORGANIZATIONS

RIFLE CLUBS

The Boys' Rifle Club was organized in 1910, at Old Eastern High School. Several years before the new school was finished, a girls' club was started by an enthusiast of all girls' sports, Miss "Jack" Martin. Both clubs began work in earnest when they moved to the new school with its up-to-date equipment. The members have taken part in several matches, and have made a creditable showing for Eastern.

HIKING CLUB

The girls' Hiking Club was organized in the fall of 1922, but 1923 was its first full year of work. By June, thirteen of its members had won the school "E" by walking a hundred miles. During the Easter holidays, some of its members hiked to Bluemont, Virginia, where they visited Mr. Hart for two days. They walked about eighty miles in all on this trip.

The constitution of the club has recently been changed so that in order to join the club, a girl must have walked twenty-five miles. For each successive hundred miles after the letter is won, a blue star is now awarded.

MERRILL CLUB

The Merrill Club dates back to the Camp Fire Girls, three branches of which were formed by Miss Margaret Merrill in 1912. She often took the members on hikes and campings during their vacations. She began the charity work which is now one of the main activities of the Merrill Club.

In 1919 a new girls' club, the Four-Square-Easterners, with high standards of scholarship and healthful living, was organized by Miss Merrill. The next year this merged with the Minute Girls into one club called the Merrill Club, as an indication of their love and gratitude for their founder.

An Alumni Chapter was formed in 1922 which maintains a close friendship between the younger and older members.

THE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

The Dramatic Association was organized back in the days when Eastern claimed old Peabody as home. There in 1890 a Shakespeare Dramatic Society was organized. A true step in the history of Eastern's dramatic association was reached in the presentation of Sheridan's *The Rivals*. As years passed, greater dramatic triumphs were presented: *Alice in Wonderland*, *Twig on the Thorn*, *Twelfth Night*, *Knight of King Arthur's Court*, *Russian Honeymoon*, *Robina in Search of a Husband*, and the *Amazons*.

Among our later triumphs the lovely *Midsummer Night's Dream* will be long remembered by the audience who saw it. The work of the Dramatic Society, marked by the versatility of its productions, has run the whole gamut of possibilities from the comedies of Shakespeare to the farces of the present day.

GLEE CLUB

To the Glee Club is given the honor of being the oldest existing organization at Eastern. It was formed during the infancy of our school. In its early years it was divided into two sections, the boys' and the girls' clubs. It has often collaborated with the Dramatic Association in the production of some of its successes. The recent musical plays, the *Fortune Teller* and the grand opera, show the ability of our Glee Club today.

The coming of Miss Wood to Eastern's musical department has given it added impetus. We can expect even more of it in the future.

FRIENDSHIP CLUB

The Friendship Club, a world-wide organization with branches in every country, started a branch at Eastern in 1916. By 1924 it had grown so large that Miss McNeil and Miss Cook, Girl Reserves secretaries of the Y. W. C. A., divided it into the Senior

and Junior branches, the one for upper class girls, the other for freshmen and sophomores. The two clubs, which have now changed their names to Les Camerades and the Fidelis Club, respectively, still get together once a month at the supper of all the branches of the Friendship Club here in the city which the Y. W. C. A. holds. The Friendship clubs can be proud of their fulfillment of their three-fold aim—business, service, and social activity.

ORCHESTRA

An intermittent life was that of orchestra back in the days before Mrs. Bryam came to Eastern. Under the skillful baton of our present music teacher, however, the organization developed until today it has gained a meritorious position among the high school orchestras of the city.

The first orchestra under Mrs. Bryam consisted of about six members. During the succeeding years of its existence the orchestra increased in quality and size until today this organization is composed of nearly forty members.

In the past few years great things have been accomplished. The lovely Mendelssohn music incidental to a *Midsummer Night's Dream* was rendered with a chorus that still remains a bright spot in Eastern's musical history. At present the orchestra is contributing largely to the success of the inter-high school orchestra which is planning a delightful treat for the coming Spring Festival.

SONGS THAT REMIND US

"Hard-Hearted Hannah" _____ Hannah Stolar
 "June Night" _____ The Seniors
 "After the Storm" _____ February 1st
 "Worried" _____ Us
 "Linger Awhile" _____ Mr. Hart
 "Lazy" _____ The Student Body
 —ELIZABETH WELCH, '27.

"The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a large heart in it."

"The victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work."

THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLER

I've got the cross-word puzzle craze; I hardly stop to sleep or eat; in studies brown I spend my days, in finding words that have me beat. I sit up 'till the break of dawn, and with newspapers strew my room; I reckon if this thing's goin' on I'll puzzle 'till the crack of doom. My mother stands upon the stair, and seeks to make me go to bed; I merely sit in dim despair of what six letters can mean "red." I never take my school-books home, and, if I do, they're pushed aside the while I rack my brains and moan for fifteen letters meaning "slide." Yes, I'm a cross-word puzzle nut—I mutter strangely all the day; I never see a paper but I long to run the other way.

ELISE SCHARF, '27.

ROOKIES' GUIDE BOOK

When you see a little white-haired gentleman going through all the gyrations of a cheer leader—that's "Pop" Dulin. You will notice that, although Mr. Dulin sometimes leads us in a cheer or tells us a funny story, he always roots against us if we happen to be playing Western or Tech. Perhaps you will wonder about this, since you recognize Eastern's manifest superiority. Here is the secret! Gene Dulin, his son, pitcher and football player, goes to Tech; Roland Dulin, a nephew, goes to Western.

For two years he has watched Western lose the basketball championship to Eastern. Surely Mr. Dulin's demeanor after these defeats could serve as an excellent model for boys anywhere.

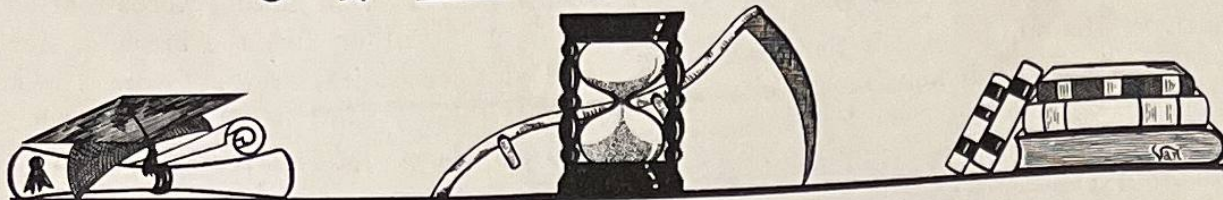
May you grow to love him as we do!

L. B.

"Contentment often serves as a brake on the wheels of progress."

Eastern offers sincere sympathy to the parents of Thomas Darlington Frame, who died recently.

ALUMNI



PERSONALS

Karl G. Pearson '23 was a member of the Princeton debating team which met George Washington University on March 3. The debate was upon the Child Labor Amendment.

The engagement of Dorothy Romaine Shaner, '18, to Mr. Joseph Butterworth of Fall River, Mass., has been announced. The wedding will take place in June.

The marriage of Mildred G. Reynolds, '19, to Dr. Maurice Arthur Selinger took place recently at the home of the bride's parents.

Dr. Wallace M. Yater, '16, at one time colonel of cadets and later military instructor of cadets, has been made full professor of internal medicine at Georgetown University. Dr. Yater is the youngest full professor in the city.

Dr. Yater is a practicing physician here and is a partner of Freddie Sanderson, '14. Mr. Sanderson was captain of Company F of that year.

M. Louise Smith, '23, is substituting in the night school.

After a year's absence, Mildred Boynton, '23, has resumed her studies at the Normal School.

Nineteen former Eastern girls who graduated from Wilson Normal last June are now teaching school in the District. They are Edna Burrows, Evelyn Waters, Phoebe Atkinson, Katherine Bergin, Irma Burch, Dorothy Burns, Mildred Huth, Mabel Jones, Elizabeth Lindsay, Mildred McCauley, Vivian Miller, Mildred Mockabee, Margaret Parkman, Dorothy Pyle, Alberta Rogers, Marion Scott, Muriel Scull, Ruth Smith and Marie Faehl.

Eastern mourns the death of Harry B. Smith, '95, who for many years was a professor in the University of Pittsburgh.

ALUMNI SHOW

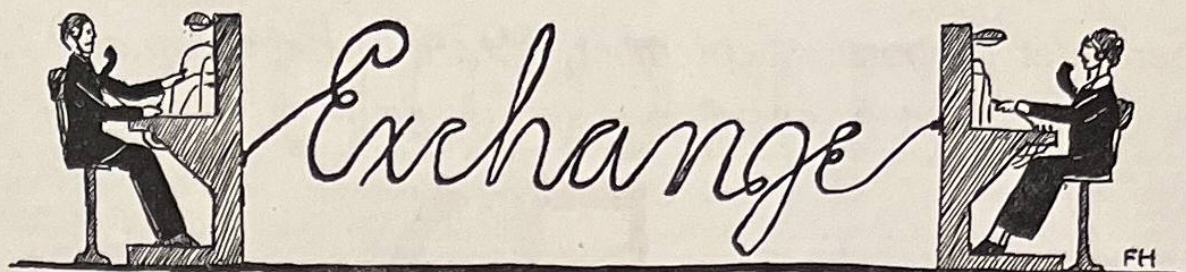
Here's to you, Alumni, from all Eastern High
For the latest success you have known.
You certainly did what you set out to do,
For a "bird of a program" was shown.

FERN SEED ENCHANTMENT

Roy Helton's latest novel, *The Early Adventures of Peacham Grew*, printed by the Penn Publishing Company, is a very attractive book. Edward Shenton's unusual and distinctive illustrations make it that in appearance, and the loveliness of Peacham, the little autobiographer, and Mr. Helton's poetic prose assure the same for the content.

Peacham Grew is a boy whose imagination provides him with occupation and even a playmate when his one human friend, Margie, at last refuses to play with him any more because of his poverty. Impressed by the stories of his father, concerning fern seed enchantment, from whom he inherited his dreaming, he eats some of it. There by some magic of Mr. Helton's pen, his readers seem to taste of it, too, for after that we follow Peacham's wanderings in fact and fancy without any realization of any discrepancy between the two.

After God "magiced his father away," we go with him to his aunt's in the country, share his delight in the clover bloom and his fear of his uncle's wooden arm, wander with him in the wood during his flight, and meet the lovely lady with him. It is with regret we leave him safe with his mother at last, after he had been led there by his father, who had then faded away. Our only comfort is that the title says the "Early Adventures" which leaves us some hope for a sequel.



Among the exchanges received since our last issue, are included the following:

Balance Sheet, Business H. S., Washington, D. C.

Blue and White, Deerfield-Shields H. S., Highland Park, Ill.

Cambridge Review, Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

Crucible, Rochester H. S., Rochester, Minn.

Eagle, Lindblom H. S., Chicago, Ill.

Forum, Senn H. S., Chicago, Ill.

Gleam, Johnson H. S., St. Paul, Minn.

Helios, Central H. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Iroquois, Glens Falls H. S., Glens Falls, N. Y.

Mirror, Punxsutawney H. S., Punxsutawney, Pa.

Mirror, Sharon H. S., Sharon, Pa.

Q, Quincy H. S., Quincy, Ill.

Review, Central H. S., Washington, D. C.

Review, Shamokin H. S., Shamokin, Pa.

Ring-tum Phi, Washington and Lee University, Va.

Sentinel, Dunbar Township H. S., Leisening, Pa.

Tech Life, McKinley Technical H. S., Washington, D. C.

Tripod, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

Voice, South H. S., Youngstown, O.

Western Breeze, Western H. S., Washington, D. C.

The Torch, Doylestown High School, Doylestown, Pa.

The Blue and White, Deerfield-Shields High School, Highland Park, Ill.

The Go-Getter, Blacksburg High School, Blacksburg, S. C.

The Monthly Chronicle, Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va.

The Cambridge Review, Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

The Stylus, Clark School, Hanover, N. H.

The Mirror, Punxsutawney High School, Punxsutawney, Pa.

The Monitor, New Castle High School, New Castle, Pa.

West High Weekly, West H. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

World, Central H. S., St. Paul, Minn.

We wish to say a few words of praise for the *West High Weekly* of West High School, Minneapolis, Minn., which we consider the best newspaper on our exchange list. This paper always presents a quite professional appearance. It contains a great amount of school news and accounts of athletic events, as well as a number of humorous stories, a regular department of poetry, and very well-written editorials. A somewhat unusual feature of interest is the Book Review Section which appears in each issue. And it is published weekly!

Another of the most commendable newspapers on our list is the *Blue and White*, from the Deerfield-Shields High School, Highland Park, Ill. This weekly always contains an abundance of school news written in an interesting manner, and also a number of other good features. One of the most novel of these is a section devoted to radio news.

A very neat little magazine is the *Helios*, of Central High School, Grand Rapids, Mich. The number of advertisements speaks well for the activity of the advertising manager. The style of cover adds to the attractiveness of the magazine, and is, we believe, unique. The drawings used to illustrate the stories make them more readable-looking.

He: "Why didn't you answer my letter?"

She: "I never received your letter."

He: "You didn't?"

She: "No, and besides I don't like some of the things you said in it."—*Monitor*.

Semester Honors—September, 1924 to February, 1925

Eighth Semester

First Honors
Irving Yockelson
Second Honors
Lillian Bell
Helen Gray
Beatrice Swain
Lindsay Duvall

Seventh Semester

First Honors
Katherine Gibson
Asenath Graves
Anna Horenstein
Drusilla Kincheloe
Vera Helen Muir—
100% E
Eugena Neumayer—
100% E
Anne Ross
Mary Schneider
Margaret Ann Shea
100% E
Hannah Stolar
Herbert E. Angel
Stephen Gerardi
Aubrey Morales
Second Honors
Elizabeth Didden
Marion Ruth Gaylord
Marie Hickey
Margaret Lindsay
Lillian Marie Nalley
Mildred Rogerson
Thomas Howard

Sixth Semester

First Honors
Laura K. Barrett
Evelyn M. Burns
Nellie E. Dalrymple
Florence M. Painter
Wilma Shively
Marion E. Warfield
Josephine Tremain
William C. Lambert
Frank E. Scrivner
Lester M. Swingle
Second Honors
Erma L. Ford
Robert Hanscome

Francis Wesley Holmes
Alpheus Walter

Fifth Semester

First Honors
Frances Arnold—
100% E
Elizabeth Ann Barr
Mary Bench
Oneida Maybelle Brown
—100% E
Elizabeth Haines Clark
Margaret Haggett
Gibson
Roberta Harrison
Laura Haynie
Margaret Theodora
Hoover—100% E
Eleanor Bell Johnson
—100% E
Elizabeth Rebecca
Miller—100% E
Nola Sanborn
Ann Jeanette Silver-
man

Second Honors

Helen Rosena Bryan
Ruth Helen Hamilton
Elizabeth Margaret
McVearry
Margaret Elizabeth
Parsons
Alice Henrietta Saun-
ders
Bertha Schwartz
May Bertie Talbert
Ethel May Waters
Alan Frank Kreglow

Fourth Semester

First Honors
Thelma Ammonette
Margaret Arrington
Florence Barron
Margaret Brower
Margaret Brust
Eleanor Froelich
Julia Hoppes
Edna Jenkins
Marjorie Keim
Ruth Kintz

Pauline Walther
Julia Wayland
Ronald Broun

Second Honors
Kathleen Cave
Kathryn Clark
Elizabeth Geiger
Athlyne Spahr
Evelyn Woolard
Elmer Whitney

Third Semester

First Honors
Virginia Barrett
Mabel Bell
Olive Cridler
Lucy Cuiffreda
Ethelyn Deck
Martha Evans
Beatrice Frye
Mariane Gilmore
Eleanor Hoffman
Alice Kreischer
Margaret Peed
Agnes Raley
Elizabeth Roberts
Katherine Simons
Leah Woods
Margaret Woods
James Brearley
George Butler
Alton Denslow
Robert Himes
John Quinn

Second Honors

Malvina Bandel
Merlene Everett
Helen Kreischer
Pauline Roth
Louise Wildman
Harry Crow
Herbert Elliott
Pete Giancoli
Edgar Gilchrist
Edgar Swick
Edward Timmons
Leigh Ronning

Second Semester

First Honors
Grace Baker

Esther Belnick
Dorothy Lawrence
Esther Rankin
Louise Turner
Mary Hester Yowell
Herbert William Cooper
Isador Matthews

Second Honors

Lois Crown
Margaret Smith

First Semester

First Honors
Doris Ruth Bishop
Sarah Catherine Casteel
Barbara Virginia
Daiker
Roberta Marie Fissel
Beryl Pickord Hackley
Lila Rosamond Moss
Elizabeth Jeanne
Stivers
Theodore Bishoff
James Stratton Dietz
Samuel Robert Hook
Howard Everett Rhine
Ralph Wardlow Watt
Frank Johnston
Whitney

Second Honors

Adele Davis
Ruth Elizabeth Green-
wood
Rhoda Catherine Hat-
ton
Esther Lucille Linger
Margaret Sea Payne
Pauline Patton
Louise Perkins
Flora Robinson
Mary Lorne Sievers
Mary Angelina
Stecker
Irene Swan
Thomas Clayton Crane
Charles Louis Critch-
field
John Wayne Hisle
Frank Masino
Thomas Brue Neff

THE BALLAD OF SIR ROGER OF KOVNIA

Sir Roger came down from his home in the
hills,

Where grows the wild rose and where run the
clear rills.

Sir Roger came down with his coaches gift-
laden,

To get him a wife, a Herminia maiden.

Sir Roger came down, a maid for to woo,
With hair fine as silk, and eyes azure blue;
And all the fair maids in Herminia Town
Were dressed in their best when Sir Roger
came down.

Sir Roger came down with his heart in his
hand,

The richest and handsomest knight in the
land.

And, while making his way through Her-
mania's street,

Where peasantry and aristocracy meet,
He saw a fair lady, and gave her "Good-day,"
But her pretty head turned as she went on
her way.

As he wheeled his great horse, in a doorway
he spied

A lovely young peasant, her mother beside.
Then down from his steed leaped Sir Roger,
and bowed

To the maid, to her mother, the gathering
crowd.

Sir Roger got down on the silken-clad knee,
And kissed the maid's hand in a way good to
see;

Then up to the saddle he swung her, and
cried:

"All Kovina's people, now honor my bride!"

ELISE SCHARF, '27.

"Dear Madam"*(Continued from page 15)*

She must have listened, for the early hours of the morning saw a very, very happy gentleman walking dreamily homeward with an old-fashioned flower pinned on his lapel.

Faculty*(Continued from page 22)*

forget all about getting their opinions on home work.

Therefore, we are compelled to announce that the symposium of faculty opinion on "Should Home Work Be Abolished?" will be postponed until a later date. Of course, we could tell you Miss Taylor's opinion now; but there wouldn't be anything to write next time.

A small boy came hurriedly down the street and halted breathlessly in front of a stranger who was walking in the same direction.

"Have you lost a half a dollar?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, I believe I have!" said the stranger, feeling in his pockets. "Have you found one?"

"Oh, no," said the boy. "I just want to find out how many have been lost today. Yours makes fifty-five."—*Monitor*.

She: "I wonder if you remember me? Years ago you asked me to marry you."

Absent-minded professor: "Ah, yes; and did you?"—*Nautilus*.

The Lincoln Park Pharmacy

H. COLODNY, Ph. G.

East Capitol and 13th Streets

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Cadets*(Continued from page 23)*

possible five points, the highest Eastern company was about one whole point behind the winning company. This means that all Eastern companies have a great deal of work to do, and it is up to every private and officer at Eastern to do his best from now until the drill. It also means that the companies cannot let up for a minute.

Cadet commands are given by—

Sergeant	Lieutenant	Captain
Company HALT	Ya Hop!	Ali-Up!
Right FACE	Yi Yace	Ali-Up!
T' the rear, MARCH	Yo Yer, WUMP!	Ali-Up!

—*The Forum*.**OUR BUSINESS**

Whether you come here at fun's behest,
And whether or not with brains you've been
blest,

That's nobody's business but yours.

Whether the teachers like you the best,
And if you make "E" or fail in a test,
That's nobody's business but yours.

But whether you come out and cheer with
the rest

And help make dear Eastern's team a success,

That's everyone's business—ours!

ELEANOR FROELICH, '27.

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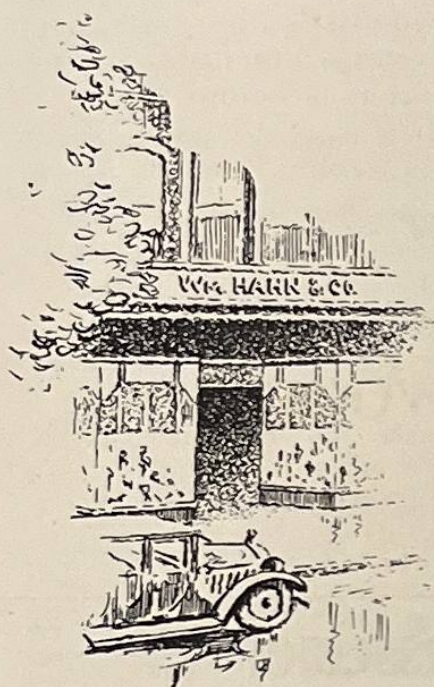
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“‘Peacham Grew’ is a revelation of the heart and mind of an entirely normal but very imaginative little boy. It is a book for a mood, a book to dream over, to compare with the thoughts of your childhood that it is bound to recall.”

—William C. Weber, in the Philadelphia Record.

Illustrated—Price, \$1.50

Jimmy Sharswood

In “Jimmy Sharswood” Roy Helton has written a book that may very well become a classic of boyhood. There is comedy galore, both broad and delicate.

Illustrated—Price, \$2.00

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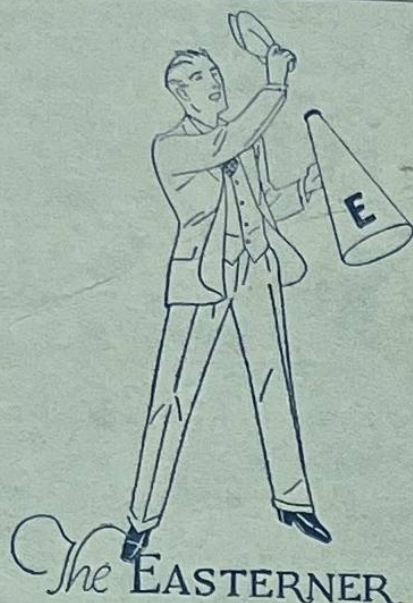
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THE EASTERNER



JUNE, 1925

VOLUME XXVIII



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Motto: Do Well, Do Better, Do Best.

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No. 5

Easterner Staff 1924-1925

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Cadets, Kingsland Prender, '26.

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STAFF TYPISTS

Lois Koerth, '26.
Leah Sugar, '26.

Florence Berry, '26.
Mary Schneider, '25.

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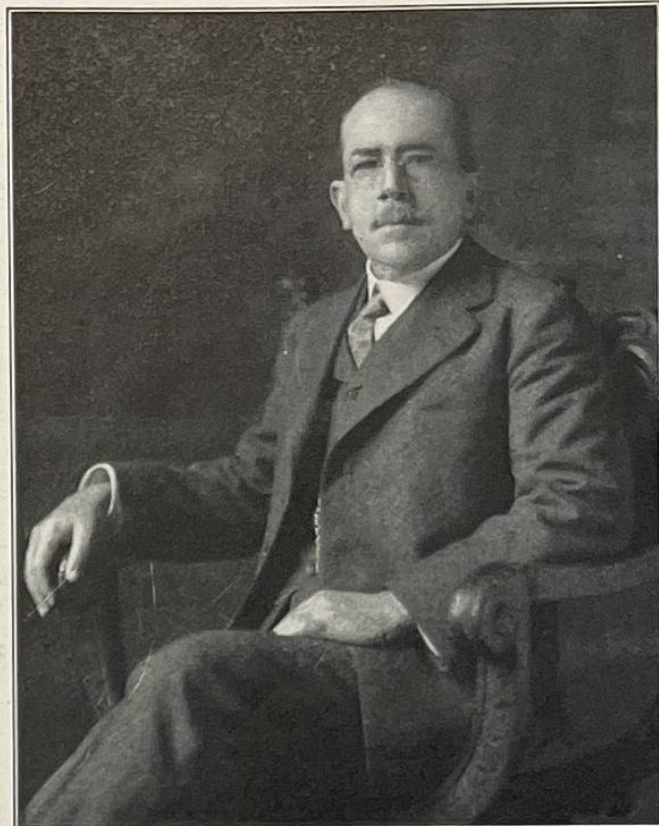
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To

Mr. Percival Padgett

Teacher and Friend, we gratefully dedicate this issue of
THE EASTERNER



PERCIVAL PADGETT

A HALF century teaching the classics! Such is the noble record of Mr. Padgett. And our good fortune it is to have had him with us for half of these long years. Apart from short stays in two different places, his earlier teaching was at the famous St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, which still holds so warm a place in his affections that it is impossible to know Mr. Padgett and not know St. Paul's. Ample proof we have, too, that at St. Paul's he endeared himself to others as he here has endeared himself to all.

Surely to live with the classic tongues is to drink of the fountain of eternal youth; for have we not visible evidence of this truth in Mr. Padgett's perennial zest in life, his ready laugh, his unfailing geniality? His kindness, his love of a good story, his eager fellowship have won him a place in the hearts of both colleagues and pupils. No Eastern teacher is more beloved. A constant question on the lips of visiting alumni is, "Where is Mr. Padgett? I must see him."

With Mr. Padgett, then, there will go from Eastern a large measure of gladness, of friendliness, of humanity. Sadly shall we miss his daily presence; but we shall expect to see him often at Eastern in the years to come. This hope softens the regret with which all Eastern, faculty, alumni, students, now say,

"Vale, vale, magister carissime."

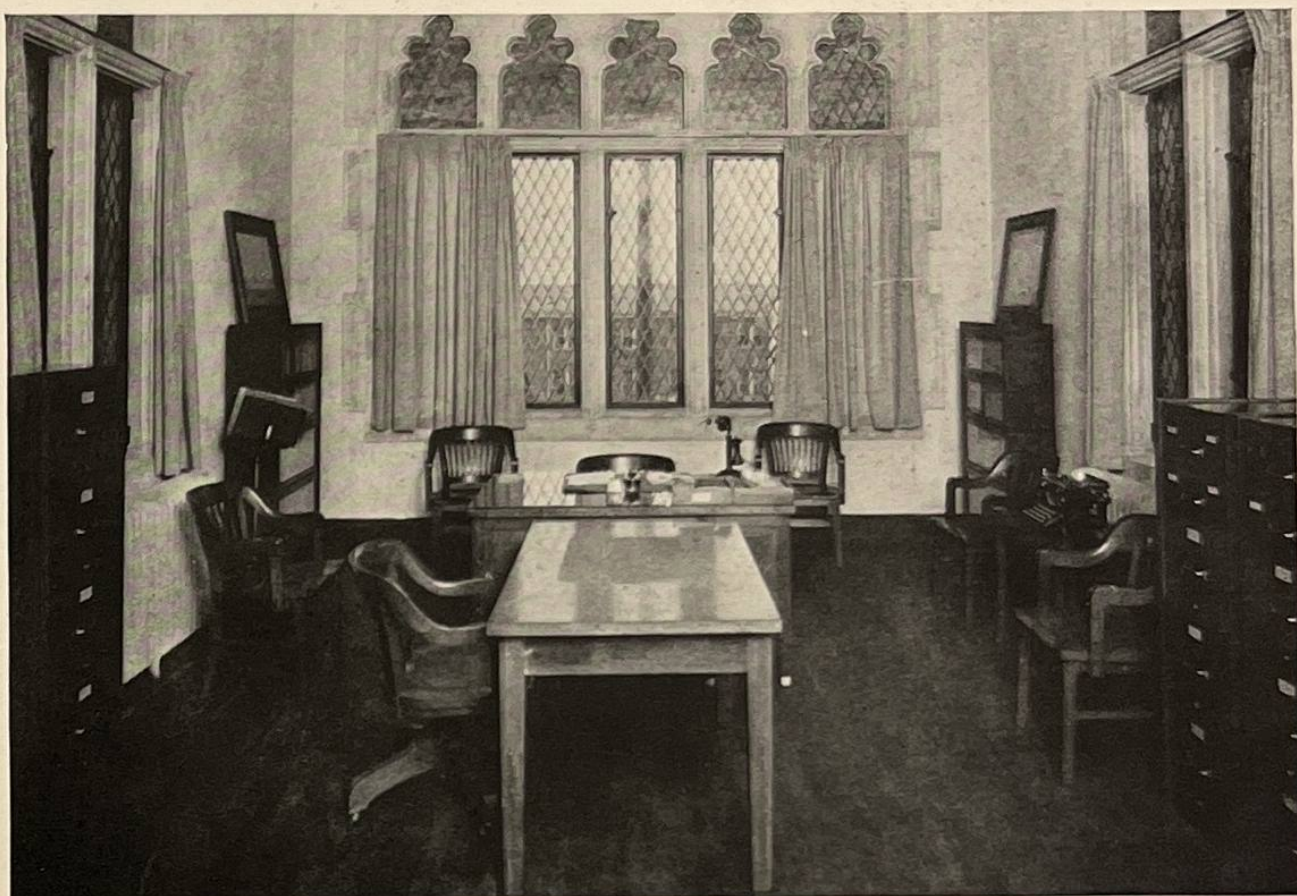
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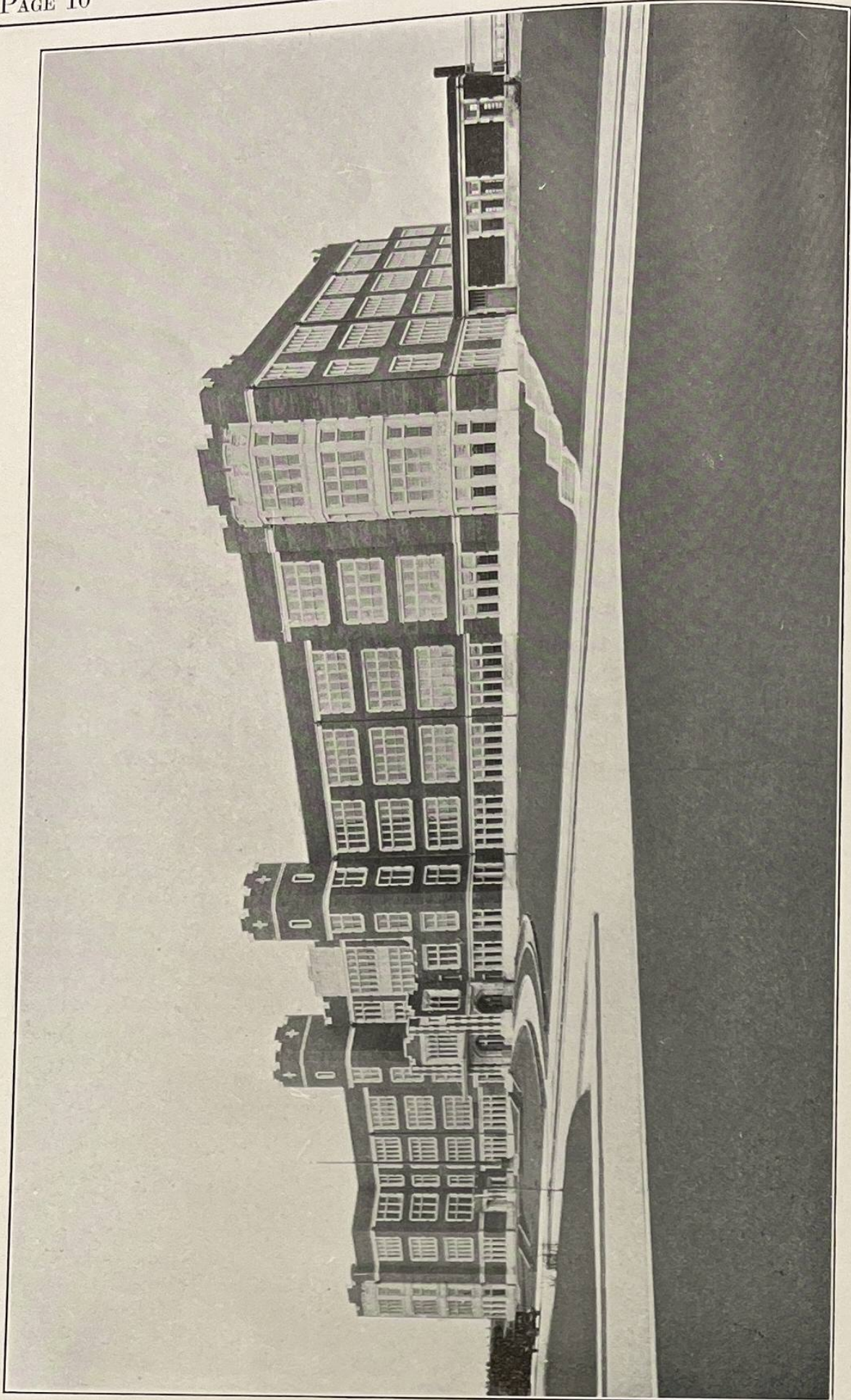
CHARLES HART
Principal



MARY J. WATTS
Assistant Principal



THE SANCTUM



EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL



MAIN ENTRANCE

Class of '25

Just as the sun pushed his way through a cloud to smile his approval upon that notable nineteenth day of September, 1921, some two hundred verdant rookies, contrasting strangely with the russet trees without, stumbled over Eastern's threshold into high school life. This was the Class of '25.

The Eastern into which they forced their way is now called "Hine Junior High School," but to us it will remain "Old Eastern." Then seven hundred students welcomed the newcomers. A faculty of forty-one took them under its care. The following June ninety-one graduates went out into the world.

Today we have our new school with sixteen hundred pupils. Seventy-six members

constitute our faculty. This year our graduates total over one hundred and fifty.

In four years Eastern has grown greatly. Likewise, the Class of '25 has expanded in mind, soul, and body.

It has been noticed that much of the success of this class is due to an early start. So many freshmen enrolled in the cadets that, for the first time, Eastern had three companies. Other members of the class, consigned to the afternoon session by the two-shifts' plan then in use, promptly appropriated a page in *THE EASTERNER* to tell of their doings. The freshmen had a high percentage of honor pupils for the year. Nathan Clark was elected class president.

When the class returned in September, a

sunny day greeted the turbulent sophomores. Almost sorrowfully the removal to the new school was accomplished. Old friends are hard to leave. Once moved, however, the class settled down. Again it ranked high scholastically. The other activities were not slighted, athletics, cadets, and dramatics getting attention. Besides being represented on the championship basketball team, the "sophs" won the inter-class basketball series. "Step Lively" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" each had its quota of sophomore players. The class was also represented in the prize company, Company D.

Ambitious, the Class of '25, with every vestige of green turned to true Eastern blue, came back to school in the fall of '23. Five juniors secured positions on THE EASTERNER staff. Cadet companies profited by junior "non-coms." Company C's war game team, comprised mostly of juniors, won second place in the war game series. While the amazed seniors looked on, Asenath Graves took the lead in "The Wonder Hat" and other juniors received large parts in that and other plays that made up the fall show. Two juniors, Asenath Graves and Herbert Angel, won prizes in a *Star* essay contest. Then came the Oratorical Contest. Half of the Eastern finalists were juniors: Ruth Greenwood, Asenath Graves, and Lydia Edwards. As everyone knows, Ruth Greenwood, a junior, won the school prize, and was selected as alternate for the District of Columbia.

Nor were the juniors inactive in athletics. They rounded out every team which represented the school, and assisted materially in winning the District basketball championship for the second time in succession.

"Rollo's Wild Oat," starring prominent

juniors, also added to the dramatic reputation of the class.

Jay Hall directed the class as its president.

Still another bright day welcomed the class, now thoughtful seniors, as it started its last year in high school. Immediately it buckled down to work. Eastern narrowly lost both the football and basketball championships. This was amply made up by the excellent production of "Bimbo the Pirate" featuring Nathan Clark, Mildred Repetti, and like stars—mostly seniors. The various activities of the school were directed by seniors as their officers. The acting of the seniors in "Adam and Eva" pleased large audiences on both nights of the play.

Eastern breathlessly observed that Asenath Graves took first school prize for oratory from two other seniors and three juniors, then the District championship from local contestants, and fifth place in the National Oratory finals.

Eastern listened while the sergeant announced that Eastern's battalion under "Doc" Burch had won third place in the battalion competitive drill, and that Eastern's regiment, commanded by "Bill" Weitzell was proclaimed the winning regiment.

A bit sorrowfully, the class graduates. True, the class could not go to Eastern always, but leaving still presents a new pang of regret. Through four years of joy and sadness, victory and defeat, study and play, the Class of '25 has progressed. Eastern is fully qualified to judge its merits. The task of judging is easy; there can be but one answer. The Class of '25, as brilliant, as constant as the sun itself, is ready to go forth as a class of true Easternites, with the motto ringing in its ears, "Do Well, Do Better, Do Best."

H. E. A.

COOPERATION

The sun is smiling behind the clouds,
And I know why!
'Tis with their help he cheers the earth
And gilds the sky.

ASENATH L. GRAVES, '25.



CLASS OFFICERS

FEBRUARY 1925



John W. Rosson
President



Elizabeth Newsom
Vice President



Sadye Furr
Secretary



Ernest S. Parker
Treasurer



LILLIAN GREY BELL

Honors (6), Bronze and silver medals.
Ambition: To go into business.
Destination: Steward's Business College (perhaps).

MARTHA THELMA BENTON

Organizations: Rifle Club.
Ambition: To become a Spanish interpreter.
Destination: Pan-American School of Spanish.

MICHAEL THOMAS CODELLA

Graduating in 3½ years.
Ambition: To be an engineer.
Destination: Maryland State.

JAMES RUDOLPH DAVIS

Organizations: Cadets, 2 winning companies.
Prize: Cadet medal (corporal).
Ambition: To be an engineer.
Destination: Maryland State.

MARY FRANCES DEMENT

Graduating in 3½ years.
Honors (1).
Organizations: Merrill Club and Dramatic Association.
Ambition: To be a teacher.
Destination: Normal School.

LINDSAY OPIE DUVALL

Honors (1).
Ambition: To be a doctor.
Destination: George Washington.

MARJORIE EDITH FIROR

Honors (1).
Organizations: Glee and Rifle Clubs, and cast of class play.
Ambition: To be a teacher.
Destination: Normal School.

ELLA MAY FORD

Organizations: Dramatic Club and cast of "Midsummer Night's Dream."
Ambition: To be a teacher (?).
Destination: Normal School and then to some college.

SADYE FURR

Ambition: To be a stenographer.
Destination: George Washington University.

STEPHEN PATRICK GERARDI

Class Poet.
Honors (3).
Ambition: To be a doctor.
Destination: Notre Dame.
Prize: American Chemical Society's essay contest.

HELEN ELIZABETH GRAY

Honors (3).

Ambition: To be a home-maker.

MARY RHODA HESLET

Ambition: To be a school teacher.

Destination: Maryland State.

BETTY HETHERINGTON

Ambition: To drive a racing car.

Destination: George Washington University.

EVA ELSA HORVATH

Honors (1).

Ambition: To be a teacher.

Destination: Normal School.

THOMAS HAZEN KEYS

Organizations: Orchestra; Cadets (1 winning company).

Ambition: To be a professor of English.

Destination: University of Virginia.

MARGARET MARY KOONTZOrganizations: Students' Council (Vice President);
Merrill Club.

Ambition: To get married.

Destination: ?

CHARLES FREDERICK MILLER

Ambition: To be an accountant.

Destination: Y. M. C. A. Day School.

ELIZABETH NEWSOM

Organizations: Dramatic Club.

Ambition: To be somebody.

Destination: Business college.

ERNEST SHEPPARD PARKER

Class treasurer; Cast, class play.

Destination: Business.

JOHN WATKINS ROSSON

Captain, Company B, 1924; President of Class.

Destination: California.





ALBERT ASBURN THOMPSON

Ambition: To be a success.
Destination: Work.

LENA RACHEL SIMON

Honors (4).
Ambition: To have a Ford.
Destination: The business world.

THEODORE TRISTAM SMITH

Cast, Class play.
Destination: Work in bank; Course at Strayer's.

BEATRICE LILLIAN SWAIN

Honors (8); Bronze and silver medals.
Ambition: To be a school teacher.
Destination: Normal School.

IRVING BERNARD YOCHELSON

Class Prophet.
Destination: Some place to study math.

FREDERICK NORMAN VAN DER LINDER

Art Editor of "The Easterner"; Football; Track Team;
Cast, class play.
Destination: Art School.

HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY

We come to Eastern, oh! so green,
'Tis pitiful to see.
And all the upper classmen grin
And laugh at our uproarious din
And all our jollity.

Sophisticated sophomores
We next must strive to be.
We josh the little freshmen now;
Before our feet they lowly bow,
Abjeet, on bended knee.

The junior year we find to be
Crammed full of fun and "pep";
But childish play, we've put aside,
And to our studies we've applied
Our brains, to save our "rep."

We all are worried seniors now,
Our only aim to pass;
But all too soon diplomas come
And we must leave our dear school home,
Disband our happy class.

The time then comes, sad to relate,
When we must start anew.
Our dignity all flies away,
We enter college now to stay,
And we're just freshmen, too!

—Mildred Crews, '25.

CLASS OFFICERS

JUNE 1925



Nathan A. Clark
President



Lydia A. Edwards
Vice President



Marie O. Miller
Secretary



Edward H. Hunnicutt
Treasurer

NOTE—Honors, by semesters, are listed through February, 1925, only.

HERBERT EDMUND ANGEL
"Herbie"

Now Herbie's done for Eastern things galore,
But where he "shines" is as our editor.

Editor-in-chief of the "Easterner"; Cast, "Adam and Eva", "Rollo's Wild Oat"; First Sergeant, Company B; Prize, "Star's", Current Events Contest of 1924; Member of Eastern War Game Team, Second Place in 1924; Honors (6); Graduating in 3½ years.

LOIS BALDWIN

If a happy countenance bespeaks a happy mind,
A happier girl than Lois, 'twould be hard to find.

Friendship Club; Dramatic Society. As her hobby is drawing pictures, Lois will go to an art school.

LOUISE JULIA BARGAGNI

It's hard to write poetry for her. You see
Louise can write poetry far better than we.

Louise is an enthusiastic basketball player. It is her ambition to be a writer of note. She will go to George Washington next year.

RALPH THOMAS BENNIE

ELIZABETH ANITA BERCKMANN

Elizabeth a typist be?
Why, yes. Who is more fit than she?

Elizabeth is a member of the Merrill and Glee Clubs and the office force. She will enter the business world as a stenographer after graduation.

AUDREY ESTELLE BLUMER

She's one of the trio that's known all around,
Without Irma or Martha she rarely is found.

Honors (1); Merrill Club; Glee Club; Lunch Room Staff.

HELEN ELIZABETH BOCK

Helen, Mildred, Roberta, too;
They help Miss Boyd, honest they do.

Dramatics; French Club.

HATTIE ELIZABETH BODENHAMER

A designer wee Hattie is going to be;
She'll pattern gay dresses like those of Patee.

Merrill Club; Merrill Club Play, Cast of 1921; Friendship Club; Glee Club; Rifle Club; Lunch Room Staff.

MARGUERITE EOLA BORAN

"Puddin"

Really why they call her "Puddin"
Is because of things she's good in.

Merrill Club. She expects to go to a business school and later enter the business world as a private secretary.

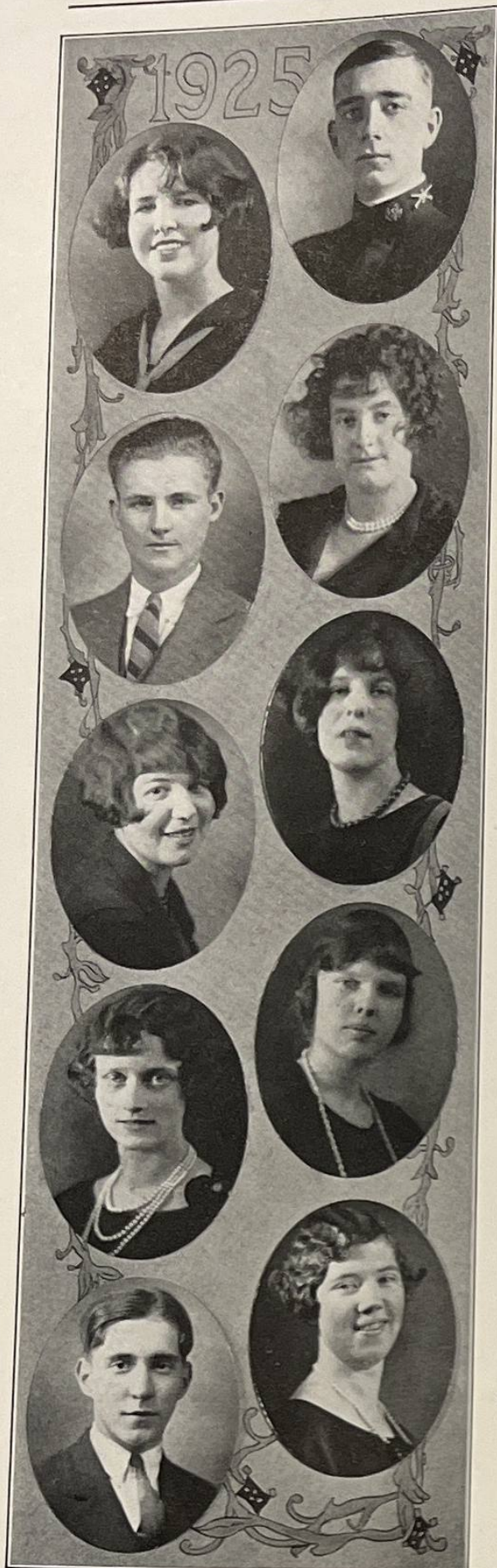
PAUL PARKINSON BOWDLER

"Lefty"

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust—

If "Hutch" doesn't get his math, then Bowdler must.

Bowdler has been cellist in the high school orchestra and second lieutenant of Company A. He expects to go to Dartmouth.



JOHN EMORY BOWMAN

John is the boy with the calm and quiet air,
And demeanor as unruffled as his hair.

John came to Eastern from Shamokin, Pennsylvania, two years ago. He was exchange editor of the "Easterner" this year. He will study medicine at George Washington.

LILLIAN MAUDE BOYNTON

Now Maude's a girl we hate to see go,
But we couldn't keep her forever, you know.

President of Merrill Club; Secretary-treasurer of Dramatic Association; Glee Club; Lunch Room Staff.

ERNEST HOWELL BRADLEY

"Ernie"

Deep as a river, deep as a brook;
Try and be quiet as "Ernie" can look.

"Ernie" specializes in quietness of all kinds, from deep solitude to mild silence. Miss Birtwell has never "bawled" him out for talking!

PHYLLIS ELIZABETH BUCK

"Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng."

Unfortunately Phyllis came to us from the Flower School in Chicago only last September, but we are all glad to have had the chance to know her.

WARREN BERNARD BURCH

"Doc"

A handsome lad we all must quite agree;
A famous chemist he is bound to be.

Major of First Battalion, Winner of Third Place in Battalion Competitive Drill; Basketball Squad; Russian Dances.

FLORA ESTHER BURGESS

"Feb"

Esther is our diminutive blonde
Of whom everyone is so fond.

Vice-President of the Friendship Club; "E" member of the Hiking Club; College, Cornell; Honors (1).

MARY LOUISE BUSH

"Bushy"

As the proverbial violet, modest, shy,
Is she—of unshorn tresses and brown eye.

Louise is a member of the Merrill Club. Next year she will go to Wilson Normal accompanied by her faithful companion—her brief-case.

MILDRED EVELYN CAMERON

"Milly"

Milly's social, bright, and gay;
A smile for all throughout the day.

Friendship Club; Honors (1).

FRANCES MILDRED CARROLL

A little one, who likes to sing,
Who likes to dance, likes everything.

Merrill Club; Dramatics; Cast, "Midsummer Night's Dream". Shakespearian Pageant, "Adam and Eva"; Merrill Club Plays; Glee Club.

LUCY AMANDA CLAGETT

"Cleo"

Cleo in Egypt was a queen,
But "Tony" should've our Cleo seen.

Merrill Club; Basketball Player.





NATHAN APPLETON CLARK

The girls will all be broken-hearted,
When darling Nathan has departed.

President of Senior Class; President of the Dramatic Association; President of the Students' Council; Captain of Company C; cast, "Bimbo the Pirate", "Adam and Eva", "The Crimson Coconut", "Miss Civilization"; Honors (2).

MURRAY GORDON CLAY

When he walks he runs; when he runs he flies;
Clay is "champeen" of fast-going guys.

Rifle Team; Science Club; Winning Cadet Company, '21.

ELIZABETH ALICE CLENDANIEL
"Beth"

Elizabeth's tall and slender and fair,
With big blue eyes and golden hair.

Glee Club; French Club; Hiking Club; Friendship Club. She will go to a secretarial school in the fall.

HELEN VIOLET CLEVEN
"Bunny"

One smile from little Bunny Clevon
Would make you think you were in heaven.

Friendship Club; Hiking Club; Glee Club.

ARTHUR EDGAR CLIFF

Oh, Arthur is for fearlessness renowned;
But—rarely near the ladies is he found.

Cliff has served on the staff of the third regiment as quartermaster, with rank of captain. He will probably continue his studies at George Washington in the fall.

STETSON CONN
"Stet"

In studies "Stet" is such a shining light,
We wonder if he studies half the night.

Stetson joined our class in his senior year. During these two semesters with us he has shown that he's an excellent scholar and a good friend.

HINDA COOPERSMITH
"Slim"

Though quality and quantity are seldom combined
In our Hinda Coopersmith, both we find.

JANE ELIZABETH CORKINS
"Corky"

Oh, basketball's her hobby, and her one great aim
Is to go to college and win every game.

She is social service chairman in the Friendship Club and has won honors. She is going to Maryland University.

MILDRED CREWS
"Midgie"

A gleam of mischief in her eye betrays
That "Midgie" will be fun-loving all her days.

Merrill Club; "Easterner" Staff; Glee Club; Dramatic Association; Lunch Room Staff.

VIOLET JESSIE CUSICK
"Monkey"

A laughing eye, a pleasant smile,
A little dimple—all worth-while.

Violet is a business girl and expects to be a private secretary by and by.

MYRTLE RUTH DAVIS

"The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed
And ease of heart her very look conveyed."

Merrill Club; Debating Society; Glee Club; Cast, Merrill Club Play.

SARAH LOUISE DAVIS

"Sally"

Strong and active, full of pep,
Is this girl with springy step.

President of Hiking Club; Friendship Club; Glee Club; Honors (1).

ALBERT DE MINO

One year's attendance in old Eastern High
Has shown us that Albert's a pretty good guy.

Al has been with us only one year, having gone to the Stamford High School, Stamford Connecticut. He will take a medical course.

MARGARET DEYSHER

"Margie"

Go to Marg'ret when you're in need,
For you can be sure she's a friend indeed.

Glee Club; "The Easterner" Staff; Honors (4). She will go to Peabody.

ELIZABETH ANNE DIDDEN

"Betty"

Sweet and quiet with a baby stare,
Is Betty, the girl with the golden hair.

Debating Club; Glee Club; Merrill Club; Honors (3).

ROMAINE LOUISE DONNELLY

"Rummy"

With snappy brown eyes and a cheery smile,
She's a friend indeed, a friend worth-while.

Romaine has been a member of the Glee and Merrill Clubs all through her four years at Eastern.

MARGARET TRACEY DUVALL

"Peggy Ann"

The ghosts of famous actresses call:
"Peggy Ann can beat them all."

Dramatic Club; "Pot of Broth," "Feed the Brute," "Adam and Eva."

BELLA EDELSON

Though "Bella" means war, it is easy to see
That this Bella would never belligerent be.

Honors (1).

LYDIA ANNA EDWARDS

She's not just vice-president. Much more you see;
She's the truest friend there ever could be.

Vice-president, Senior Class; Merrill Club; Glee Club; Debating Society.

HERMAN EISENBERG

Herman hasn't much to say,
Just does his best through all the day.

Herman is graduating in three and a half years, two and a half of which he has spent at Eastern. He graduated with honors from Columbia Junior High.



**NELLIE FLORENCE EVANS**

Nellie wins the envy of all the girls
For her lovely, dark brown curls.
Merrill Club; Friendship Club; Class Basketball Team.

JOHN FRANCIS FINNEGAN
"Finny"

Now "Finny's" of our famous "pink sheet" band,
And to the sports has giv'n both heart and hand.
A good-natured classmate we have in John. Although he enjoys a good time, he is a serious student.

ALDA CATHERINE FLINN

Our only regret as Alda leaves here
Is that she was with us scarce more than a year.
Alda has been here only three semesters, but we will be indeed sorry to give her up to Peabody Conservatory.

ESTHER FERN FLOOR

Esther is tall and dark and quiet,
A likeable combination. Try it.
Esther is known for her quiet efficiency and unobtrusive friendliness. She has made many friends among the girls in 2078.

JANE ELLEN FLOURNOY
"Janey"

Not "good" things in small packages, but "best,"
When you know Jane this truth is manifest.
Friendship Club; Senior Basketball Team; Official Manager and Official Referee of Basketball.

MAXINE FORTE
"Mac"

Our "Mac" is a slender, bright brunette,
Attractive, cheery. Liked? You bet!
In the short time she has been here Maxine has made herself a valued member of the Merrill Club and Lunch Room Staff.

MARTHA KATHERINE GIBSON
"Kitty"

"Kitty" or Kath'rine, whichever you call her
Your affection for her is sure not to alter.
Dramatic Association; Merrill Club; Friendship Club; Business Staff of the "Easterner"; Honors (2).

WILTON BROWN GIBSON**MARGERY KLAYE GIRLING**
"Margie"

"I'm always thinking of you, Margie," said the song;
And all who know her say that's not far wrong.
"Margie", whose expressive brown eyes we all know, has won popularity at Eastern as well as on the Rifle Team of which she was a member one year.

SAMUEL GORDON
"Irish"

What will "Sam" do, when leaving-time is here,
Without his "side-kicks", Mendelson and Shere?
Gordon has had the business training here at Eastern as well as the academic work. Because of his sincerity we're confident that he'll succeed.

ASENATH LIBBY GRAVES

With her fine, loyal spirit Asenath always led;
Her great success at Eastern speaks a brilliant path ahead.

Assistant Editor of "Easterner"; Assistant Literary Editor in 1923-1924; Dramatic Association; Class Poet; Merrill Club; Debating Society; Lunch Room Staff; President of French Club; Editor, first issue of "Cub"; Cast, "Adam and Eva", "Rollo's Wild Oat", "Wonder Hat", "Midsummer Night's Dream", Merrill Club Play; Winner of D. C. Oratory Championship and of Fifth Place in National Oratorical Contest; Prize, "Star's" Current Events Contest, 1924; Honors (6).

RUTH GREENWOOD

From Washington, Indiana, in nineteen-twenty-three,
Ruth came to Eastern in Washington, D. C.

"Easterner" Staff; Debating Society; Dramatic Association; Historian Class of '25; Eastern's winner in the 1924 Oratorical Contest; Cast, "Pot Boiler".

JAMES ALEXANDER GREGORY**JAY HALL**

"Jake"

In "math" Jay's conquered where his friends have failed;
As a good officer he's also hailed.

First Lieutenant, Company A; President of Class in Junior Year; Football, '23; Track; Stage Assistant (3 years); Honors (5).

FRANCES FOWLER HANCOCK

Frances is a gay and merry lass—
A valuable addition to our class.

Rifle Club; Honors (1); Graduating in 3½ years.

BERNARD FRANCIS HEILER

Just follow Bernard, and you'll hear of fame,
Which he will win for Eastern and his name.

Because Bernard is such a quiet, modest fellow, he's not very well known. However, his two semesters here have shown us that he'll accomplish great things.

ALINE ELIZABETH HERZOG

"Alla"

Search the world from end to end
And you will find no truer friend.

Aline expects to take a course in interior decorating. She was in the Merrill Club May Comedy.

MARIE AGNES HICKEY

A dignified lass, this little Marie,
But with it all as sweet as can be.

Marie is an active and beloved member of the Glee Club. She won honors once, too.

GEORGE VERNON HOOKER**ANNA HORENSTEIN**

"Annie"

Oh, Annie is one of those bright, shining lights,
Who learns in five minutes what takes us all night.

Rifle Club; Basketball Team in Sophomore Year; Hiking Club; Gold Medal Honors.





VICTOR ATWOOD HOWARD

Victor is Eastern's red-headed sheik;
Falls asleep in class five days a week.

Victor once belonged to the cadets. We know that he is going to be a great man some day; we can tell by the dreamy look in his eyes.

WARREN BRITTON HUGHES

To sport he is not foreign;
Who? Our friend Hughes—Warren.

Warren belonged to the cadets and to the football squad one year. He intends to go to Wisconsin University.

EDWARD HAROLD HUNNICUTT

Oh, Edward's the captain of Company A;
So for lucky "A's" leader, cheer "Hip-Hip-Hooray."

Business Manager of the "Easterner"; Captain of Company A; Cheer Leader; Honors (1); Treasurer of Senior Class.

EDWIN RANDALL HUTCHINSON

With studious look and thoughtful mien,
As fine a chap as we have seen.

We shall remember Hutchinson as Captain of Company D, and as an all-around good fellow. He will go to Culver Preparatory School in Indiana next year.

MARION HUTCHISON

Laughing, happy, all alive—
That is Marion of '25.

Merrill Club; Glee Club; Lunch Room Staff; Merrill Club Play, 1924; Honors (2).

ROBERT SKIDMORE JACOBS

An athlete tried and true is he;
For baseball he's received his "E".

Jacobs played the position of right-fielder on the baseball team. He expects to attend the University of Maryland.

LILLIAN MARTHA KEITH
"Lillie"

Lillie's a girl with a winning way,
Not only in sports, but with friends, they say.

Lillian shines in sports and has been forward on her class Basketball Team three years.

BRUCE RICHARDS KESSLER

DRUSILLA KINCHELOE

Drusilla has curly and coppery hair,
Golden brown eyes and a skin very fair.

French Club; Glee Club; Friendship Club; Honors (2).

LOUIS AUGUST KLINE
"Louie"

Another twin is Louis Kline,
In all his classes he does shine.

Glee Club; Cadets; Dramatic Association; Cast, "Bimbo the Pirate", "Step Lively", "Grand Updrear"; Honors (1).

JAMES THOMAS KLINE
"Jimmy"

Needles and pins, needles and pins;
James is one-half of the famous Kline twins.

Glee Club; Section Representatives; Cadets; Dramatic Association; Cast, "Bimbo the Pirate", "Step Lively", "Grand Uproar"; Honors (1).

MARGARET EAGLEMAN KNAPP
"Snappy"

Knapp, but never napping.
Snap, but never snapping.

President of Les Camarades Club; Dramatic Club; Cast, "Wait-for the Bus"; Honors (2).

CLAUDE THOMAS LAWRENCE

As he comes to the place where high school ends,
He leaves behind him a host of friends.

Assistant Business Manager of the "Easterner"; Rifle Team; Lunch Room Committee.

ALBERT LEE LEWIS
"Skeetz"

Oh, "Skeetz," he always wears a cheery smile.
Though tests and home work face him all the while.

Lewis went to Tech two years, then came to us. During his stay he has made many friends among the boys, and sh— many among the girls.

MARGARET LOUISE LINDSAY

Merry brown eyes, wavy brown hair;
Entirely sans enemies, surely sans care.

Merrill Club; Dramatic Association; Honors (1).

MILDRED LOUISE LINDSTROM

Mildred is slender, tall, and fair;
When it comes to athletics, she's right there.

Mildred is one of the athletic girls of the class. She was on the class basketball team in her junior year and played on the senior team this year.

GRAHAM MORRIS LOWDON

IRMA RUTH MARSHALL

In French she can surpass us all,
She's fair, "and most divinely tall."

Irma has won the friendship of all by her quiet cheerfulness. She is secretary of the Hiking Club and has won second honors twice.

MIRIAM IVY MARSHALL

In height she's tiny; in kindness, huge;
A pretty girl who needs not rouge.

Miriam is one of the leading lights of the Debating Society. She is fond of tennis and dancing. She is generally seen with Lillian Nalley.

DOROTHY OLIVIA MATTINGLY
"Dotty"

Tall and stately, divinely fair.
Is this maid with dark brown hair.

Like her Gold Dust twin, Sara, Dorothy belonged to the Glee Club and played basketball.





MARGARET MAY
"Margy"

Sweet and lovable, always the same,
Steadfast and loyal in friendship's game.
Want to know how to tell the Kline twins apart? Look for
"Margy." Yes, that's Jimmie. Margy will probably go to an
art school.

ISRAEL MORDECAI MENDELSON

A "loot" in the Cadets—'tis true;
And more, he's in athletics, too.
Second Lieutenant of Company C.

MARIE OLIVIA MILLER
"Reds"

Red hair with temper doesn't always go,
As just a-knowing "Rie" would surely show.
Secretary of Senior Class; Secretary of Students' Council; Vice
President of Glee Club; Senior Hockey Team; "Red Heads" Bas-
ketball Team; Hiking, French and Rifle Clubs; Dancer in plays.

MARIE LUCILLE MOORE

"I'm coming back to Eastern," says Marie,
"And as an English teacher". Well, we'll see.
Dramatic Association; Merrill Club; Lunch Room Staff; "East-
erner" Staff.

JULIAN AUBREY MORALES
"Aub"

Trustworthy, loyal, a true-blue friend;
You can count on his faithfulness to the end.
"Easterner" staff; First Honors (4); Editor, Second Issue of the
"Cub."

VERA HELEN MUIR

You can be sure that she'll ever shine
The brightest of all in the scholarship line.
Gold Medal Honor Student; Treasurer of French Club; Hiking
Club.

LILLIAN MARIE NALLEY

To Wood's Commercial School will Lillian go,
And Wood's will then be lucky, as we know.
Lillian's hobby is basketball; she doesn't tell us till the season's
over! We also learn she's a member of the French Club and
was an honor student last semester.

ENGENA MAY NEUMAYER

Oh, Mr. Schwartz in grief and sorrow mourns,
For "Gene" no more his German class adorns.
Glee Club; Science Club; Honor Student (4).

ALICE GREENLAW NORWOOD

In physics Alice is a shining light;
She says she "likes" to study it—good-night!
Alice has been at Eastern only two years, but even in that
short time we have all discovered how well she draws.

FRANCES ELIZABETH ORNDORFF
"Bess"

Soft golden hair and gentle quietness
Come to our mind whene'er we think of Bess.
Bess is one of Eastern's most enthusiastic English students, but
the fact that she has been an honor student shows that she is good
in more than that subject.

**FRANCIS PETROLA**

At rifle shooting he is very clever
And economic problems charm him ever.
Assistant Captain of the Rifle Team, 3 Years; Cadets.

JOSEPH HARRY PHILLIPS

Cadet and actor and musical star,
Are some of his rôles known near and far.
Orchestra E; Rifle Team; First Lieutenant of Company C.

SARA ALICE PIEL

"Sarie", "Toots"

'Tis her desire to keep and save
Her lovely, cherished marcel wave.
Glee Club; Dramatic Association; Class Basketball Team in her
Sophomore Year.

IRVING JAMES RALEY

Many things he has accomplished, and well has done them all,
And he'll continue doing more at Georgetown U. next fall.
Captain of Company B; Glee Club; Advertising Manager of
"Easterner"; Student Council; Rifle Team.

MILDRED ISABEL REPETTI

A winning smile and golden hair that curls,
Mark Mildred out among the senior girls.
Cast, "Bimbo the Pirate"; Senior Basketball Team; Merrill
Club; Lunch Room Staff; Dramatic Association; Business Staff of
the "Easterner"; Honors (1).

HELEN EUDORA RIFENBURG

She shines in dramatics and dramatic class, too,
And when you're near Helen you'll never feel blue.
Cast, "Waiting for the Bus"; Dramatic Club; Honors (1).

MILDRED ARLEVIA ROGERSON

When you see Mildred, then you're sure to find
A certain gentleman not far behind.
French Club; Dramatic Club; Lunch Room Staff; Honors (1).

DAVID ABRAHAM ROSENFELD

"Rosie"

His praises all the rookies chant
For "Rosie" is an adjutant.
Manager, Baseball Team, 1925; Cadets, 4 years; Regimental Ad-
jutant, 3rd Regiment; Cheer Leader, 1925.

ANNE MINERVA ROSS

Can you just picture, as a doctor, Anne?
Of course not, but she's sure she can.
Hiking and Debating Clubs; Section Basketball Teams; Hon-
ors (1).

MARGUERITE ELISE RUEDI

"Ruedi"

At June's approach I wonder, I confess,
How "Sis" and "Gym" will get on Ruediless.
Rifle Team; French Club; Friendship Club; Hiking Club; Double
"E" Girl in Basketball; Senior Hockey Team.



MARY SCHNEIDER

A "G. I. E." I would on her bestow,
For that means Good In Ev'rything, you know.
"Easterner" Typist; Secretary of Friendship Club; Honor Student (7); Senior Basketball Team; Hiking Club; French Club; Rifle Team.

MARTHA TERESA SCRUGGS

She has besides eyes that are perfectly charming,
An infectious giggle that's really disarming.
Merrill Club Play, 1924; Honors (2); Merrill Club; Glee Club; Lunch Room Staff.

FREEMAN WILFRED SHARP

MARGARET ANN SHEA
"Marny"

A mark as low as "f"? No, never;
Sometimes a "g" perhaps, but hardly ever.
Marny is valedictorian of her class and president of the Bank Staff. She has had a mark of less than "e" once, but doesn't remember how it happened. Gold medal for honors.

ISADORE SHERE
"Izzie"

A football man both strong and bold,
"Izzie's" worth his weight in gold.
For two years Shere has put his weight to a practical advantage in football. Other schools are glad that "Izzie" is graduating; he goes through the line too easily.

STEPHEN SAMPSON SILVERMAN
"Steve"

We've seen you but a year, Sir Steve,
A great success you'll make, we believe.
Steve is manager of the track squad, an unusual honor for a person coming to Eastern for the first time this year. He was also out for football.

HARRY JACOB SIMON

Harry's glory has spread afar,
He helped us win the battalion star.
Most of Harry's four years at Eastern have been devoted to the cadets. His aid in winning third in the battalion drill showed his study worth-while.

AGNES MARGARET SKINNER

Let all who wish to please—no folly—
Be just like Agnes, awfully jolly.

IRMA MARY SMITH

Irma, and Martha, and Audrey, these three;
Where Irma is found the others you'll see.
Merrill Club Play, 1924; Honors (5); Merrill Club; Lunch Room Staff.

ESTHER LOUISE SOUDER

Esther? Why she's that cute little girl
Whose short brown hair has that wonderful curl.
Merrill Club; Hiking Club; Glee Club.

JOSEPH EDWARD STARTZELL

HANNAH STOLAR
"Fats"

Alas for Nita Naldi and Barbara La Marr
For Hannah is determined to be a movie star.
Debating Society; Friendship Club; Glee Club; Dramatic Association; in Cast, Fall Show, Alumni Show, "Grand Opera"; Honors (6).

FRANCES ROBERTA SULLIVAN
"Frank"

Oh, Frances is a pretty girl, and spunky? Yes, indeed!
In art she's going to dabble now. We hope she will succeed.
Dramatic Association; Merrill Club; Lunch Room Staff.

DAVID McCRAY TAYLOR
"Davy"

Davy delights to try and see
What he can do as Dave, M. D.
Davy divides his time between the chemical lab. and anyone's car he can borrow. He was a cadet for 3 years.

ROBERTA ELLEN TAYLOR
"Bobby"

For charm, and wit, and playful fun
Roberta is excelled by none.
Dramatic Association; French Club; Cast, "Adam and Eva."

JAMES ALEXANDER THOMPSON

FRANCIS LEE TIMMONS

His absence the Cadets will rue,
When next year he's at Georgetown U.
Second Lieutenant of Company B; Glee Club; Dramatic Association.

DOROTHY ELENA WALKER

All you who've felt her penetrating wit,
Cheer up! She doesn't mean a half of it.
Dorothy, besides being a genius in the art of gentle irony,
is secretary of the Debating Society and second assistant editor
of the "Easterner"; Honors (2).

WILLIAM CONRAD WEITZELL
"Bill"

Because he only did his best
Bill wears a medal on his chest.
Bill has distinguished himself as colonel of the third regiment
which he led to its first victory in the regimental competitive drill.
Our regiment won by six points.

WILLIAM HENRY WERTMAN
"Hennery"

The only one to get an "E"
In hateful solid geometry!
"Hennery" is famous for two things; he is first lieutenant of
Company B, and the star of Miss Shelp's math class.





EARLE GILMORE WHEELER

KATHRYN ELIZABETH WHITE

E'en cross words couldn't steal away her smile;
Alarm clocks, though, can fade it for a while.
"Easterner" staff; Glee Club; Honors (3).

RICHARD MILES WHITE

IRMA ELIZABETH WHITWORTH

A business woman's life's her aim.
With many transactions she'll win fame.
Irma hasn't needed to join any of Eastern's sororities to win popularity.

ROBERT IRWIN WILLIAMS, JR.

His curly locks the maids ensnare;
For Eastern he has done his share.
Robert was the first exponent of the marcel at Eastern. Mrs. Byram counts on him as a song bird, too. Cadets 3 years.

MARGARET VIRGINIA WINKELMAN

From Eastern to the Temple School will Margaret fare,
And learn to be a social secretary there.
Merrill Club; Merrill Club Play, 1923; Glee Club; Lunch Room Staff.

THOMAS PEYTON HOWARD

CHARLES HENRY EVANS

His modesty did keep him in the background, we confess,
Yet his friendly, sincere manner cannot help but bring success.

The fact that Charles sat in 2187 and did not let us know until very recently that he intended to graduate with us, accounts for the absence here of his picture.

Senior Class Will

(All matter in parenthesis is merely comment on the text.)

Let all whom it may concern know by these presents that we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-five, being possessed of sound mind (despite Burke) and most prodigious memory, do state this to be our last will and testament, knowing that we shall soon sever all bonds, be they spiritual or temporal (including numerous love affairs) connecting us with the Eastern High School of Washington, District of Columbia, and that without being influenced in or by any way, shape, manner, or form, we do make the following endowments, bequests, donations, and gifts:

First, we do bequeath to Mr. Hart and the faculty a large amount of appreciation for their efforts in our behalf, our executor being very careful to be generous in apportioning this to our language, science, and mathematics teachers especially, all of whom passed us in spite of our sins of commission (ponies and other methods of covering rough ground easily) and omission (papers we never turned in but always left in our locker).

Second, we leave the Junior Class in possession of all senior dignities, knowing full well that it is useless for them even to try to rival us, but hoping that they may be able to hold themselves up under these new honors better than we think they really can.

Third, the following group bequests are made:

Miss Gardner's Burke class leaves its remarkable mental attributes to Miss Gardner's next Burke class.

The journalistic writing class leaves its well-known writing worries to the next j. w. class.

Miss Shelp's eighth math. class leaves best wishes for all who are dense enough to take solid geometry. (They'll need 'em.)

Fourth, we make the following individual bequests:

Gilmore Wheeler leaves his skill in flirting with more than one girl at a time to Kingsland Prender.

Helen Bock leaves her quiet manners to Elise Scharf.

Asenath Graves leaves her worth and versatility to all, since it would be impossible to reunite her qualities in any one person.

Nathan Clark leaves his genius in making bright statements to any Junior who didn't study the night before. (We cast no aspersions on Mr. Clark's past behavior.)

Paul Bowdler leaves his musical ability to George Roth. Also his haircut.

Kathryn White and John Bowman leave their skill at writing rollicking, impudent, colorful tales to Evelyn Burns.

Katherine Gibson leaves her charm to Ruth Apperson.

Tom Howard and Wilton Gibson leave a plain trail of broken hearts.

Harry Phillips leaves his side remarks to Miss Wilkins to help the cocoons to burst.

Vera Muir leaves her capability to amass "E's" to Zervoulei.

Elizabeth Corkins leaves her hair to any sophomore who craves attention.

Hunnicutt leaves his black eyes to Miss Boyd, for use when she wants a "Fite."

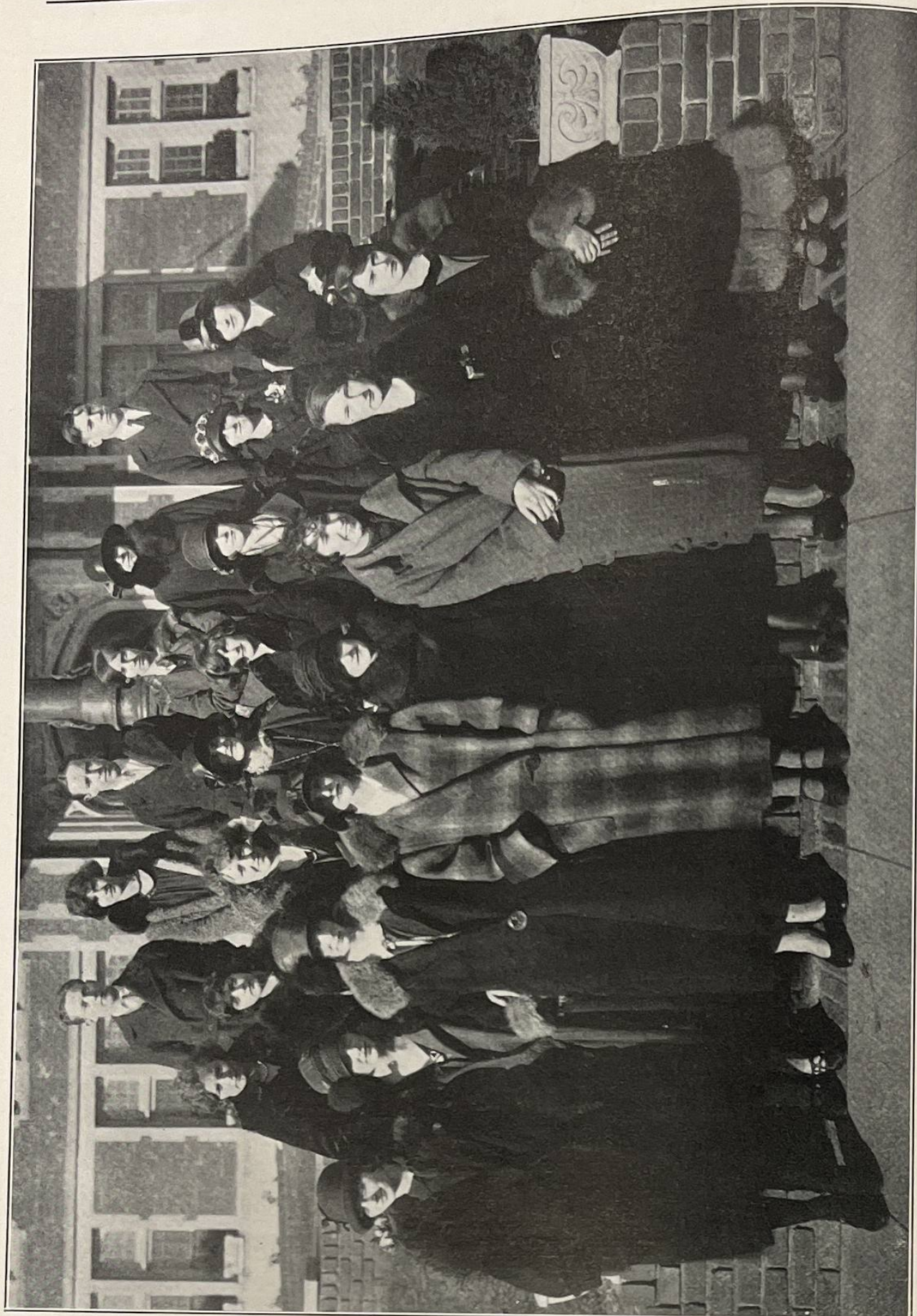
All the rest of our property not otherwise disposed of, or not given away or stolen we request our executor to sell, and buy rattles for rookies.

And we do appoint and confirm Coach Guyon sole executor of this, our last will and testament, for he is notorious for his fair play, he to use his own judgment about funeral arrangements, we only asking that they be suitable to our worth.

Whereby, we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-five, having all our faculties and without coercion by the faculty of dear Eastern, solemnly declare the foregoing to be our act and accordingly have this day, June the seventeenth, Anno Domini, nineteen hundred and twenty-five, signed and affixed our seal to this our last Will and Testament.

Class of '25

(Per DOROTHY E. WALKER).



TWO-YEAR COMMERCIAL CLASS—FEBRUARY, 1925

TWO-YEAR COMMERCIAL GRADUATES

FEBRUARY, 1925

CLASS OFFICERS

President—MARGARET LOUISE BRUST
Vice-President—ANN VAN VOORHIS

Secretary—EDNA GERTRUDE JENKINS
Treasurer—FRANK LEIGHTON CAMPBELL

CLARICE MARIAN ANDERSON

Organization: Merrill Club.
Prize: Typing certificate.
Ambition: Interior decorating.

DOROTHY ISABELLE ANDERSON

Organization: Merrill Club.
Prize: Typewriting medal.
Ambition: To learn one of our gym. folk dances.

MARGARET HELEN ARRINGTON

Honors: Two semesters.
Prizes: Underwood bronze medal and certificate.
Typist—"Easterner" Staff.
Ambition: To be a private secretary.

MARGARET LOUISE BRUST

Honors: Three semesters.
Prize: Underwood bronze medal.
Typist—"Easterner" Staff.
Ambition: To be a private secretary.
Future plans: Steward's Business College.

FRANK LEIGHTON CAMPBELL

Treasurer of class.
Ambition: To collect class dues.

OLINDA ROSE FACCHINA

Ambition: To be a stenographer.
Hobby: Basketball.

ETHEL TERESA GILL

Honors: One semester.
Member of student council.
Ambition: To be a stenographer.
Hobby: Chewing gum.
Future Plans: Steward's Business College.

LORRAINE ELIZABETH GODDARD

Ambition: To be secretary to the President.
Hobby: Dancing.
Future Plans: Steward's Business College.

LILLIAN MAE HARDESTER

Ambition: To be an expert stenographer.

KATHERINE LUCY HOUGHTON

Ambition: To be a stenographer.
Hobby: Basketball.

EDNA GERTRUDE JENKINS

Honors: One semester.
Student Representative for 3 semesters.
Ambition: To be an expert stenographer.

MORRIS EDWARD JOHNSON

EDITH EMILY LIPPARD

Prize: Underwood typewriting certificate.
Ambition: To be a bookkeeper.

ETHEL MAY MCGUNIGAL

Prize: Underwood typewriting certificate.
Ambition: To be a private secretary.

MARIE CECILIA McMAHON

Ambition: To be an expert stenographer.
Hobby: Studying.
Future plans: To go out into the "world".

VELMAH McNAB

Ambition: To be a private secretary.

HELEN THERESA MILLER

Ambition: To be a stenographer.
Future Plans: ? ? ?

THELMA MARIE MILLER

Ambition: To be a private secretary.
Future Plans: A puzzle.

RICHARD THOMAS PADGETT

Cadets, 2 years.
Ambition: To be a general.
Hobby: His squad.
Future Plans: To continue at Eastern.

MARGARET IRENE SMITH

Organization: Merrill Club.
Ambition: To be a good dancer.
Future Plans: Continue at Eastern.

CATHERINE SPRINGER

Organizations: Merrill Club.
Ambition: To be a stenographer.
Future Plans: Business College.

ANNA VAN VOORHIS

Ambition: To be a newspaper reporter.
Future Plans: To stay until June.



TWO-YEAR COMMERCIAL CLASS—JUNE, 1925

June Commercial Class of '25

tuned to the highest pitch of excitement.

The typewriters throughout Eastern were. For many weeks rumors had been existent that the Combined Typewriters' Association was to hold an important meeting in the near future. Throughout the still watches of the night clicking typewriters broadcast the message to every room and the keys in the office were duly informed to be on hand to open the respective doors. After much deliberation, Friday night was decided upon and Mr. Hart's office selected as a fit place for assemblage. Everyone was present from the Underwoods down to the Smiths. The purpose of the meeting was generally known to be a movement organized to keep the Business Class of '25 at Eastern. The chairman of the assembly, a progressive young Oliver, called the meeting to order.

"The meeting will come to order," he clicked, "and our purpose for assemblage will now be set forth by one of our best known friends, Typewriter Remington."

"Mr. Chairman, fellow-types," Remington began, "we are met tonight to discuss a question vitally important in its bearing on the good of Eastern High School and our own personal happiness. As the month of June approaches, graduation nears. This year the illustrious business class, a class that has labored so faithfully these past two years, will leave us. The time is now at hand when their touch and their companionship will be lost to us forever. Let us consider this class and its glories, touching upon their most striking characteristics and their future aspirations, as reported by our committee.

"Now there's Dorothea Virginia Palmer. Don't you remember, she wrote the class history in *THE EASTER*NER last year. 'Cly'

wants to be a writer. Then Olive May Cridler and Agnes May Raley, two students who have regularly received honors for scholarship, will also say 'good-bye.' Virginia Elizabeth Franklin is leaving also. Libby threatens that her favorite saying, 'He's a cat,' will vanish forever with her. Marjorie Anne Griffin—won't we miss Margie?—is going to give the old world the 'once over,' too. Cecelia Marie Fitzgerald and Helen Adeline Kreischer are among those who will seek success in stenographic work. Poor Helen! She is at present suffering from a dread attack of cross-word-puzzle-mania. Alice Merlin Kreischer goes forth

into work with her 'gee whiz.' Dorothy Evelyn Farr goes to be a Sunday School teacher. Gladys Marie Flood leaves for a new state—that of matrimony. Elizabeth Margaret Feindt, in departing, wills some of her corpulence to Miss Knee.

CLASS OFFICERS

President—WILLIAM ASHDOWN

Vice-President—LUCY CIUFFREDA

Secretary—MAY RALEY

Treasurer—EDWARD HAYS

'Hutchie,' Hilda Angeley Hutchinson, and Mary Margaret Fouche both go to plug typewriters in some good-looking fellow's office. One of our athletes, Lillian Irene Williams, is also bidding us farewell. 'Infant' showed her mettle in the 'rookie' meet. Margaret Elizabeth Woods has decided to be private secretary to Wrigley, the chewing gum man, while Abbie Hester Souder expects to rival—oh, what's his name—in expert accountancy. Margaret Ellen Mihm—she of the fair bobbed tresses—leaves Eastern for stenography. Helen Elizabeth Peake with her happy care-free way is also soon to be lost to us. Mildred Madeline Preston, one of our quiet, studious girls, and Lauretta Gertrude Renalds, a long-haired wonder, are also saying *Au Revoir*. 'Chunky' goes to dance even more constantly (that's her favorite sport when it's with—oh, well!). Dorothy Louise Owens takes 'Golly' with



TWO-YEAR COMMERCIAL CLASS—JUNE, 1925

her, while Frances Adeline Mullen gives promise of being 'some' secretary. Another one of those people who delight Miss Gardner's heart is Rachel Alice Gilbert, a long-haired maiden. We surely will miss her captivating laugh. Anna Hurwitz intends to do great things with the knowledge acquired at Eastern—nothing less than to be private secretary to the President. Virginia Alcorn Hergesheimer also will belong to that category known as secretaries (remember how she passed love letters in study hall?) And then there's 'Winnie'. Who doesn't know Mary Winifred Duffy, that active member of the Merrill Club? Dorothy Rodis is leaving, too. It's rather hard for 'Dot' to decide whether to be a private secretary or a Mack Sennett bathing beauty. With the leaving of William Edward Hays, Eastern will be minus one of her most irresistible sheiks. The prize loafer, Merle Fritz Fellingner, is soon to enter upon the fulfillment of his ambition—that of becoming chewing gum king. Elfrieda Gertrude Luehrs, better known as 'Fritzie,' takes from the Fidelis Club one of its most enthusiastic members. Malvina Matilda Bandel, in spite of her happy-go-lucky way, aims to rival Shakespeare in the field of poetry. It is feared that Eastern's candy business will take a terrible slump with the departure of Mabel Virginia Berry. Mabel was recently heard expressing an ambition to be an 'elephant trainer.' Lucy Ciuffreda, another of the scholarship luminaries, is valedictorian. Oneida Fay Williams admits basketball to be the joy of her life, while Dorothy Elizabeth Totten spends most of her time saying, 'Oh, gee.' Elizabeth Priscilla Tewksbury is one of Eastern's entrants in Pilgrim's meat contest, and an honor student. A future luminary in the field of grand opera is Gertrude Roberta Wolfe. Gertrude has proven an able member of the Glee Club with her clear soprano voice. A lofty ambition is that of Edna Harriet Thompson who expects to be America's first woman president. Gudrun Evelyn Tellefsen is a staunch movie fan and thinks 'Rudy' has such pretty eyes.

Lucy Brown West longs to try her stenographic powers on a tired business man, while Hazel Mickel Blaine would type for just the other kind—a 'classy' sheik. Rebecca Lee Carter, Phyllis Louise Boyer, May Cecilia Beardmore, and Lyda Maude Ballard are more of the promising stenographers to be launched upon the world in the near future. Dorothy May Barnes is that 'chic' blonde that can never be bothered. However, 'Dot' surely can be bothered about tennis, and —. Dorothy Warren Creecy is also leaving Eastern. Her courtesy is going to be a great asset in the business world. Pete Joseph Giancoli aims to be a printer. William Jamison De Jarnette seeks a profession in auto mechanics. Wilson Edward Zambreny, Eastern's champion corridor loafer, will continue his activity in another field. 'Zam' has done some good work in athletics. Homer Randolph Chester, better known as 'Nut,' hopes some day to be a bookkeeper. Nina May Buckley is the class artist. Nina intends to do real things with her artistic ability. Ruby Madeline Abell's goal in life is that of a banker. She says she's 'simply crazy' about horseback riding. Another aspirant to literary fame is Dorothy Irene Beall. Dorothy is at present working on her latest book, *Why I Turned Him Down*. Fredericka Josephine Slagel is 'just dying' to go to work. 'Freddy' is pretty hard on the typewriter when she gets mad. Ethelyn Cidell Deck is that talkative miss who carried honors in her scholastic record. Helen Marjorie Raeburn is the golf enthusiast of the business class. 'Gump'—Samuel Julian Shaffer, that competent cadet—leaves us with William Crandall Suite, whose hobby incidentally is to get along without working, and who showed such skill in the handling of a rifle both in ranks and range. Robert Weeks Hazard, better known as 'Shorty,' aims to set a mark in expert typewriting, while Reuben Acton hopes to make Nurmi look to his laurels on the track. William Lemon Ashdown and Gladstone McDermott are also leaving our halls. Gladstone hopes to debate against Oxford some

day. 'Al' (Alan) Ellsworth Sanders has been an enthusiastic athlete throughout his course, as has John Iseman Burns. Morris Stein aspires to civil engineering, although he admits he is more adept at killing time. George Harlin Markley has been searching in vain these past two years for a really original joke. Samuel Francis McCully, Jr., is aiming to excel in private secretaryship. 'Sam' has been an inspiration to all who know him. George Edward Voegler is the handsome sheik of the two-year class. His aim in life is to serenade his love by the pale, mysterious light of the moon. A prominent member of the rifle club and cadets is Roy Leslie Boyd, while Harry Raymond Crow is a basketball enthusiast. John Sothoran Edwards admits the position of printer's devil to be his ambition. A valuable addition to our office force was James Stuart Parker. Ida May Ziehl thinks powdering one's nose is much more interesting than operating a typewriter. Edith May Ryon, nicknamed 'Edie,' has a terrible case of the 'giggles,' while Mable Elizabeth Donaldson claims to be a regular bookworm. Bertha Olive Wondrack with her wealth of golden tresses leaves Eastern for broader experience in the business world. Margaret Theresa Herold, Eulalo May Kindy, Irma Virginia Loudon, Margaret Agnes Matthews, Verna Rose Roudabush, Marie Eloise Stone, Dorothy Elizabeth Topley, Lucile Shirley Wilson, and Nellie Catherine Wilson are undecided as to their vocation. Anyhow, they'll make good.

"This," concluded the chairman of the

committee on the report, "is the class that is planning to leave our sacred halls in June. Forth into the world they are preparing to go, high in their hopes for the future. However, Eastern needs their spirit, their fair play, their faithfulness, and we need the joy of their companionship. Perhaps a strike might—."

"No, no," interrupted a very aged Underwood who had seemingly been asleep in the corner. "Friends, you are wrong. Years ago when I was in my youth I felt exactly the same way. It was painful indeed to see the brilliant class go year after year, leaving a void that seemed impossible to fill. Years, however, ripened my wisdom and experience; I gradually realized the necessity for their leaving. These noteworthy boys and girls are just at the beginning of their careers. Life holds out to them glowing promises of success. The golden road of opportunity is stretched before them, urging them to achieve the really worth-while in life. Eastern will indeed feel the loss; but a greater school, the world, will welcome them to the field of experience it affords. Hinder not their progress by selfish actions, but rather rejoice in the part you have played in molding the character of these boys and girls."

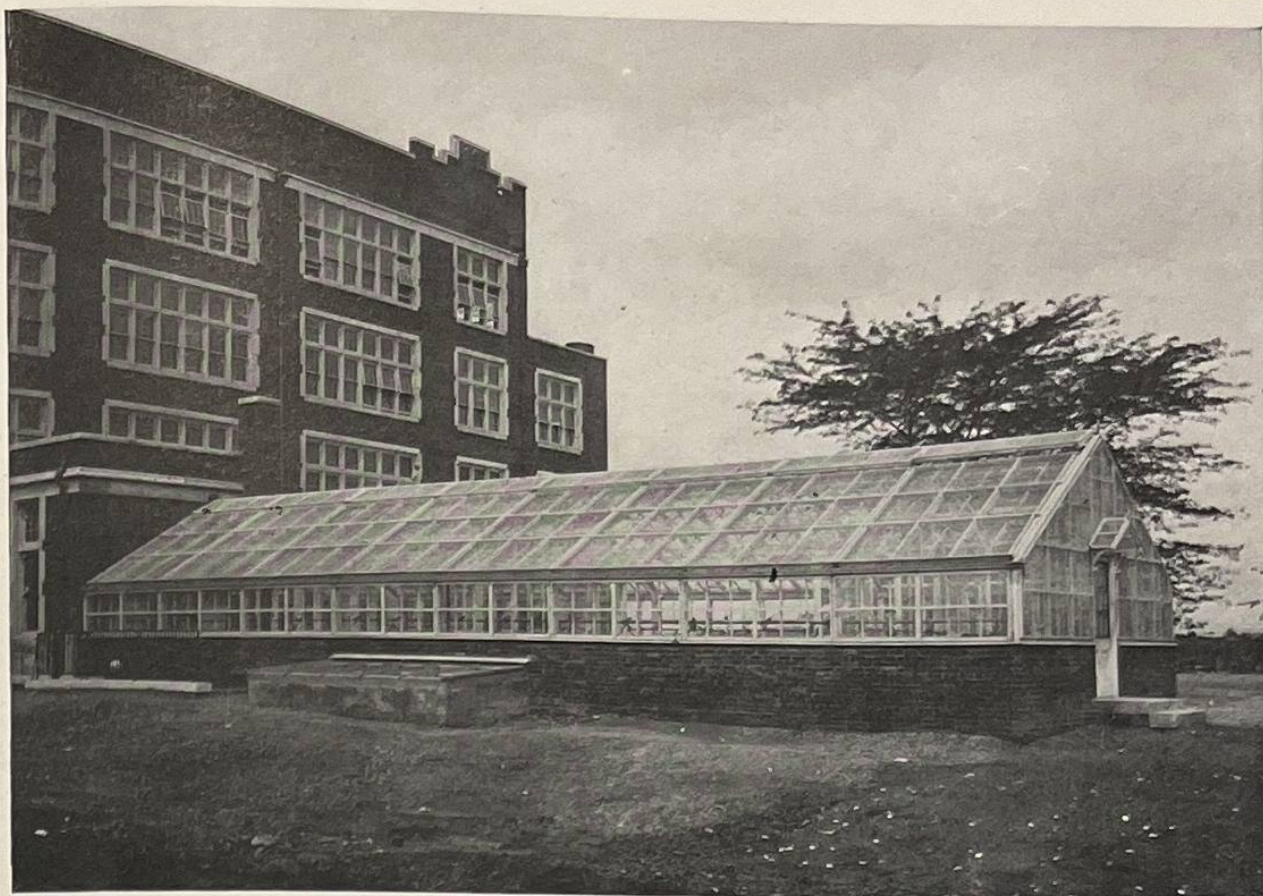
No more was said. As dawn cast its rosy tint through the windows of the office, the Combined Typewriters' Association dispersed, each respective member proud in the realization that he had done his bit in making the world a place of more capable men and women.

G. R., '26.

A PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION

I do not love you for your face,
Or grace;
I do not like the way you walk,
Or talk.
I care not for your figure small;
In fact, I love you not at all.

You once possessed my heart I know,
'Tis so;
When you did crook your finger small,
I'd crawl.
But now at last your wiles I brave,
You'll have to find another slave.



THE GREENHOUSE

CLASS OF '28

'Twas the mystic hour of midnight, and the
clocks began to chime.

An owl perched on the crescent moon and
screamed. Old Father Time

Pulled back the curtain of the years which
all too soon had flown,

And showed the futures of each class which
the freshman class had known.

The senior class were dead and gone, and the
graveyards where they lay

Were overgrown with moss and weeds, and
are so to this day,

The stars looked down, full pityingly, from
the dark sky overhead;

We never did think much of them—but
mustn't blame the dead.

The junior class had danced to death, from
parties and ice cream,

So now they get their needed rest, and sleep
without a dream.

Long ago did the waltzing stop, and the danc-
ing music cease.

They were too frivolous, of course—but may
they rest in peace!

The sophomores, with all their airs, did swell
and swell and swell

Till, one day, they all upward flew, as legends
old do tell.

Now they're forever doomed to float in too
superior air.

We knew they'd never come to much—but
hope they're happy there!

At last! We see the freshman class, that glo-
rious band of old!

Great songs of it are written yet, and won-
drous tales are told.

There's never a creature on this earth, who's
ruled by the hand of fate,

Who does not shout triumphant yells for the
Class of Twenty-eight.

They built a ladder to the moon, and a great
steel bridge to Mars,
Now they receive glad tidings on their radios
from the stars.
The great Pacific's but a stream which they
cross every day,
And monuments galore still stand, to show
they passed that way.

Thus Father Time revealed that night the
secrets of the past,
And drew the curtain once again, when he
had shown the last;
Then took his flight on wings of night, for the
hour was growing late,
While the stars rang out a big hurrah for
the *Class of Twenty-eight*.

RUTH BELL, '28

CONSTITUTION OF THE CLASS OF '27

We, the Sophomores of the Class of '27, in order to establish greater school spirit, insure superior fame, promote the well-being of our class, and secure the respect and allegiance of the other classes (including the Seniors), do ordain and establish this document.

ARTICLE I—*Music*

We will continue to maintain the high quality of Eastern's orchestra, through the work of such Sophomore luminaries as Mary Gastrock and Herbert Cooper; and that of the Glee Club, through Margaret Cook and Gertrude Wolfe.

ARTICLE II—*Dramatics*

Section 1. We will continue to help make such successes as the operetta from the "Fortune Teller," which was successful principally because of such talented sophomore dancers as Virginia Barrett and Margaret Smith, and because of our singers.

Section 2. We will continue to delight Miss Monk's heart behind scenes through our Sophomore scene-shifters like Jack Vivian and Dale Snell.

ARTICLE III—*Athletics*

Section 1. We will keep still shining such stars as Martha Evans and "Pat" Gardener in basketball at Eastern.

Section 2. We will continue to show school spirit by responding to the call for participants in tennis, track and other athletics as we have thus far been doing.

ARTICLE IV—*Cadets*

We commission the Sophomores in our cadet companies to win the Competitive Drill as they won the Regimental for us.

ARTICLE V—*Other Organizations*

We will continue making Eastern's clubs the successes that they are through a proportion of Sophomore members.

ARTICLE VI—*Honor Students*

We will increase the length of Eastern's Honor Roll by contributing an even larger list of Sophomore names.

CONCLUSION

The two years of our high school career have proved the versatility of our class and guaranteed the well-being of our school throughout our remaining years.

We pledge ourselves to do our best for Eastern as we realize that the success of our school depends largely on us.

(Signed) THE CLASS OF '27.

June 1, 1925

(Pauline Roth, '27.)



CLASS OF '26

A cloud of beauty filled my study room,
A heavenly cloud, which softly, slowly parted
Chasing the shadows, frightening the gloom.
A beauteous maid appeared. Surprised, I
started.

In her fair hands she bore a mystic scroll
On which emblazoned in the purest gold
Were names. Lo, she proceeded to unroll
The parchment. As she loosed its upper fold,
"The Class of '26" was plainly writ
Upon the shining pages. Long I gazed
Upon familiar names as they did flit
Before my eyes. Then with my air amazed
Soon cast aside, quite friendly I became
With this strange spirit who, in turn, did
smile

And said, "For you, O sir, I'll kindly name
The reasons why this class is so worth-while.
Its personnel is truly Eastern's boast
And its achievements known throughout the
land

Yet ere we further go I'll make a toast
To this the junior class, O noble band.
In music's realm this class can well display

Followers of this art with talents rare;
While in that world of make-believe, the play,
The stars of '26 do twinkle fair.
When questions that perplex the present hour
Present themselves as subjects for debate,
The juniors with conviction and with power
Could teach a Patrick Henry to orate.
As officer or private in the rank
Cadets of '26 do work with vim;
While '26 controls dear Eastern's bank,
And shows its prowess on the field or 'gym.'
In talents literary and of art
The Class of '26 is duly blessed.
But I've recited quite enough; and part
I must; but ere I go grant my request
The noble Class of '26," she said
"To it give honor and respect its name."
The cloud around her spun like silken thread,
And disappeared in opalescent flame.
I started as one wakened from a dream;
'Twas night. In wonder did I rub my eyes;
The room about me much the same did seem
And stars did twinkle in the self-same skies.

GEORGE ROTH, '26.



WOODWORKING DEPARTMENT

The Constitution

ASENATH L. GRAVES, '25

N EARLY a century and a half ago the American colonies entered upon a great experiment, that of founding and maintaining a government for the benefit of the people and under a charter prepared by the people themselves. This charter is the Constitution of the United States. The times were ripe for such an experiment. The world, weary of despotism, war, and heavy taxes, was eager for any change which would lighten its burdens. And, providentially, it seems, there was in the American colonies such an assemblage of intellectual giants as have rarely been contemporaneous. When this incomparable group met in Philadelphia in 1787, the Constitution they produced, despite the concessions and compromises necessitated by local colonial prejudice, was a marvel of statecraft.

Time has proved the greatness of this charter of democracy and shown the wisdom of the fathers in providing for and so perfectly adjusting the powers of the three departments of the Government as, on the one hand, to render a despotism impossible and, on the other, to guard against hasty and ill-considered action by the people. In the century and a half that has elapsed since then, the United States, under the wise and beneficent provisions of the Constitution, have found their way from the position of a weak, ignored nation, in the grip of financial distress, to that of the strongest, most respected, and certainly the most prosperous nation in the world.

It is impossible that the Constitution in its few thousand words could cover every governing requirement of our great and varied national life. The written words are but the framework of our system. The vital element is *spiritual* and embodies the ideals of all who have helped build our great Commonwealth. These ideals are as old as history, as far reaching as human aspiration, and as enduring as eternity.

"As old as history?" you may inquire. Aye! The basic principles of the Constitution of the United States stretch back to the first longing that surged in a human soul for liberty and justice. Before the English Magna Charta was signed at Runnymede; before the Romans compiled their great codes of law and jurisprudence; even before the Man of Nazareth enunciated the supreme law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself", men groped for true liberty, coupled with justice; and from this groping in the course of centuries, the Constitution of the United States was born.

Do you question my second assertion, that the Constitution is as far-reaching as human aspiration? In its early years the Republic bound together, but only insecurely, thirteen newly independent states of widely divergent views and requirements. The perfect balance and breadth of the Constitution have not only served to unite those states more and more closely, but its flexibility has met the expanding needs of the nation. Early in our history it enabled us to assimilate alien peoples brought in by the purchase of territory from France and Spain. It has stood the stress of wars, civil and foreign, and been strengthened thereby. Naturally and inevitably the powers of the central government have broadened to keep pace with changing conditions and crises, until today it rules an empire which can boast two oceans as its boundaries—an empire of forty-eight states which, though sovereign, yet proudly form an indissoluble union.

Nor has the influence of our governmental experiment confined itself to our own country. It has been an inspiration wherever civilization has carried the message of its achievements, and has served as a model for most of the free governments which exist today. When our Constitution was framed, the world bowed to despotism as a necessary evil. Today, following the path of self-government blazed by the United States, most of the world's nations are democracies in which the education and well-being of the masses are matters of national concern.

And my third statement, that the influence of the Constitution of the United States will be as enduring as the future! Can that be true? Nations become corrupt, disintegrate, and disappear. It is our prayer that ours may endure. But this I believe: Were the United States to disappear, leaving no trace of its material greatness, its Constitution—the principles and ideals here set forth—would endure in the history of the peoples who have patterned their government after ours.

Practical lessons may be gleaned from a study of our Constitution. A review of its past must deepen our reverence for this incomparable document and can hardly fail to bring a realization that the blessings it bestows, the security it insures, were not easy of acquisition, that they are the results of centuries of upward struggle and were purchased at the price of suffering and blood. Do we think of its present greatness? It must deepen our resolve to guard it jealously, for it guarantees the most precious things that life holds—the right to enjoy the fruits of our own labors, the right to worship God after the dictates of our own conscience, the opportunity to rise from the most humble to the highest position in the land. But when we contemplate the future there may be found the most valuable lesson of all. For the future influence of the Constitution, both within and without our own borders from this very hour down through the dim vistas of ages yet to come, depends in large measure upon us, average American citizens.

We Americans, as well as our institutions, are much on trial in these days—on trial as to our faithfulness in fulfilling our duties as citizens, as to our attitude toward the law of the land, as to our respect for the Constitution and its requirements. Away with the cynicism that whispers that our Government is somewhat of a failure and that our public servants are vicious or mercenary! Our Republic has risen, like Bethlehem's star of old, as a sign of a new era and a new hope. Let us never forget that we live in the best country and in the best age that the world has ever known. It is for us to keep faith with those who have laid the foundations of our nation's greatness, to cooperate fearlessly with those who are working for the public good, and to pass undimmed to succeeding generations our priceless heritage, a free government founded on the Constitution of the United States.



ASENATH L. GRAVES

HIGH attainment has been one of Eastern's objectives throughout the thirty-five years of its existence. How far that aim has been realized is seen in the record of the accomplishments of her sons and daughters in all phases of endeavor.

The latest daughter to bring honor to her alma mater is Asenath L. Graves. And the honor she brought was the oratory championship of the District of Columbia—a championship unanimously awarded to her over all the contestants in the public and private schools of the city by the board of three judges: Dr. J. J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education; Judge McKenzie Moss, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; and Mrs. Harry A. Colman, National President of the League of American Penwomen.

The winning of this distinction carried with it the privilege of participating in the finals of the National Oratory Contest of 1925, in which Miss Graves won fifth place. How splendidly she represented Eastern is a matter of sincere pride to our faculty, students, and alumni; how ideally she represented the city is a source of deep gratification to the District.

The pecuniary reward of eight hundred dollars which Miss Graves received will be used toward her college education. But the real reward for an accomplishment of this kind cannot be placed on a monetary basis: it is the reward which comes from the satisfaction of having done one's best; it is the reward for service—for after all, "that which constitutes the supreme worth of life is not wealth, nor position, nor ease, nor fame, not even happiness, but *service*. Nothing at last counts but service, and that counts always." Hers was service to the school we all love, and service to our city.

F. D. E.

The Mermaid Tavern

TO A FAIR-HAIRED MAID

For you my sweet, my melody I sing,
 In whose gay locks the fairies wove a song;
 Now in each ripple fairy voices ring,
 And echo in each combing, sweet and long.

To those clear bells my voice I tune quite
 mellow,

And mingling with their lilting harmony,
 To that soft flute I'll join my muted cello—
 Eternally a new duet 'twill be.

EVELYN BURNS, '26.

RAINDROPS

Oh! don't you hear the music
 That the merry raindrops play,
 As they patter on the window
 When they downward make their way?

Oh! can't you hear the promise
 That the tiny raindrops sing,
 As they patter on the window
 In the early days of spring?

"When again the skies are blue,
 When at last the rain is o'er,
 Then indeed will summer come,
 And flowers bloom once more."

RUTH DAVIS, '25.

A QUEST

I sought for beauty everywhere:
 Where sleeping birdlets lie;
 I sought it in the frozen air;
 Where strong waves break and die.

I wondered at the awful sea—
 Did beauty live below?
 I looked up in a leafy tree,
 I went where daisies blow.

I bared my senses to the blast,
 I lingered in the skies;
 I found my beauty safe, at last—
 A-slumbering in your eyes.

EVELYN BURNS, '26.

THE CALL OF SPRING

I know a place where skies are blue,
 Where grass is green and fresh with dew,
 Where violets bloom and robins sing,
 Where beauty reigns o'er everything.

A silent and secluded nook,
 Where rippling voice of sparkling brook
 And silvery note of blithesome bird
 Are the only sounds that can be heard.

'Tis there I long to be once more,
 Away from all the rush and roar
 Of crowded streets. Oh! take me where
 Sweet Nature's music fills the air!

JOHN E. BOWMAN, '25.

THE SEA

When e'er I gaze on thee, O Sea,
 Alone and wide and grim and free,
 And hear the thunder of thy roar,
 I then laud puny man the more—
 That he should dare thy strength to brave,
 That he should ride upon thy wave,
 And sometimes safe return from thee,
 But sometimes face eternity.

LAURA BARRETT, '26.

IN THE GARDEN

Velvet of petal, brodered with dew,
 A rose in the garden unfolded and grew.

And there as it proudly nodded its head
 Sad to the rose a poet said;


"Rose of the garden, queen indeed,
 In whose pale heart lies honey mead,

Fairest of roses, soon thou must
 Fade, fall, and vanish into dust."

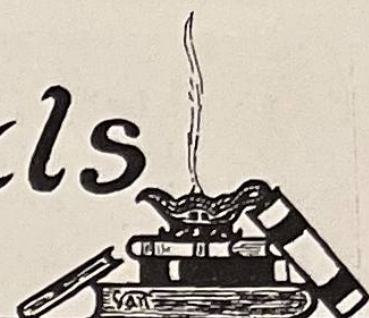
But then more wondering was his tone
 As he gazed at the earth whence the rose had
 grown;

"Dust of the garden, once wert thou
 Queen of the garden, as she is now?"

ASENATH L. GRAVES, '25.



Editorials



JAMES F. OYSTER

Washington mourns the loss of a great, public-spirited citizen, James F. Oyster. For fifty years he held himself ever ready to serve his city through his influence, ability, and tireless personal effort. The city at large will miss his splendid work as a commissioner of the District of Columbia; but we of the public schools, who benefited from his long service as member and later president of the Board of Education, will miss particularly his understanding interest in and devotion to the public school system.

In his death Washington loses a faithful public servant; the schools, a staunch supporter; and the many whom his personal help could benefit, a true friend.

A. L. G.

THOSE TENNIS COURTS

Over at the extreme northeast section of the school property, deep below the level of the stadium, is a plot of land containing, contrary to the popular belief, eight prospective tennis courts.

Comical remarks have been made concerning the antics of players trying to return a ball which had hit a pebble or a "dead" spot. Likewise, remarks not so comical have been made by the self-same critics in attempting to play such a ball themselves.

Whatever we say, or want to say, we must remember that it took several centuries to build Rome, and that eventually, the tennis courts will be such that "Bill" Tilden would delight to play on them. Therefore, play on them, and get them hard packed. Next year, they will be better.

H. E. A.

GRADUATION

We have come to one of the forks in the Road of Life; soon we must choose our way. Some will take the Road of Higher Learning; others, the Highway of Business. No matter which route to ultimate success we use, we shall look back to Graduation as the turning point in our career.

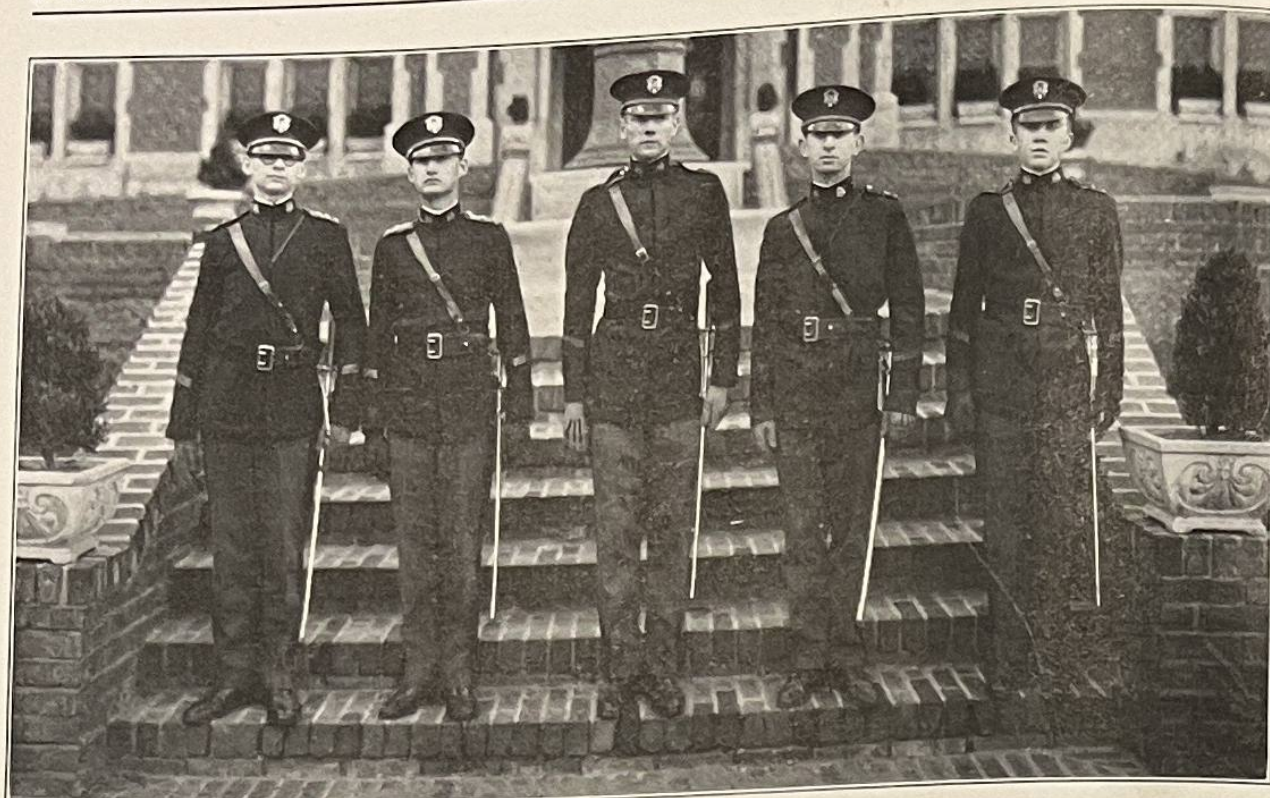
Graduation in itself has but small significance. Its real meaning lies in the high school life which preceded it. The friendships and experiences during those four years will last far longer than the memory of the brief ceremony at which we receive our diplomas.

Gazing back, we proudly see our victories in athletics and cadets, and the celebrations which followed. Then, we remember the unsuccessful years, and more proudly we recollect the celebrations which followed defeat. Truly, not all schools can be such a good loser and a good winner as Eastern.

Our friendships, both with the faculty and with our classmates, come into our mind. Thankfully, we recall the numerous aids, in class and out, given by our teachers. What could we have accomplished without their help? Our classmates! What memories they conjure! Our chums—ever ready to explain a math problem or an intricate cadet movement, ever ready to listen kindly to our tales of woe, and in turn, to confide in us! Those memories will last always.

With these as a background, Graduation has a meaning. To us it signifies the parting of the ways. At times these roads may converge, parallel, or separate, yet they will be forever connected by the lasting remembrance of the high school life of the Class of '25.

H. E. A.



REGIMENTAL STAFF

Cadet Notes

At last, after three fruitless years in the battalion and regimental competitive drills, Eastern has returned winner.

On May 6, the first battalion, third regiment, composed of four Eastern companies and one Hine Junior High company, was led on to the Wilson Stadium under the command of Major Warren Burch. In cadet circles it is claimed that a five-company battalion is a decided handicap, yet Major Burch won third place with a percentage of 88, a fraction of a point below the second-place Central battalion.

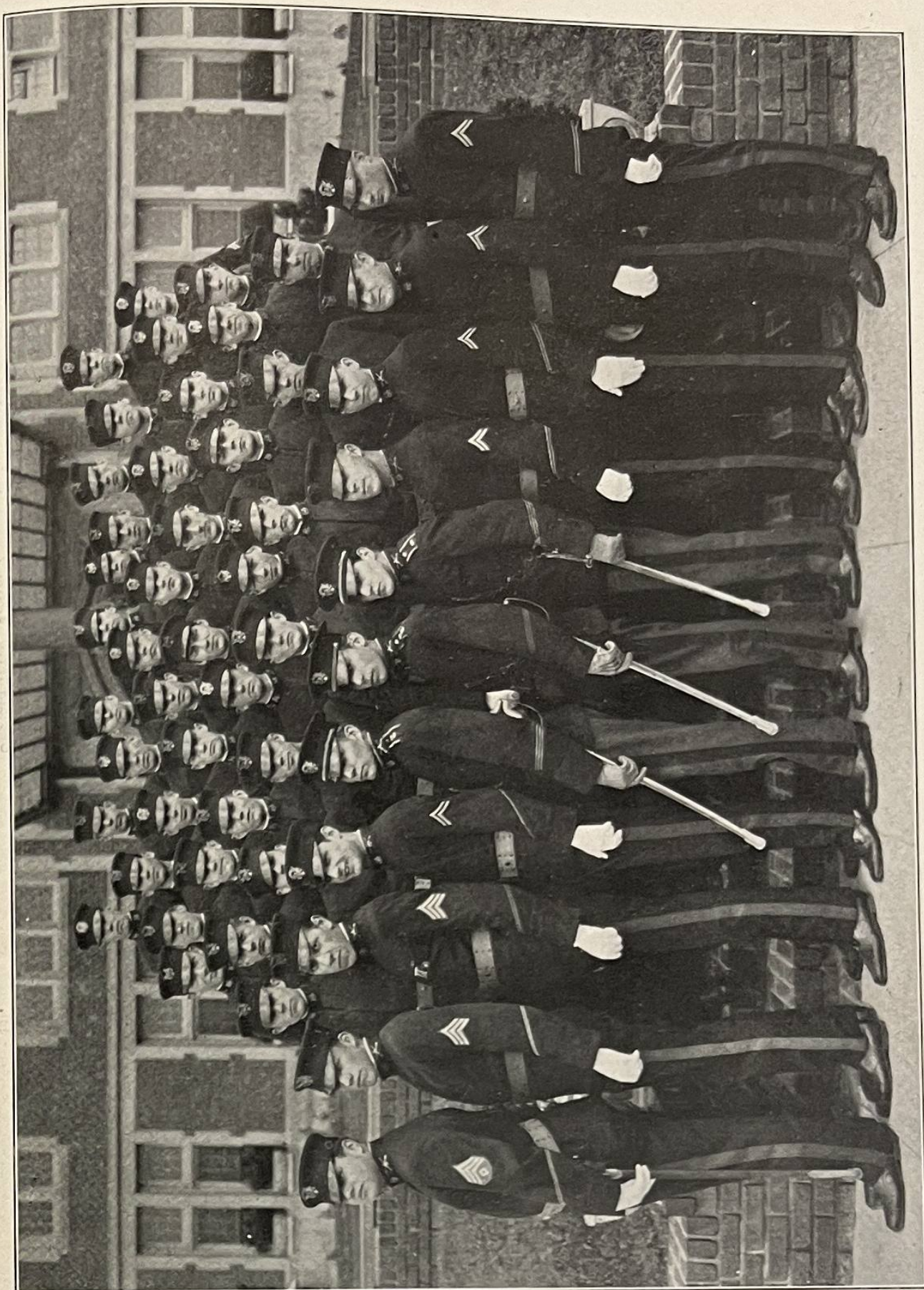
We were destined for more glory, for, on the following day, May 7, Lt. Col. William Weitzell led the third regiment, composed of Eastern and Western battalions, to an overwhelming victory. His regiment led the field by at least six points. Significant of this victory, Lt. Col. Weitzell was presented with a gold medal.

The winning officers deserve much praise, as they labored under a handicap in that they were but recently appointed.

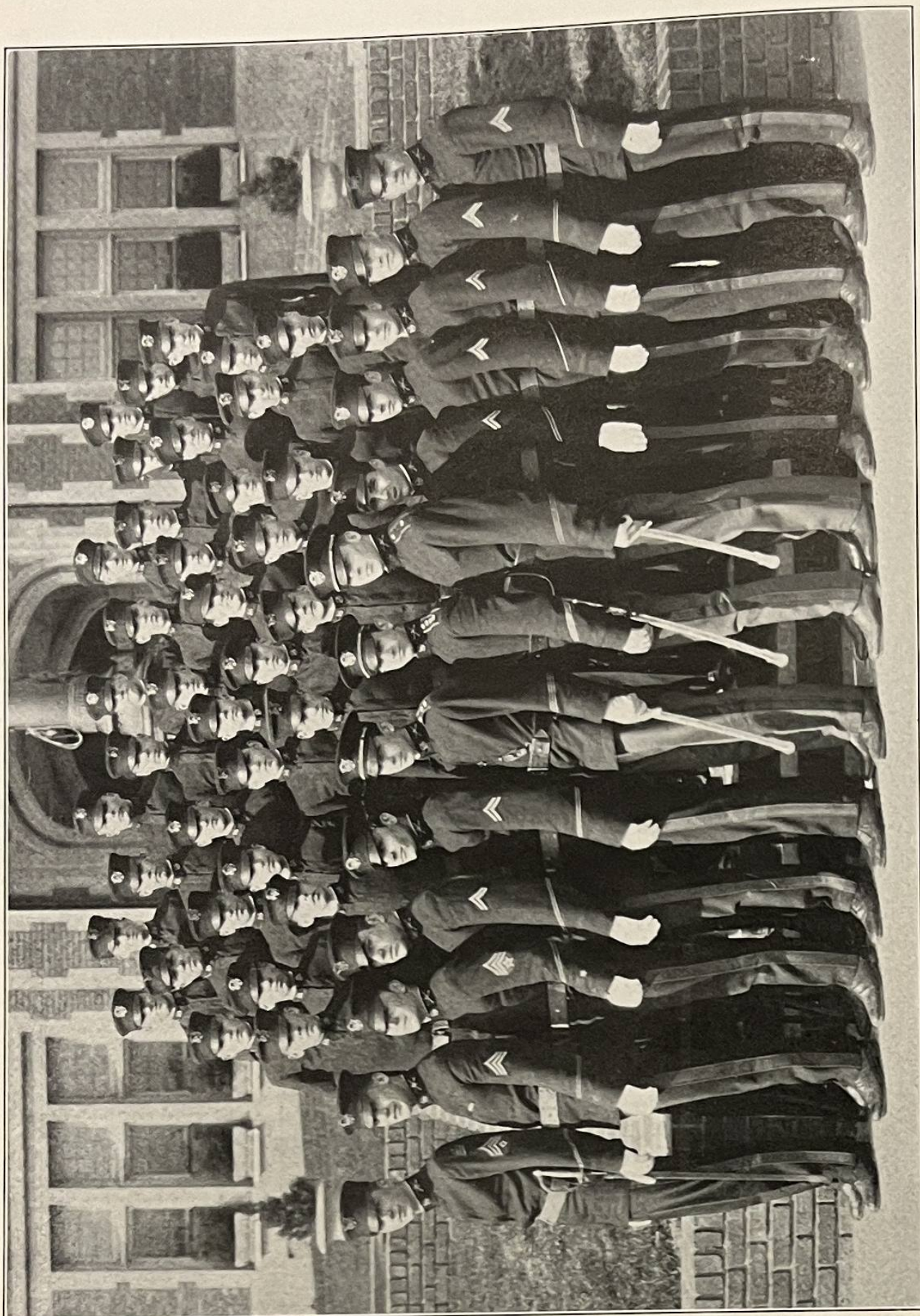
From all accounts it looks very much like our year. First, we have antecedent probability, for in 1921 we won first honors in the competitive company drill with Company G, under the command of Captain William Miller, and again in 1923 with Company D, under the command of Captain Leland Cheek. And now in 1925 with four fine companies under the command of four able leaders we certainly have more than an equal chance.

Second, we have an able personal supervisor who has put all of his time, thought, and energy toward smoothing out the rough spots in our drill. All this we owe to Major J. G. Donovan.

With his great additional help, with the strong moral support offered by Mr. Claus Schwartz, and with the advantage of having our stadium in which to do "extended order," we have but to wait and hope. When this issue of the *EASTERNER* is published the winner will be known. At least, the cadets have done their bit.



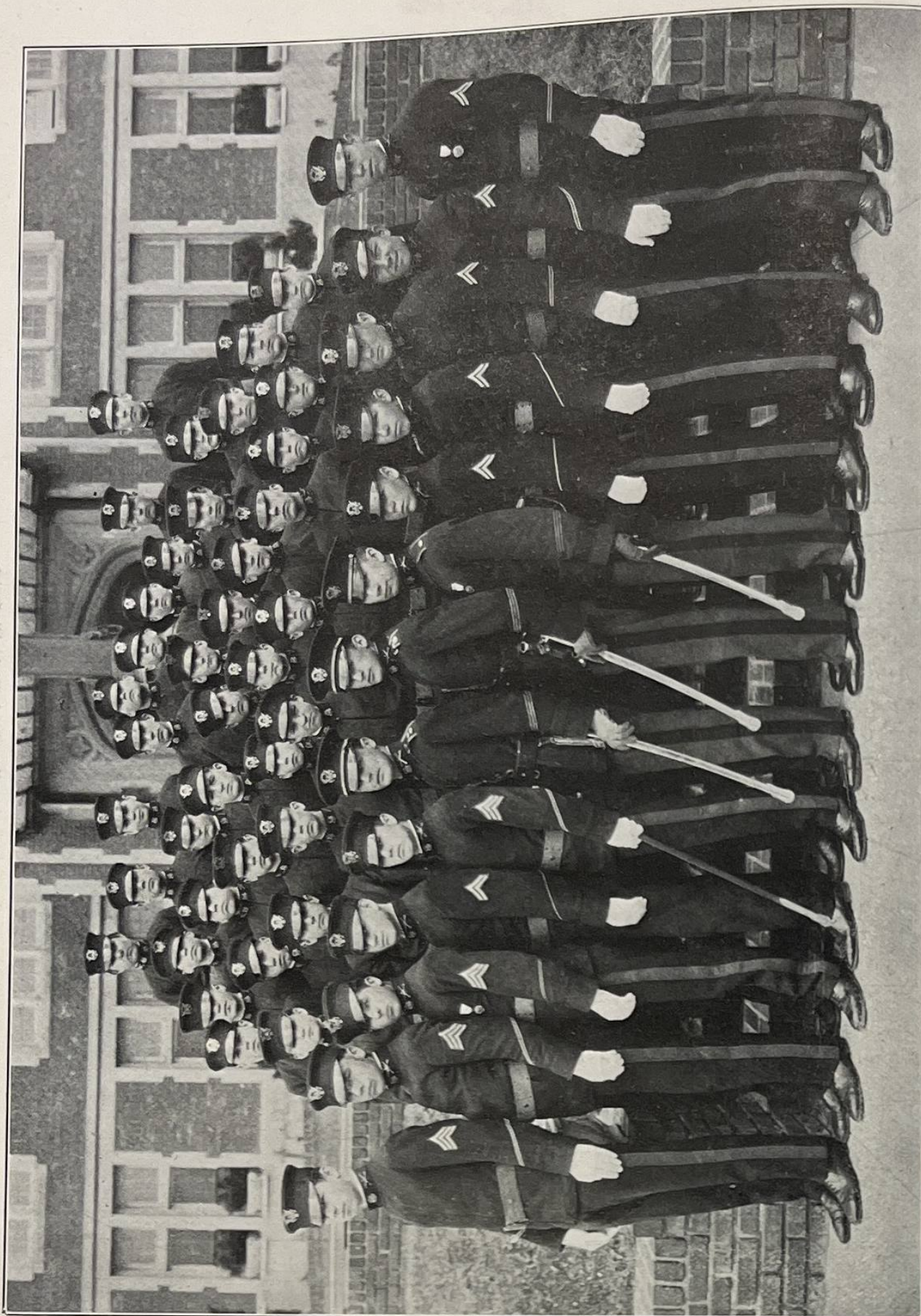
COMPANY A
Captain Edward H. Hunnicutt



COMPANY B
Captain Irving J. Raley



COMPANY C
Captain Nathan A. Clark



COMPANY D
Captain Edwin R. Hutchinson

FACULTY

As this school year draws to its close, the Class of 1925 is bidding farewell to the school and to the faculty. No small part of the regret which we feel at the end of our school days is that of losing the helpful influence of our teachers and the interest they took in our affairs.

Of course, we know that we are a remarkable class. The faculty agrees with us on this point. But, now that we are leaving, we can confidentially admit that a certain part of our glory is due to our teachers.

We should have attained dramatic fame in any case perhaps, but even the great talents of the Class of '25 could not have reached the full flower of success, if it had not been for the expert coaching of Miss Monk. She, with the able assistance of Miss Princee, Miss Taylor, and Miss Arnold, has showed us how to use our histrionic gifts in a manner to bring honor to ourselves and Eastern.

Then in literature, too, our natural ability has been directed and encouraged. The brilliant group of students composing this year's *EASTERNER* staff needed the judgment and guiding spirit of Miss Egbert to turn out the excellent material which has marked this year's magazine. (We hate to seem egotistic, but don't see any reason why we shouldn't admit that the *EASTERNER* has been good this year.)

As for class work, our interest in English literature has been aroused and stimulated by the enthusiasm of our teachers. With Miss Gardner to show us the beauty of the poets and unfold for us the glories of Burke, and Miss Birtwell to help us dissect the character of Macbeth, and with the sparkling comments of some of our more gifted classmates, it is not surprising that our English classes should be not only interesting but even sometimes entertaining.

In the classics, some of us, inspired in our early years by Miss Hawes and Miss Johnson, have taken four years of Latin and have come through nobly with the aid of Mr. Pad-

gett. In this connection, it is rumored that Mr. Padgett, despairing of the fate of the ancient tongues when the seniors go, is leaving with us. He is going to retire and delegate to some one else the task of teaching Virgil to the juniors.

In the sciences, Mr. Suter, Miss Wilkins, Mr. Flury, and Dr. Rothermel have skilfully directed our experiments and answered our questions. In math. Miss Shelp and Miss Gordon have extricated us from many a difficulty.

Then there are the little personal things that we remember about the different teachers. For instance, who could forget Miss Boyd's delightful way of "bawling us out" when we forget to bring our library books back? Or Miss Holmes' habit of calling you "girlie," or how our dear Mr. Padgett made us sing the rules of Latin grammar? Or Mr. Schwartz, who took our money as painlessly as possible and taught us French and German efficiently, if not so painlessly? Or Miss Hardy who took care of our bank accounts, when we had any, and directed the sale of our books?

Who will not remember Coach Guyon and his endless fund of stories and jokes? And music and glee club practice with Mrs. Byram? And American history with Miss Bucknam? And Mrs. Hall, who let us have those interesting arguments in economics? And Mr. Hart's calm and satisfactory way of settling all our problems?

So it goes, each member of the faculty contributing something to the advancement of the class.

Although sometimes we pretended to think of all teachers as inconsiderate slavedrivers, intent only on making us work, our true feeling for our faculty was one of affection and loyalty. So now, having come to the end of our course, we wish to acknowledge all that we owe to them, and take this final opportunity of thanking them for what they have done for us and of assuring them of our unforgetting gratitude.

SCHOOL news



For once this subject does not fill us with feelings of fearful awe, for we have real news—the biggest of this year or indeed of several years. And, although everyone knows about it now, it still gives us an “awful thrill” to read the wondrous words again.

“Eastern wins District Championship in Oratorical Contest”! And each of us feels that he had a little to do with the victory. Didn’t we, after untold struggle and agony, reach school fifteen minutes early in order to lend our support to our standard bearer, Asenath Graves? And that same day we were dragged reluctantly from our sixth period class to hear the glorious news of Asenath’s victory, Eastern’s victory, our victory.

On May 1, an assembly was held to honor Miss Graves, at which time she was presented with the three hundred dollar check presented by the *Star* to the winner of the District championship. Speeches of congratulation by Miss Kate D. Bucknam, Olin Everett, Dr. Raymond Fisher, and Dr. De Witt Croissant expressed the sentiment of teachers, students, parents, and alumni. Randolph Leigh, National Director of the contest, and Gideon Lyon, assistant editor of the *Star*, added their words of praise.

Our four cadet captains showed their talent in another line when they appeared as cheer leaders for the first time. It wasn’t a hard job, though. When a student has done as much for Eastern as Asenath Graves has, we all want to cheer.

On May 8, Eastern was honored by the presence of the oratory champions of the seven districts of the country. They were entertained at a luncheon, prepared and

served by the girls of the domestic science classes.

“Came the night”, as the poet says, and Eastern trooped to the Washington Auditorium to attend the Oratorical Contest of ’25. Although Miss Graves didn’t win the contest, we are proud of her and grateful to her. It has made this year one long to be remembered.

On May 14, a party was given in Miss Graves’ honor by the class in journalistic writing.

Many of the seniors “saw red” both literally and figuratively when the juniors held their class day. Decorated in their class color, they held an assembly at which a trial was conducted to determine the relative merits of the juniors and seniors. The seniors think that some member of the Class of ’26 must have presented the judge with a box of cigars. But the seniors staged their “come-back” the following week. Tastefully garbed in the traditional blue and white, they presented a program which included their play, “The Romanceers,” class song, will, prophecy, and all the other senior day features. Leave it to the seniors to have the last word!

The usual rush of events has come with the closing weeks of school. Two of our graduates, Minnie Hoxsey and Mildred Boynton, came back to give a recital at one of our assemblies.

At a senior assembly recently, a demonstration of a new plan of self-government was given. Paul Bowdler was elected governor; George Main, lieutenant governor; Ruth Greenwood, chief justice; Edward Andrus, assistant governor; Warren Hughes, assistant lieutenant governor; Edwin Hutchinson, as-

sistant chief justice. Under such a system we would find ourselves governed more democratically than we will be when we attain our majority in the District!

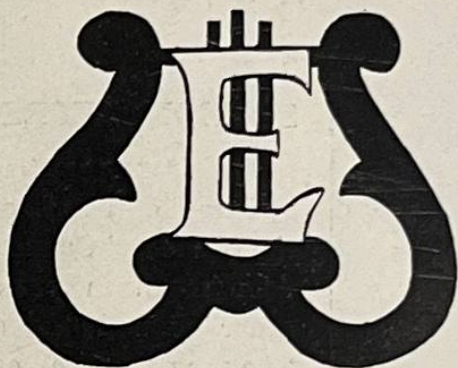
The twenty-eighth of May brought our annual major music assembly. A program of unusual excellence and length was fully enjoyed, as always.

A pleasing and instructive feature of the domestic science training is the faculty luncheons, served in the "model suite".

More honor to Eastern! This time it is brought by Marion Barrett, winner of the recent Y. W. C. A. poster contest. Another prominent Eastern artist, Lois Baldwin, received honorable mention.

June 1 was a gala day, when one of the prize assemblies of the year was held. Part of it was devoted to a celebration of the winning of the baseball championship by Eastern for the first time since 1916. Awards were made in baseball, track, orchestra; and warrants were given to the non-commissioned cadet officers. The other part was occupied with the usual speeches preceding Competitive Drill day.

Commencement brings us to the end of a very successful year. Scholastic, athletic, and artistic honors have come to Eastern. That they will continue to be showered on her is the hope of everyone. Have a fine vacation and come back with more "pep" to devote to Eastern next year.



This new and appropriate "E" for awards in music was designed by Alda Flinn of the major music and drawing departments. The "E's" were made by Marguerite McArthur and Mabel Stonnell.

PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Wednesday, June 10, 9 A. M.—Senior Class Day.

Sunday, June 14, 11 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon—Rev. John Compton Ball, Metropolitan Baptist Church.

Monday, June 15, 9 A. M.—Honor Assembly. 8 P. M.—Class Night Exercises of the Two-Year Commercial Class.

Tuesday, June 16, 2 P. M.—Graduation of the Two-Year Commercial Class.

Address—Harry O. Free.

8 P. M.—Class Night Exercises of the Four-Year Class.

Wednesday, June 17, 8 P. M.—Graduation of Four-Year Class.

Address—Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

Class Day and Class Night Speakers

Four-Year Class:

Address of Welcome—President Nathan A. Clark.

Class History—Ruth Greenwood.

Class Poem—Asenath L. Graves.

Class Will—Warren B. Burch.

Class Prophecies—M. Katherine Gibson and Kathryn E. White.

Address to Undergraduates—John E. Bowman.

Undergraduate Reply—Kingsland Prender, '26.

Two-Year Class:

Address of Welcome—President William L. Ashdown.

Class History—Helen A. Kreischer.

Class Prophecy—Ethelyn A. Dick and Pete Giancoli.

Class Poem—Dorothea Virginia Palmer.

Admission by ticket only, to the Four-year Class Night and Commencement Exercises.

Mr. Winnicov: "When you burn wood you have left only the ashes. Where has the wood gone?"

West: "It evaporated."

* * *

Mr. Suter: "Have any of your relatives ever attended Eastern, Mr. Snell?"

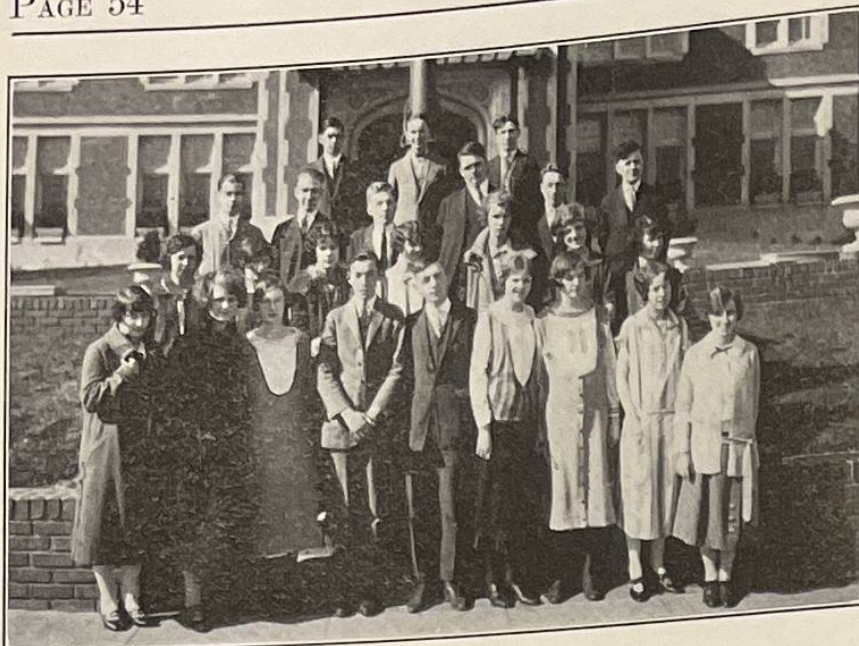
Dale Snell: "No sir, only my brother."

* * *

C. Hoffman: "I have an absolute dislike for poets."

F. Kreglow: "Why, I thought you liked Digitus?"

C. Hoffman: "I do. I said *poets*."

**EASTERNER STAFF**

Editor—Herbert E. Angel

With an energetic staff, THE **EASTERNER** has done creditably. A supplement, *The Cub*, published by the class in journalistic writing, was an innovation this year.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

President (boys')—

Nathan A. Clark

President (girls')—

Mildred Koontz

Our corridor constables have arrested the attention and heightened the discipline of the school in general by their dictatorial supervision.

**SECTION REPRESENTATIVES**

These local assistants to the Students' Council have done much in preserving order around the school. They are quite efficient deputy "cops."

**DRAMATIC SOCIETY**

*President—Nathan A.
Clark*

Its stricter system of membership requirement has made the Dramatic Society larger rather than smaller this year. "Adam and Eva," the spring play of '25, and many sketches showed its ability.

DEBATING SOCIETY

*President—Durwood
Keatts*

This, the second year of its revival, has been an unusually successful one for the Debating Society. Its achievements have given it the stamp of permanency.

**LUNCH ROOM STAFF**

*Chairman, Students' Com-
mittee—Margaret Clarke*

We wager the lunch room profit this year has been the greater because of these young "waitresses" who have served us from behind the counter.



BANK STAFF

President—Margaret Shea

These masters and mistresses of high finance have successfully taken care of what nickels and dimes Mr. Schwartz didn't get from our already flat pocketbooks.

ORCHESTRA

The disappearance of Eastern's orchestra would leave a void not only in the orchestra pit but in all our assemblies and entertainments throughout the year.



GLEE CLUB

President—Edward Andrus

Eastern's Glee Club through the talent and faithfulness of its members has been enabled to give difficult compositions with the polish of any college organization.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Captain—Thomas Hook

Our football team did not succeed in winning the championship, but it did defeat Central 6—3, an unheard of achievement in recent years.

BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

Captain—"Sonny" Burdine

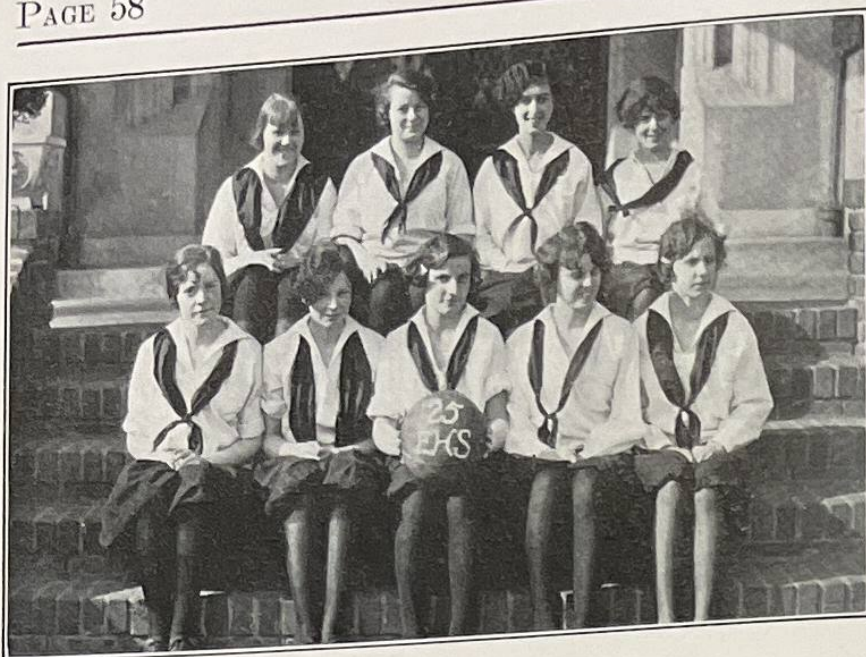
Six victories so far and no defeats! That is the enviable record our players have established in winning for Eastern the District Championship.



TRACK SQUAD

Captain—Adolph Bond

Off to a fast start, the track squad has sped around the track of achievement to a splendid finish in the inter-high meet.



SENIOR BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

Captain—Frances Galatzo

After one of the hardest seasons in the history of inter-class basketball at Eastern, the superior passing of the seniors proved the margin of their victory.

HIKING CLUB

President—Sarah Davis

Some knickers and a big lunch, and they are ready for a hike. It is lots of fun. If you do not believe it, ask them.



GIRLS' TRACK SQUAD

Rivaling the boys' track squad as exponents of Nurmi, this group of feminine athletes has made an enviable record in the field of sports.



MERRILL CLUB

President—Maude Boynton

The Merrill Club is growing, as usual. Due to its wide scope of activities covering dramatics, sports, welfare and social work, it is continually gaining recruits.

GIRLS' RESERVES (Fidelis Club)

President—Eunice Smith

The Fidelis Club has set a precedent. It is the only all - freshman - sophomore organization at Eastern. The membership this year has doubled.



GIRLS' RESERVES (Les Camarades)

President—Margaret Knapp

Les Camarades is the senior branch of the Girls' Reserves. The club is distinguished by its friendly club suppers held monthly at the Y. W. C. A.





BOYS' RIFLE CLUB

Captain—Edward Andrus

Andrus and his noble warriors have represented the school in many matches, and they have done creditably, too.

GIRLS' RIFLE CLUB

Captain—Helen Seitz

It is only just that the fair sex should have their protectors. These girls, who comprise the rifle club, are able ones, too. Miss Shelp directs them.



JUNIOR CLASS SONG

Just a whisper, faint reminder
Of our sterling class so great.
Bound to greatness, ever moving,
It can have no other fate.
Beam of fire iridescent
Ever pointing out the way,
Always toward our goal we're striving
Whether we're at work or play.
In the class we're first to answer—
Juniors, cast in finest die,
All determined to accomplish,
Limited by just the sky.

Class of actors, stellar marvels,
Irate father, daughters fair;
Works of this great class at Eastern
Can be seen most everywhere.
Graphic talks and general discourse
By debating Juniors said;
Track and field, gym and elsewhere
By our Juniors these are led.
Class immortal, guardian faithful
Of the honor of our school—
School that we shall love forever
Let our passion never cool.

DIGITUS, '26.

WINDOWS

Every day we pass by hundreds of windows. We see them, pass them by, forget them. How many stories there are connected with them, how many romances, comedies, tragedies, if we should but stop to think.

There is the large, expensively draped window of the rich that instinctively awakens our imagination. We wonder what is back of those heavy curtains. We think of the luxury, the merriment; yet, somehow we realize how empty life must be behind those transparent window panes.

Notice the window of a humbler dwelling. It is draped with little, white muslin curtains. There is a single scarlet geranium in a jar on the sill. Here is the simple, sweet atmosphere of a home.

How different are our wide-open, frank, American windows, from the dark, mysterious ones of the Turkish harem. These are shadowy, screened so absurdly that anyone looking out cannot be seen from the street. They are small and high. They alone would teach us the dullness of this life.

From thence we go to look at a Venetian window. It is the most beautiful of all. It is

large and bright, perhaps overlooking the canal, from which the sparkling sunlight is reflected. Perhaps there is a balcony, which makes us dream of the enveloping romance. We think of a lovely maiden being serenaded by her lover. It is a pretty picture and we are loth to leave it.

Our imagination swiftly takes us to an ancient castle with its tiny, high peep holes that serve as windows. They bring a picture to us of a lady with a peaked hat, flowing veil, and hoop skirts sitting at this window crying softly to herself because her brother, her father, and her sweetheart have all gone to war. She waves cheerfully to them in spite of her grief. When they return, whether victorious or not, she will greet them with smiles and with joy. How monotonous this life must be! For a woman it means ever waiting; for a man, ever fighting.

We are thankful that we were born in this age when our days are never alike, and when our windows, which reflect our lives, are always bright and cheerful. Let us resolve to keep them so, that the passerby, who judges us by them, may read our story aright.

LOIS KOERTH, '26.

TRIALS OF AN ONLY SON

Upon my entrance into this world, an early realization of the fact that I was an only son was forced upon me. My first three years were ones of luxury and real pleasure, and I surely made the most of them. Every wish I expressed in my actions was quickly and cheerfully fulfilled. At this time no cloud troubled my young mind, and I prepared myself to live a life of idle ease.

Gradually, however, as I advanced in maturity, I seemed to slip into the background, and suddenly I realized the startling fact that I had two sisters—and both older than I. Anyone in the same circumstances could easily understand my chagrin at having my sisters receiving favors which I had been accustomed to receiving. You know, its really impossible to understand the infinite number

of ways a sister has of showing her superiority, unless one lives under such conditions. Nevertheless, I struggled on to uphold the supremacy of the male sex until I was twelve years old, when my efforts were given a new impetus, by the lightening of my troubles: one of my sisters married. Then I pictured in my mind the old life of ease, but alas—not so; my elder sister took up the battle with renewed strength.

I am now eighteen years of age, and still it's: "George, do this" or "George, do that." Of course, I realize the laws of minority, but still I can't seem to feel cheerful when I must tell my sister where, when, how, and why I go every night. However, there's one spark of hope left—my other sister is engaged.



FOOTBALL

Too true, we made only second place this school year through the efforts of our grid-iron heroes, Western and Tech tying for first place. Nevertheless, this team has defeated Central in a series' football game for the first time in ten long years. (Score: 6 to 3.)

Then too, we ran up the highest score of the interscholastic football season by defeating Business 45 to 6.

We are now pinning our hopes on the boys who will "step out" in the autumn to defend us on the field.

BASKETBALL

A sad jolt we had in basketball. Our hopes, on the mountain top, were suddenly dashed down with a terrific blow. With the basketball championships under our arm from the two preceding seasons, we felt confident of victory. But at a critical point in the series we unexpectedly lost a game to Tech.

Central took first place, and we tied Western for second. However, we hope our winning habit has not changed entirely, and that next year the boys will return to the old ways.

TRACK

In track the boys have "spruced up." At a dual meet at our own stadium they defeated Western, placing first in 11 out of 12 events, and winning numerous seconds and thirds. The score was 81 to 27. Just think of it!

Mr. Ernest (better known as "Cappy") Rick, who has guided the boys through the greater part of the track season, has inspired

them with his great enthusiasm. And not only that: he has had experience on the track himself. This season the squad has been managed by Stephen Silverman.

Now a good part of our track history this year has been Bond's history. Yes, we mean Adolph Bond, who is captain of the team, and who is aiding Mr. Rick in keeping up interest among the members of the squad. Of course, he placed first in the high jump in the Eastern-Western meet just mentioned. Added to this, he raised the interscholastic meet record at Maryland for the high jump at the annual field day competitions held by that university. His record was 5 feet 9 inches. In the Princeton Interscholastics, he placed first in the high jump with a field of 24 contestants, clearing the bar with a leap of 5 feet 11 inches.

We hope the forward march this year will be kept up during the next season, and even greater honors will be won for our E. H. S.

BASEBALL

With the heavy-hitting, famous pitcher, "Sonny" Burdine on the team as its captain, and some good supporters for him, we are looking forward to the championship in baseball. In fact, we might even dare to brag that the championship is ours right now. But then we think of the basketball season, and of how near victory came—and didn't arrive. So we shall only say that the prospects are very bright, with five series games won, and none lost as far as the season has gone. *Only watch the team.*

David Rosenfeld is managing our nine this season assisted by "Grand Duke" Cosimano, "Rabbi" Broidie, and "Silent" Tellefsen.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Not so many years ago, it was thought that a girl should sit in a corner, hold her hands, and look very demure. The greatest exercise she was allowed was knitting or sewing or primly walking. Now all of this is changed, and girls participate enthusiastically and successfully in as many athletic activities as boys. This has proven especially true at Eastern. The success here has largely been due to the careful coaching and instructing of the three "gym" teachers, Miss Stockett, Mrs. Woodin, and Miss Fosdick. The adequate space and athletic equipment have also helped, for without them it would have been impossible to have introduced so successfully the many new activities. Our program now includes a sport for each season of the school year.

In the fall, hockey was introduced. After the girls had learned this new game in the "gym" class, section teams were formed, and inter-section games played. The best players on these teams were then formed into inter-class teams and a series of inter-class games was played. The Senior team, with Marion Barrett as captain, was the winner of the series.

With the close of the hockey season and the coming of cold weather, basketball practice was begun. It was decided to have the teams coached by the three teachers; and accordingly Miss Stockett coached the seniors and juniors, Mrs. Woodin the sophomores, and Miss Fosdick, the freshmen. After class teams were formed, a series of spirited games was played in which the Seniors, with Captain Frances Galatzo, were again victorious. The teams were very capably managed by Nellie Dalrymple and her assistant, Dorothy Colliflower. The girls who fulfilled requirements received the athletic "E."

The close of the basketball season marked the arrival of spring and warm weather, and our attention was again directed to out-of-door sports, which include baseball, tennis, and track. Tournaments are being held in these activities, too; but as yet the school letter is awarded only in one, tennis.

With the growing interest and skill evinced in the other games, it seems probable that all these sports will be letter sports next year.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Handsome hero of Spring Play registering:



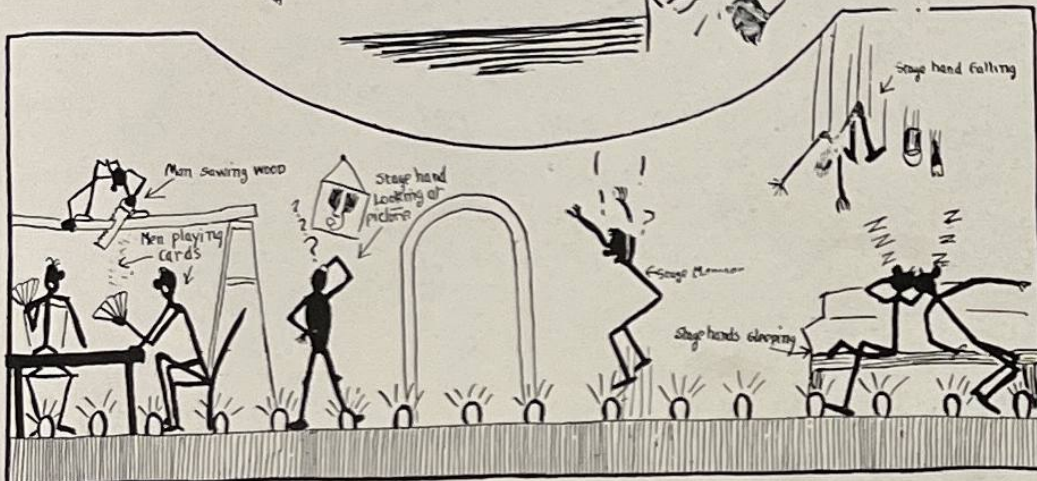
LOVE



HATE



FEAR



Life like scene of stage hands fixing stage



Heard and Seen—Allen Cross' Sweater.

* * *

K. Prender: "What are you two playing?"

G. Main: "I'm playing checkers and Mish is playing foolish."

* * *

Mr. Winnicov: "What is wind?"

Student: "Air in a hurry."

* * *

Myrtle Posey (about to have picture taken): "Should I be holding my books in my hand?"

George Roth: "Heavens, no. The picture should look natural!"

* * *

C. Militzer: "What profession could you take the most interest in?"

J. Shapiro: "The banking business. The interest is 6 per cent."

* * *

Mr. Haworth (explaining action of electricity in relation to surrounding conditions): "Now if you had to take an electric shock, how would you rather have it?"

Young but Wise: "In shocks of five volts each."

* * *

In textbooks: "Legumes have nodules on their roots."

Found on paper: "Lagoons have noodles on their roots."

* * *

W. Knott: "Why are you sorry for fish?"

H. Portch: "Because they go in schools."

* * *

Mr. Winnicov (after writing eighth question of test on board): "What are you waiting for, Bartz?"

Bartz: "A question I can answer."

Mr. Suter: "What makes carbon disulphide so combustible?"

J. Harbin: "It's inflammability."

* * *

McCaffery (telling story in English class): "She took a dagger and killed herself until she died!"

* * *

Mr. Suter (in Chemistry): "Name a source of iron."

Taylor: "Raisins."

* * *

Charlie Davies: "I hear Miss Watts is going to stop skipping at Eastern."

Herbie Miles: "That's all right, just so she doesn't stop the students."

* * *

Mr. Llorenz: "What is the difference between the two verbs, to ask: as, to ask for information, and to ask for the loan of a dollar?"

F. Holmes: "You get the information, but you don't get the dollar."

* * *

James Harbin: "Was Henry VIII single before he married his first wife?"

* * *

Miss Shelp says: "Mr. Wrigley gets large returns from this school."

* * *

"Juddy" Hutchinson wore a neck-tie with three brilliant colors in it, the other day—red, red, and redder.

* * *

Miss Beam: "What do you mean by saying that Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?"

Bertha Dennison: "Just look at the spelling."

Mrs. Byram (in music class): "Miss Wood will help the girls take the high parts in this song, and the boys will have to help themselves."

Stude (not listening): "Where are the eats?"

* * *

Elizabeth Wines: "How do you like my new engagement ring?"

Nathan Clark: "Fine; how soon does it come off?"

* * *

George Roth: "Is Dorothy Walker going to write the class history?"

A. Morales: "No, will."

George Roth: "Will who?"

* * *

Charles Dorman (after spilling milk on Ray Talbert's lap): "That's all right, Ray; I didn't want any of it anyway."

* * *

Finger: "What do you take here this period?"

Hayes: "Geometry."

Finger: "Oh! I always wondered why they called it *solid* geometry."

* * *

Mr. Winnicov: "What is the process called when the water evaporates from a substance?"

Porter: "Absorption."

* * *

Miss Egbert (in journalistic writing): "Tonight we will have a run on the bank."

(Note for the uneducated: "Run" means "assignment".)

* * *

Miss Taylor: "Mr. Finger, if a fly had dropped into the inkwell and then walked over the paper it would be as readable as your writing."

* * *

Me: "What is that book?"

Her: "*Twelfth Night*. It's Miss Millikens."

Me: "Really? On the front it says Shakespeare's!"

J. Madison: "I walked home with Digitus yesterday and was reminded of a story I had read."

C. Thom: "What story?"

J. Madison: "Robert Louis Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey!*"

MUCH WORSE THAN VERSE

To school we go with complaints of woe,
 "Why are the days so long and slow?"
 "Why are the bells so slow to ring?"
 "Why are we forced to try to sing
 When all our efforts merely pain
 Our classmates dear, with each refrain?"
 "Why will the days be each so hot
 That study and work we just can not?"
 "Why are the teachers all so keen
 To give us D's when we are seen
 To sleep and doze in pure delight,
 Not e'en disturbed by mid-day light?"
 And these are cries that you can hear
 Most any time in spring of year;
 But, after all, why be a fool?
 What would we do without school?

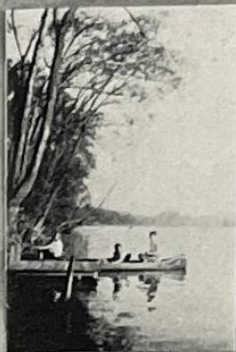
LAURA BARRETT, '26.

A SENIOR TRAGEDY

Once upon a time there was a *White* girl who lived on a *Cliff* near a *Greenwood*. Her lover lived in a *Hall* nearby. Every day she would *Buckler* shoes. When she was thus dressed, she thought she looked quite *Sharp*. One day she forgot her *Keys*, and *Didden* lock her car. While she was taking a *Knapp* a man came and *Stolar Ford*. When her lover, a famous *Walker*, heard about it, he came to see her, and offered to *Wheeler* around on his bicycle. She *deKlined* haughtily, and said, "Oh, *Wertman* ever so stupid?" *Moore*, and *Moore* often he came to sing a *Carroll* under her window. One day they went for a *Crews* on the lake. A storm blew up, and he said "*How'ard* it is to row this boat." Finally he fainted from *Shere* exhaustion, and they were both drowned. A guardian *Angel* carried them to the shore and placed them in their *Graves*.

MILDRED CREWS, '25.

AROUND SCHOOL-AND ELSEWHERE



ORGANIZATIONS

Merrill Club

Try to review the Merrill Club's accomplishments in fifty words? That seems impossible! There have been dances, teas, social service, charity work, dramatics, not to mention their work in the scholarship line. At Christmas, the girls played Santa Claus, and on Valentine's day they brought their valentines to a tea dance. But this is just an outline, and the fifty words are gone.

Les Camarades

Graduations are in order, but one entirely unprecedented has been thought of by the Senior Friendship Club. It has graduated the sophomore Fidelis girls, who now become juniors, into the older club. Although diplomas were not presented, a ceremony was held. They planted two trees in order to commemorate the event.

Fidelis Club

Eunice Smith and her underclassmen helpers have proved this year what a club of younger girls can do. They have done a great deal of work for the Y. W. C. A. The members who have graduated will surely be competent members of the senior club.

Hiking Club

Eight girls in the Hiking Club have received E's or stars for long and merited service—that is, for walking one hundred miles with the club, this school year. The number of hikers has greatly exceeded those of former years. This club promises to be one of stellar importance before long.

Dramatic Association

The new system of membership inaugurated by the Dramatic Association this year was a real discovery in the way of providing entertainment at every meeting and giving the individual members a chance to display their dormant ability. Throughout the year this flourishing institution set Easternites a-joy and Mr. Schwartz's pockets a-jingle with the

numerous stage successes presented. The fall play was a delicious vaudeville concoction while the alumni show, to which the society contributed, proved as billed, "a bird of a program." "Adam and Eva," 1925's edition of Eastern's spring play, however, marked a pinnacle in the year's achievement and set an enviable standard for the spring plays of future years.

Orchestra

Upholding the standards set forth in former years, Eastern's orchestra has been more than efficient at assemblies and entertainments. However, if the orchestra continues its policy of yearly improvement, the future looks bright, indeed. Our young musicians contributed largely to the success of the inter-high school orchestra which scored so brilliantly in the Spring Music Festival.

Girls' Rifle Club

Through constant practice, every Monday and Wednesday afternoons, the Rifle Club has learned to shoot, and shoot straight. A team of five girls—Leah Woods, Veturia Jarrett, Dorothy Thume, Helen Terrill, and Athlyn Spahr—has been formed. They took part in a match with Central, losing by only five points. However, this much experience gained will help them in their work next year.

Debating Society

A crowded room, display of oratorical genius, heated discussions, tense moments preceding the judges' decision and a lot of comment following it—this was the atmosphere presented at any of the fortnightly meetings of the Debating Society, in this, a memorable year in its history. The debates were interesting and varied, ranging from, "Resolved, That the Philippines should have their independence," to "Resolved. That the powder puff is of more benefit to humanity than stacomb." The latter was featured in a local newspaper.

Glee Club

The Glee Club, through its valuable assistance at plays and cantatas, has spent one of the most eventful years of its long career. An outstanding triumph of the season was its delightful contribution to the alumni show in the presentation of a scene from Victor Herbert's "Fortune Teller." "Paul Revere's Ride," the cantata presented during the music festivals by the combined glee clubs of the city, owes much of its success to the talent and cooperation of our own Glee Club at rehearsals and at the performance.

Boys' Rifle Club

Although handicapped by inexperienced men, the school has every reason to be proud of the creditable showing made by Andrus and his colleagues in the inter-high school matches. Only two of the team had ever contested before. However, they expect to make a good showing with Hal Miller as captain next year.

WHAT THE WINNERS SAY

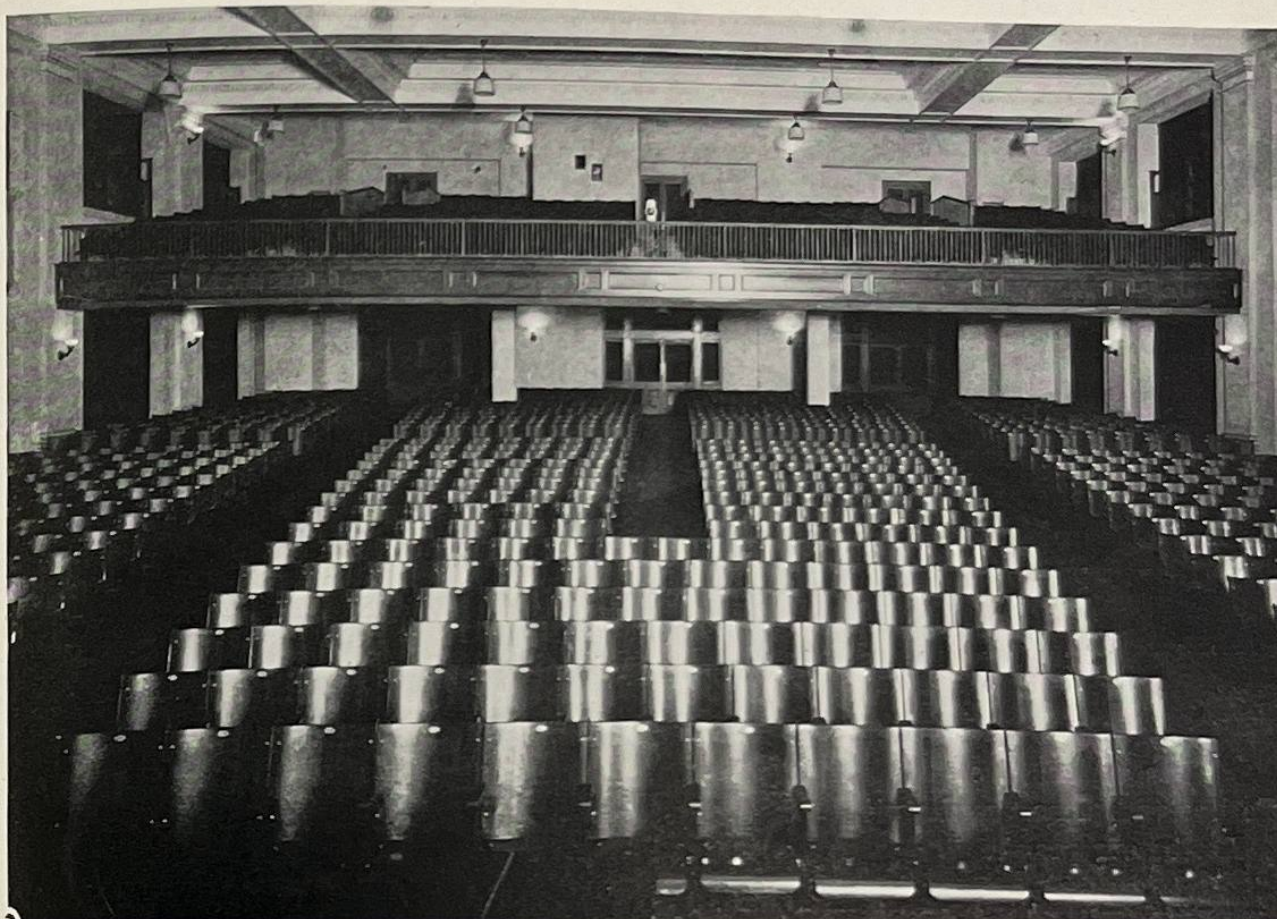
"It was a pleasure to me," said Major Warren Burch, "to lead the Eastern battalion to its first victory, but, it would have been impossible had it not received the undivided cooperation of every captain, lieutenant, non-com, and private. Therefore, I thank them all. I hope that next year we will meet with even better success."

"I just don't know what to say," said Eastern's own diminutive lieutenant colonel "Bill Weitzell," when asked about his victory.

"All I can say is that the boys put up a fine drill and I am proud of them."

"How did you feel when General Drum pinned the medal on your chest?" came from the inquiring interviewer.

"Oh, that was the greatest thrill of my life," answered Weitzell. "That was the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. I just can't explain it. It's unexplainable."



THE AUDITORIUM

ON ALARM CLOCKS

If there is one form of horological instrument to which I have a stronger aversion than to any other, it is the alarm clock, for it represents to my mind the tyrant, Punctuality, by whom I am unwillingly ruled. I can derive a certain melancholy pleasure from the chiming of a clock which strikes the hours melodiously, and I am tolerant of the clock that performs its obnoxious duties silently. These, I feel, are exercising a becoming forbearance.

But the alarm clock! Morning after morning its insistent summons drags me back from the sweet forgetfulness of slumber to the cold world of reality and regular hours. Sometimes I throw a pillow at it; but vainly. For knowing my own weakness, I have carefully placed it so that I must arise from bed to shut it off.

I cannot think how I came to have my dislike of regular hours. It cannot be in-

herited. My relatives have assured me of this in innumerable lectures on the subject. How well I remember the day that dear old Uncle John missed his train to Richmond while scolding me for being late at school.

Whatever the reason, I have a horror, a loathing, a terror, and an awed respect for that demoniacal contrivance. When it rings—no, it does not ring; a ring is a pleasant sound. The sound of the alarm clock is an imperious clangor, a raucous jangling. When it jangles, I have the feeling I am sure I shall have when Gabriel's trumpet calls me to judgment. It is a most uncomfortable feeling.

But I shall have my revenge. The day will come when I shall have no reason to get up at half past seven, when I shall reach out and deliberately, gloatingly, shut off that implacable clamor.

KATHRYN WHITE, '25.

TO A VIOLET

Wee, modest, little springtime flow'r
A-peeping forth from woodland bow'r,
Above ye taller flowers tow'r
Sae big an' bold.
Thou's oped thine e'e within this hour,
Thy leaves unfold.

I love thee for thy modest hue,
Thy petals sweet of purest blue;
If frae the sky your tint you drew
'Twere nae mae sweet.
Thy face is bathed wi' pearly dew;
Thou'rt pure and neat.

There's lesson here for you and me:
We too can like this flower be,
Pure in our simple way, and free
Frae useless care.
"To live with honest modesty"
Let be our pray'r.

JOHN E. BOWMAN, '25.

AUTUMN SONG

Tramping through the woods in autumn,
When the leaves are turning brown,
Gathering their crisp, bright, beauty
As they tumble lightly down,
While the wind arushing onward,
Tangles bright leaves in my hair,
I fill my arms with woodland treasures,
Deeply breathe the woodland air.
My spirit dances with the breezes,
Sings the song the forest sings;
My soul is filled with exaltation
That the happy autumn brings.
And oh! my heart is full of music,
Music that the dry leaves play,
When I go tramping through the woodland
On a sunlit autumn day.

EVELYN BURNS, '26.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.—*Charles Lamb.*

"Everything comes to him who hustles while he waits."

TRUE FOLLY

I have long wondered which is the true folly—long or bobbed hair.

On one side there is the long-haired spinster who is shocked by the folly of the bobbed-haired person.

"If God wanted a woman's hair to be short, He would not let it grow," remarks the little lady, smoothing her prim skirts and patting her nicely coiled hair.

She goes on to say that it is most unwomanly and that to form an equilibrium, light brains must balance the light-head.

Dear me, so long-haired poets are the only men who are mentally balanced!

She goes on to say that great quantities of hair makes for headaches which are very distracting. So bobbed heads are better thinkers!

Upon investigation I find the reasons for retaining long hair are:

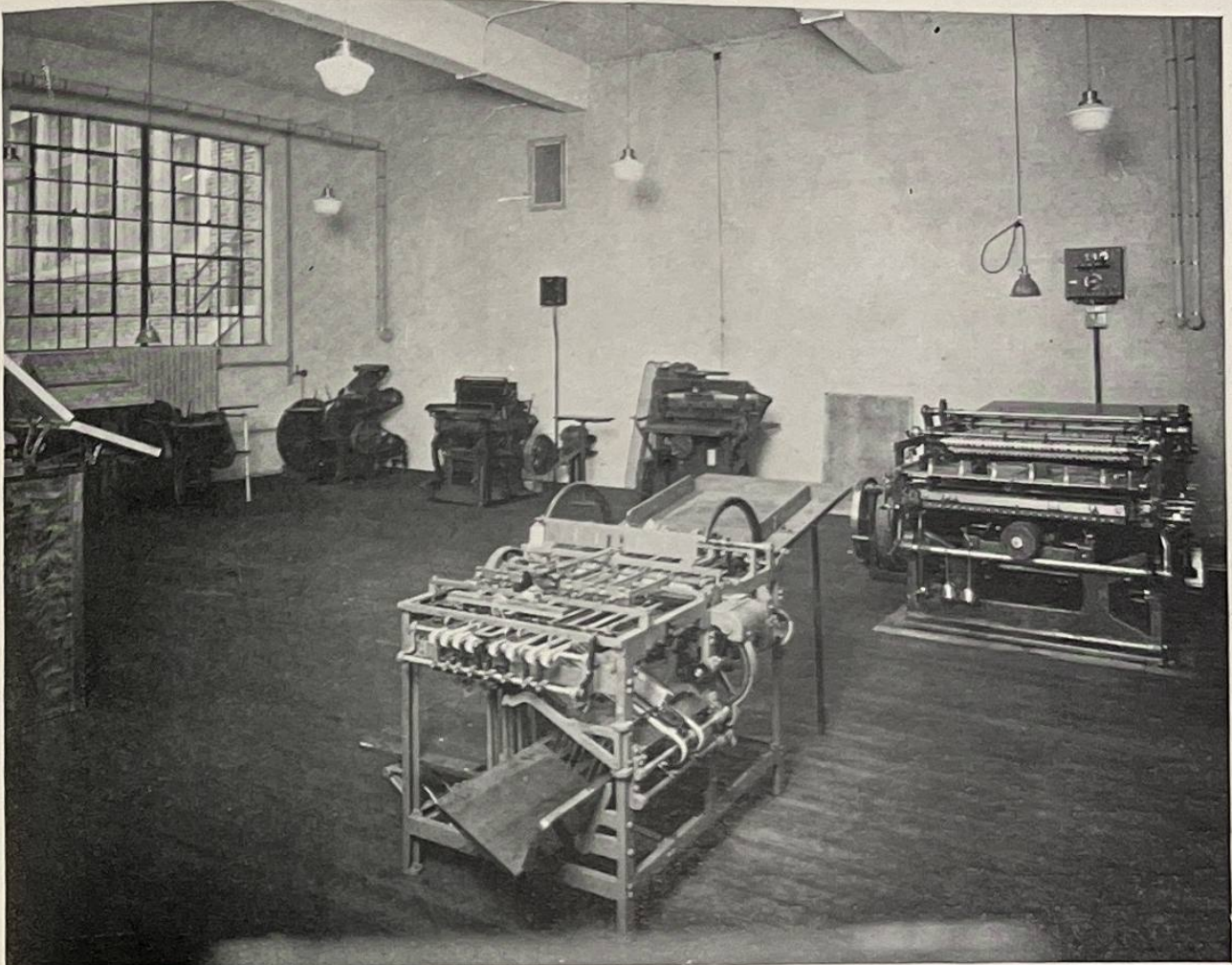
1. It is more beautifying.
2. It is more economical.
3. It is more sensible.
4. It is more easily arranged.

The reasons for bobbing hair are:

1. It is more beautifying.
2. It is more economical.
3. It is more sensible.
4. It is more easily arranged.

I have also found that although all women agree that there are only two classes of women, the long-haired ones think that the two groups are the long-haired and those who "are letting it grow"; and the bobbed-haired ladies consider the two groups to be those whose hair is bobbed and those who haven't the nerve!

EVELYN BURNS, '26.



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ALUMNI



PERSONALS

Marie Kroell, '24, who won a George Washington University scholarship last year, was a guest at the annual luncheon given at Rauschers recently for good scholarship by the Pan-Hellenic Council of the University.

John McInerney, '23, will take part in *The Shoe Maker's Holiday* by Dekker, to be presented soon by the members of the Shakespeare Society. Teddy Tenley, '23, and Rosemary Arnold, '17, are also in the cast.

Word has come from the Navy Department that Jack McQuade, '20, who graduated from the University of Maryland last June, has been declared honor student officer of the Marine Corps.

Lois Shively, '23, received her certificate from Peabody Conservatory of Baltimore on May 29.

Ruth Rives, '21, who recently completed her nurses' training course in a Philadelphia Hospital was awarded a gold medal for her high scholarship. She graduated first in a class of seventy-four. Miss Rives was editor of the *P. G. H.*, the class year book. She will remain at the hospital as an instructor next year.

Frank H. Linthicum, '05, who is also a graduate of the University of Michigan is president and general manager of the Linthicum Stone Corporation, a \$1,000,000 company just organized in Baltimore. Mr. Linthicum was captain of Company F while at Eastern and won the annual competitive drill.

Frank Parsons, '23, is a member of the George Washington University Rifle Team, which recently engaged in two matches, one in New York City and the other at the Naval

Academy. Frank is the youngest man on the team, and has already been awarded his G. W. He received valuable experience while at Eastern as captain of the Rifle Team.

CUPID'S CAPERS

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence S. Thomas recently announced the engagement of their daughter Rachel, '16, to Mr. Arthur Heisler Van Horn of Washington and Cleveland. The wedding will take place in October.

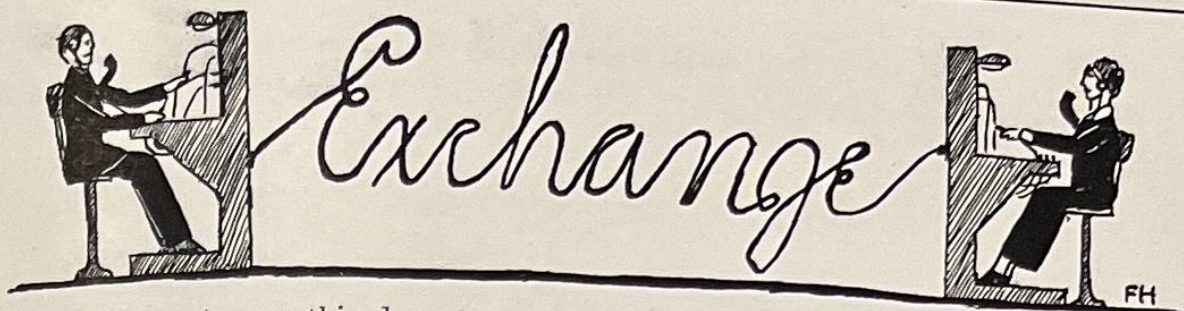
Mrs. Clara E. Graves announces the engagement of her daughter, Clara Edith Graves, '20, to Mr. Arthur A. Baker of New Britain, Connecticut. The wedding will take place in the early fall.

The marriage of Miss Helen P. Ainsworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ainsworth, to Theodore H. Smoot, '17, took place at the Metropolitan Baptist Church on April 11. David McCoy, '14, was best man.

As has been the custom of the Alumni Association for several years, two medals will be given by them to the most deserving graduates this year.

We regret very much to hear of the death of Amzi Smith, '98, who was vice-president and general manager of the Tennessee Eastern Electric Company and at the time of his death a resident of Johnson City, Tennessee.

Mr. Smith was formerly connected with the street railway system here and a member of several national electric organizations. He was a graduate of Cornell University, a mechanical and electrical engineer, and considered a leader in his profession in the South.



During the past year this department has received exchanges from about fifty different high schools and colleges in all parts of the country—from California to New Hampshire, and from Michigan to Alabama. There are on our exchange list school publications from towns with a population of less than a thousand, ranging up to the largest city in the country; some published only twice a year, and others published every week. In size they vary from the four-page newspaper to the 124-page magazine of New Castle High School, Pa. Some excel in one thing and some in another. All have been interesting and have shown us that even the best may be improved upon. We hope by comparing our magazine with those of other schools to continue to improve the EASTERNER so that it

may always hold a favorable position among the school publications of the country.

COMMENTS RECEIVED

THE EASTERNER.—A very good publication, and one of which your school can be proud.—*The Voice of South High*, South High School, Youngstown, O.

THE EASTERNER.—Your stories win our favor.—*Sound Waves*, South Junior High School, Waltham, Mass.

THE EASTERNER.—You have a good, peppy magazine. "The Awakening of James" deserves honorable mention. It is a good idea to have original cross-word puzzles in your magazine.—*The Mirror*, Punxsutawney High School, Punxsutawney, Pa.

BORROWED BLUES-CHASERS

"Where's your wife?"

"Gone to the West Indies."

"Jamaica?"

"No. It's her own idea."—*Balance Sheet*.

* * *

"Of course you know more than I do."

"Naturally."

"You know me and I know you."—*The Gleam*.

Fond Mother: "Yes, John is such a good boy. You know he is taking a medical course and he is working so hard that it even affects his sleep. Why the other night I heard him say in his sleep, 'Let me get to work. Boy, give me those bones!'"—*Monitor*.

* * *

Noah was opposed to gambling, so he sat on the deck.—*Eagle*.

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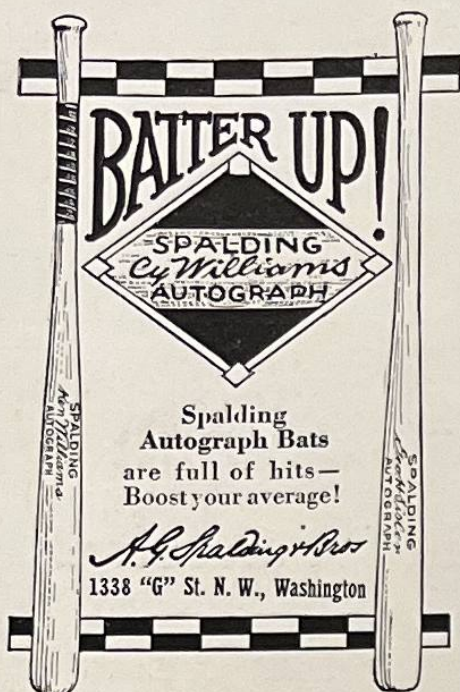
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Volume XXIX ::: EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL ::: November, 1925

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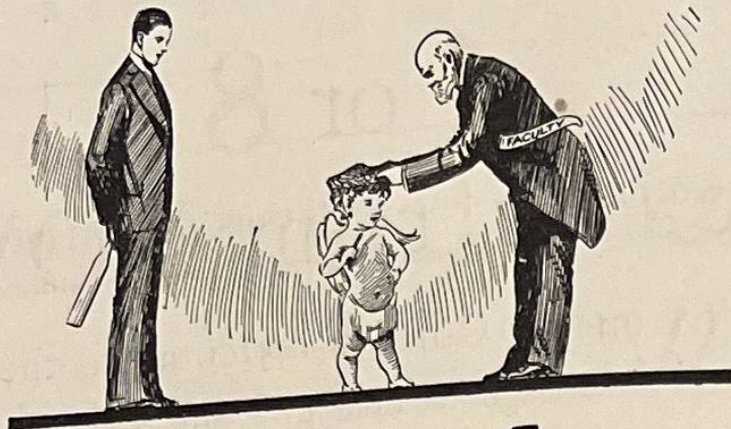
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boy to hold it all and you will have to be a man to stand it.

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So buck up Old Scout, and take your medicine. It's great to be a Freshman; you still have your chance to do a better job than the rest of us.

This advertisement jointly contributed to the good sportsmanship of the future citizens of Washington, by the post-academic school named on the opposite page.



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The Easterner

EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Motto: *Do Well, Do Better, Do Best.*

Published five times a year by the Students of Eastern High School, Washington, D. C.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.25 PER YEAR; BY MAIL, \$1.50. Single Copies, 25 Cents.
Commencement Number, 75 Cents.
Payable in Advance.



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No. 1

Easterner Staff 1925-1926

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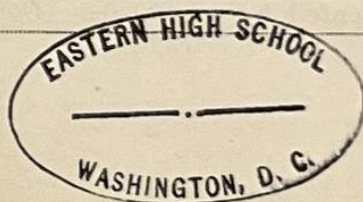
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Thelma Freyman, '26.

Aileen Davis, '27.
Elizabeth M. Feindt, '27.

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Traditions of Eastern

EVELYN M. BURNS, '26

New teachers, new students, and visitors to Eastern all remark on that beautiful and evasive thing in our school known as "spirit."

The spirit of Eastern had its birth back in the old days when the rapidly expanding high school population of Washington demanded the founding of the Capitol Hill High School in the upper stories of the old Peabody School.

In those days, the small student body made it possible for every one to know every one else, and gave the school the atmosphere of a large family home. At that time was created the spirit of democracy which exists, even now, in times when the tendency to move in "distinct circles" has descended on so many schools.

The spirit of joyous youth and fun which was strongly characterized in the H. F. C. in the old days still lives.

The H. F. C. constituted the most famous trio in the history of Eastern. William Hart (our own Principal's twin brother) was the "H." Bertram Foster (former president of the Alumni Association) and DeWitt Croissant (president of the Association this year) were the "F" and "C," respectively. Even today, on the frequent visits of members of the trio, we are reminded of the days when Eastern was young along with these "boys," who to the outside world are, respectively, a dignified doctor, a lawyer and a college professor, but each to us a beloved H. F. C. alumnus.

"Loyalty shall be our watchword, faithfulness our key;" so runs our school song. This, too, seems the motto of our alumni. Any college might be proud of the number who come from various states of the country to attend the annual reunion. The interest taken in our school by the alumni is made manifest by the annual presentation of gold medals to the boy and the girl graduate who have done most for the school. A recent proof of this interest is the fine motor bus presented by

the alumni to carry our athletes to and from the games.

The high scholastic standing of Eastern is one of its oldest and most honored traditions. In the days when the several Washington high schools held a combined graduation in Convention Hall, Eastern of all the high schools was prominent for its scholastic achievement. It was not at all an event for an Eastern graduate to be awarded the Kendall Scholarship to George Washington University.

Another characteristic of Eastern is her springing of surprises. Eastern boasts the honor of being the only school claiming a "rookie" company that won a Competitive Drill. The first year we had a senior class our boys surprised the city by winning the football championship. Again, we surprised Central by winning our first inter-high school debate. When we offered our first important dramatic production Mr. Emory Wilson, then principal of Central, remarked: "I have just seen the all-star company present *The Rivals*, but I take off my hat to Eastern." In the Spanish-American War and the World War, we volunteered more men in proportion to our size, than any other school in the city.

Two more striking characteristics has the school—originality and willingness to work for the school.

Witness the way money was procured to found the library. Prizes were offered to those who earned a dollar in the hardest and the most original ways, and for the one earning the most money. The boys and girls vend- ed sweets, shined shoes and gave entertain- ments to raise the money. The prize for the hardest work went to a boy who shoveled coal in a coal yard for a whole day, reaping a harvest of blisters. The novelty of DeWitt Croissant's (of H. F. C. fame) manner of raising money is quite amusing. He carried

(Continued on page 33)

Barbara's Big Brother

LAURA K. BARRETT, '26

"Look here, Bob! I believe this bottle has some paper stuffed in it. Let's see what it is," Johnny Kerr called to his friend as he held a dripping bottle above his head.

Both boys showed evidences of a summer spent on the water. This was their last fishing day before Johnny returned to the Naval Academy and Bob to his State University.

"Perhaps it's a message from a shipwrecked mariner. Better read it and learn the technique, Johnny. You might need it some day if you are going to stick to the Navy."

Johnny unwrapped the tightly folded paper and read aloud, "Barbara King, thirteen years old, 2193 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C."

"Well, not a shipwrecked mariner, at any rate, Bob! Hum, thirteen—it's a shame she's not a few years older. I'd like to know a cute Washington girl to drag June Week."

"Too bad, Johnny! But you can find plenty, I reckon. Not many under such romantic circumstances, though! Perhaps it's a good thing that the lady is of such tender years. With *your* whirlwind tactics, I can imagine the headlines now, 'Young Middie and Bride Introduced by Pop Bottle!'"

"Oh, quit kidding! Besides, it's not a pop bottle," murmured the disgruntled Johnny. "Let's go in. It's getting too rough for the fish to bite."

In silence, the friends rowed to shore.

Johnny's thoughts dwelt on the note in the bottle. "She must be clever, anyhow. Wish I had a kid sister like that. Believe I'll run over to Washington and look her up if I ever get a chance."

But a first classman at either Government Academy has little time for sentimental pilgrimages in search of a sister.

Not until his return from his first cruise after graduation did Johnny carry out his plan. Through the two years since the finding of the bottle, the name had remained

tucked away in a page of Johnny's address book.

Returning to New York from his home in Charleston, Johnny stopped over for a day in Washington. While hunting for a classmate's address, he came across Barbara's name.

"Wonder if she's still here. I believe I'll look in the 'phone book. Let's see—yes, this must be it: 'Mrs. Margaret King, 2193 Massachusetts Avenue.'"

A short conversation elicited the fact that Barbara was in Canada for the summer. Mrs. King was interested in the finding of the olive bottle, but gave little information of Barbara.

"Well, I seem fated never to meet my kid sister," sighed Johnny, as he turned from the 'phone. "Wonder if she's called Babs. Believe I'll write her some day."

Under the southern sun, thoughts of Babs again returned to him, and the letter was finally written. It brought a prompt answer.

It ran:

Dear Johnny,

I have always wanted a big brother. My aunt in Charleston (Mrs. Frank Johnson) told me that she knows your family and that you would make a lovely brother for me.

Isn't it funny that you should have found my letter 'way down in Car'line? I wrote it for fun when I was on a picnic. Mary said I was silly, but I guess I wasn't. Was I, Johnny?

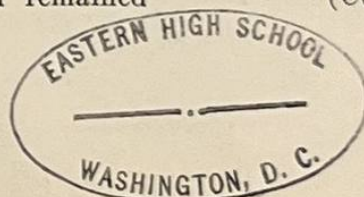
Johnny, couldn't you send me a picture? I should like to put it in my room. Please write to me often and tell me what you all do at sea.

Your loving sister,

Babs.

"So it is Babs!" grinned Johnny. "Writes a pretty scrawly fist, but I reckon she isn't over fourteen or fifteen anyhow."

The correspondence continued throughout the cruise. Occasionally, Johnny sent a small
(Continued on page 33)



*Our Poets' Corner***AUTUMN**

A fairy skipped across the fields one warm
October day,
Brushed all the grass with dancing feet, then
vanished quite away.
And soon, from all the grasses tall, where she
had lately trod,
There sprang a sun-hued flower, which was
called the goldenrod.

Next, to the woods the fairy went, light as a
summer breeze,
Shaking her wavy hair above the nodding,
whispering trees;
And all the leaves turned crimson, brown, and
golden as her hair,
And, when the scented zephyrs blew, fluttered
down ev'rywhere.

She breathed upon the summer fruit and
ripened everything.
Now birds of summer all began a farewell
song to sing.
And last, when purple summer flow'rs began
to fade and die,
The fairy gathered all their tints and
streaked them in the sky.

RUTH BELL, '28

FUTILITY

I chase a phantom all day long,
A phantom made of dreams;
I chase it o'er the mountain-tops
And next to murmuring streams.

I follow it through fairy mist,
Through sunbeams and through rain.
I have it near within my grasp—
Then it is gone again.

And though my soul cries out for rest
It has no rest to choose.
The phantom comes, the chase is on!
I near—I grasp—I lose!

GEORGE ROTH, '26

IN FAIRYLAND

The moonbeams filtered lightly,
Dancing lovely, dancing sprightly,
On the silver mist so brightly
Came a fairy.

Shimmering, gauzy, opalescent
Were her wings. A radiant crescent
Floated o'er her, iridescent,
Light, and airy.

Down into a dell she dancéd,
Funny elves and goblins prancéd,
And sweet music fell entrancéd
On the night.

Elfin skipped as they did chuckle,
Fairies swayed each silver buckle,
Trumpets of the honeysuckle
Pláyed bright.

Now a goblin, clever devil,
Doth a fairy's locks dishevel.
Ah, the sparkling, airy revel
Of the crew!

Now they trip o'er fragrant bowers
Hide and seek in airy towers,
Hop from many lovely flowers
Wet with dew.

Wilder, joyous, grow their gambols,
Elfin dart on wingéd rambles
From the grasses and the brambles,
Fairy folk.

Ah, how gleefully they chortle!
I would enter their fair portal.
Fool am I and but a mortal—
I awoke.

GEORGE ROTH, '26

FROM THE GYPSY CAMP

She wears a cap of emerald green,
A scarf of gay cerise,
A petticoat of purple sheen,
A yellow silk pelisse.

She wears a ruffled pinafore,
And to her own gay whistle
She dances at my kitchen door,
This wind-blown gypsy thistle.

—EVELYN BURNS, '26.

Eastern's Garden Spot

LAURA K. BARRETT, '26

Of all Eastern's prize possessions, none is lovelier than her garden. This is one part of the bustling, busy school where peace and quiet beauty always prevail. Surely no lovelier garden could be found than this one planned by Miss Lewanna Wilkins of the Biology Department.

Fall finds the garden glowing with the rich color of chrysanthemums, asters, and the Red Hot Poker lily, picturesque in name as well as in form. The spiraea adds a touch of blue to the brilliant picture.

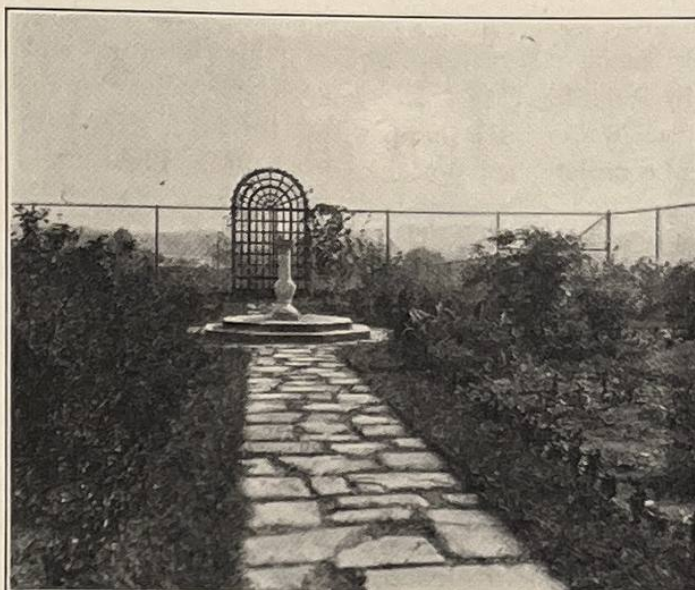
In the center of the garden stands the beautiful sundial, dedicated to Miss A. Margaret Merrill. The walks leading from the sundial to the trellised gates are laid with flagstones. These stones are placed far enough apart to allow the planting of grass between them. The walks are outlined with ever-green privet. Such details as this add much charm to the beauty of the spot.

It is the plan of the Biology Department to have flowers blooming there as much of the school year as possible. Perhaps in the spring the garden is the most beautiful. The wisteria, twining around the sundial, the ever popular rose, the brilliant peony, and the purple and yellow iris make a lovely picture for departing graduates to carry away from Eastern. Madonna lilies, flax, delphinium, pink dogwood—what an array of exquisite beauty!

The Department of Agriculture, has aided in the development of our plants—both in and outside the school, for we have excellent

facilities for plant culture inside the school in our greenhouse. Here we find plants flowering all the year.

Let the wind howl as it will, outside! In the greenhouse the temperature is kept even and warm by a separate heating plant. This makes it possible for the greenhouse to be kept warm during the long Christmas and Easter vacations when the school, itself, is cold.



SUNDIAL IN THE GARDEN

Here, plants are kept for use in the biology classes. Take a walk through it some day and see the queer and lovely plants. From this collection, we may buy plants for our own gardens. The proceeds from these sales are for the expenses of the garden as well as the greenhouse.

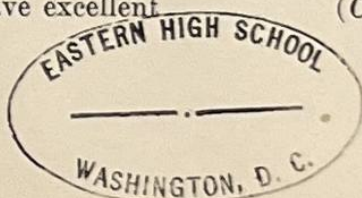
What an opportunity to have a garden of your own! Buy your flowers here and use the garden for a model.

Few schools have such beauty in garden as well as grounds. Much of the loveliness of the grounds is due to the help of Mr. Benjamin Y. Morrison of the Department of Agriculture, who has rendered invaluable aid in the planting of shrubbery around the school.

The garden, situated south of the greenhouse and at the eastern end of the school, is universally admired. Even the most heedless could hardly fail to appreciate this exquisite spot.

The formal, dainty outlines transport us from our own hurrying, crowded lives into a sweeter, more peaceful age. Surely wander-

(Continued on page 32)



Jonesy's Jolt

GEORGE ROTH, '26

Wilbur Jones craved a vacation—not the wild, cumbersome one that family life afforded; but a real vacation, an honest-to-goodness good time that wife and the “kiddies” always put a damper on. This time, however, promised to be a real treat, for the “missus” had decided to enjoy her vacation at home, letting the “kiddies” revel in the exciting delights of Glen Echo and Marshall Hall occasionally. “Jonesy”, therefore, was at liberty to enjoy his trip alone, and enjoy it he had planned to do.

Wilbur immediately made reservations at a fashionable hotel in Atlantic City, where he intended to stay two weeks. His happiness would have been complete had not the “wifey” cruelly decreed that a letter a day must be the price of his freedom.

Now the writing of letters was Jonesy's bugbear. The very thought of laboring over letter paper while the delicious ocean breezes tantalized his nostrils was torture too horrible for Wilbur to dwell upon.

Now, Wilbur Jones was a genius—not one of the recognized variety at whose feet the world places its tributes, but rather the garret-type, whose genius was realized only by Wilbur, himself. Of course, he fully expected monumental honors after his death; his all-powerful inner eye even foresaw extras printed at his demise. However, although veiled in utter secrecy, as Jonesy decreed it should be, until the end of time, his mighty powers were at last working in a tangible expression of his art.

Hours after his wife had retired, “Jonesy” would labor over countless manuscripts with the vitality that only genius possesses. From his pen issued many letters of the following type:

July 1

Dear Wifey,

The water is marvelous. Rather cool today, etc.

Wilbur

* * *

July 2

Dear Wifey,

The water is marvelous. Wish you were here, etc.

Wilbur

* * *

July 3

Dear Wifey,

The water is marvelous. How are the kiddies? etc.

Wilbur

* * *

After many long nights of gaslight labor, the work of his genius was completed. Wilbur was fairly beside himself with glee, partly over his cleverness and partly because of the good time lying gloriously ahead. Through his art the terrible spectre, Letter Writing, had been put to flight and Jonesy's nocturnal toil well repaid.

All was excitement in the Jones' household. Wilbur's long-awaited vacation trip was at hand. Ah—the hustle and hurry of it! Even the kiddies lent their tiny hands to “daddy's packing”. Amid the din, stood Jonesy, helpless and clumsy, in the face of such operations.

“Now enjoy yourself, Wilbur”, said his wife, adding, in a rather dictatorial tone, “only don't forget your daily letter.”

“Of course not, dear”, answered Jonesy, secretly embarrassed. “I promise you, truly, that you shall get your letter every day.”

Friend Wife continued with her work. She opened the various drawers, carefully folded clothes, and put them into his suitcase. Wilbur, finding the bustle rather nerve racking, strolled down to the drug store for several last minute necessities. On his return, an enraged figure met him at the door, a fiery figure, her hand clutching a large batch of white paper. “Jonesy” knew!

On the first of July the Hotel Ambassador in Atlantic City received the following letter: “Dear Sir:

Please cancel the reservation of Wilbur Jones for the two weeks, first to fourteenth.

Yours truly,

Wilbur Jones.”

Semester Honors—February—June, 1925

Eighth Semester

First Honors:

Margaret E. Deysher
Catherine Gibson
Marion R. Gaylord
Asenath Graves
Marie Hickey
Annie Horenstein
Drusilla Kincheloe
Vera H. Muir
Lillian M. Nally
Eugena M. Neumayer
Frances E. Orndorff
Anne M. Ross
Mary Schneider
Margaret Shea
Hannah Stolar
Herbert Angel
Stetson Conn
Aubrey Morales

Second Honors:

Hattie Bodenhamer
Maud Boynton
Mildred Cameron
Margaret Knapp
Mildred Repetti

Seventh Semester

First Honors:

Laura Barrett
Evelyn M. Burns
Nellie Dalrymple
Florence Painter
Wilma Shively
Josephine Tremain
Marian Warfield
Norman E. Budesheim
Robert Hanscome
William Lambert
Robert Mullen
Ivan Munch
Frank Scrivener
Lester Swingle
Alpheus Walter

Second Honors:

Olin Everett

Sixth Semester

First Honors:

Frances Arnold
Elizabeth Barr
Mary Beach
Oneda Brown
Helen Bryan
Elizabeth Clark
Beulah Freeman

Margaret Gibson
Roberta Harrison
Laura Haynie
Clara Heinrich
Margaret Hoover
Isabel Jaeger
Eleanor Johnson
Elizabeth McVeary
Elizabeth Miller
Myrtle Posey
Nola Sanborn
Alice Saunders
Bertha Schwartz
Anne Silverman
Mildred Spahr
Ethel Waters
Harry Portch
Walter Rhine

Second Honors:

Katherine Bailey
Miriam Fort
Daisy Hedges
Jessie Parks
Frances Roberts
May Talbert
William Heintz

Fifth Semester

First Honors:

Thelma Ammonette
Florence Barron
Margaret Brower
Mary Burns
Kathleen Cave
Virginia Coffman
Mildred Conklin
Eleanor Froehlich
Eleanor Harvey
Julia Hoopes
Marjorie Keim
Pearl Peverill
Pauline Walther
Julia Wayland
Evelyn Woolard
Ronald Brown
Henry Talbert

Second Honors:

Kathryn Clark
Ruth Jones
Ethel Smith
Russell Davis
Elmer Whitney

Fourth Semester

First Honors:

Virginia Barrett

Mabel Bell
Olive Cridler
Lucy Cuiffreda
Ellice De Forest
Eleanor Hoffman
Mary Kelso
Alice Kreisler
Agnes Raley
Elizabeth Roberts
Katherine Simons
Leah Woods
Margaret Woods
Albert Bean
James Brearley
George Butler
Alton Denslow
Pete Giancoli
Edgar Gilchrist
Robert Himes
John Quinn
William Sandridge

Second Honors:

Martha Evans
Margaret Herold
Margaret Peed
Edward Roberts
Leigh Ronning

Third Semester

First Honors:

Vetura Jarrett
Dorothy Lawrence
Mary Yowell
Isadore Matthews

Second Honors:

Esther Behrick
Melanie Boyer
Louise Turner
William Ackerman

Second Semester

First Honors:

Doris R. Bishop
Catherine S. Casteel
Barbara V. Daiker
Adele Davis
Roberta M. Fissel
Esther L. Linger
Helen E. Grissam
Beryl P. Hackley
Helen L. Hughes
Lyla R. Moss
Louise Perkins
Flora Robinson
Mary L. Sievers

Elizabeth J. Stivers
Mary A. Stecker
Theodore Blischoff
Max H. Cohen
Charles Critchfield
James S. Dietz
Samuel R. Hook
Frank N. Masino
Howard E. Rhine
Ralph W. Watt
Frank J. Whitney

Second Honors:

Audrey S. Bernhardt
Daisy Clements
Ruth E. Greenwood
Doris Hancock
Rhoda K. Hatton
Eleanor E. Jenkins
Margaret S. Payne
Irene Swan
Dorothy F. Depoy
Clayton T. Crane
Greer Ellis
John W. Hisle
Arthur Rollman
James Smith

First Semester

First Honors:

Caroline Burns
Natali Caponiti
Virginia B. Cook
Marguerite E. Cranford
Estelle K. Dunnington
Frances Hain Gernand
Rosali Jensen Goodhart
Louise Carol Meads
Cornelia Mullenax
Ida E. Parker
Mary E. Ryer
Rose Saidman
Helen Louise Walters
Gladys Marie Wilcox
Allan Edwin Ross
Vaneatella Ratteree

Second Honors:

Katherine L. Collins
Arella Lee Birmingham
Mary Augusta Kaiser
Leola Grace Olmstead
Frances Thomas
Peter Glascock
Thomas Ruby

Medals Awarded in June, 1925

Bronze:

Evelyn Burns
Florence Painter
Marion Warfield
Frank Scrivener
Mary Beach
Elizabeth Clark
Margaret Gibson
Roberta Harrison
Eleanor Johnson
Nola Sanborn
Anne Silverman
Harry Portch
Pauline Walther
Grace Baker
Esther Behrick
Esther Rankin
Mary Yowell
Isadore Matthews
Mabel Bell
Eleanor Hoffman

George Butler

Robert Himes
John Quinn
Doris Bishop
Sarah Casteel
Barbara Daiker
Roberta Fissel
Beryl Hackley
Rosamond Moss
Jeanne Stivers
Theodore Bishoff
James Dietz
Samuel Hook
Howard Rhine
Ralph Watt
Frank Whitney
Drusilla Kincheloe
Eugena Neumayer
Catherine Gibson
Anne Ross
Olive Cridler

Agnes Raley

Alice Kreisler
Margaret Woods

Silver:

Margaret Deysher
Hannah Stolar
Nellie Dalrymple
Elizabeth Barr
Oneda Brown
Florence Barron
Margaret Brower
Eleanor Froehlich
Julia Hoopes
Marjorie Keim
Julia Wayland
Virginia Barrett
Elizabeth Roberts
Katherine Simons
Leah Woods
James Brearley
Alton Denslow

Asenath Graves

Mary Schneider
Aubrey Morales
Lucy Cuiffreda

Enameled:

Laura Barrett
Wilma Shively
Josephine Tremain
William Lambert
Frances Arnold
Laura Haynie
Margaret Hoover
Elizabeth Miller

Gold:

Margaret Deysher
Annie Horenstein
Vera Muir
Margaret Shea
Hannah Stolar
Herbert Angel

Graduation Awards—June, 1925

Scholarships:

American University—
Ruth Greenwood
Irving Raley
Catholic University—
Louis Kline
Georgetown University—
John Bowman

Syracuse University—

Margaret Shea

Washington and Lee University—

Aubrey Morales

Strayer's Business College—

Herbert Angel

Home and School Association Award

for Perfect Attendance:

Esther Fern Floor

Alumni Association Awards:

Nathan Appleton Clark
Asenath Libby Graves

*Verse or Worse***SONG OF THE STUDY HALL
TEACHERS**

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

Be quiet while I call the roll.
 Order, please! Oh, order, please!
 Some quiet's good for every soul,
 Order, please! Oh, order, please!
 No talking, back there in the rear.
 You'll weep if sounds again I hear!
 You're going to get a "D," I fear.
 Order, please! Oh, order, please!

I yell for peace the livelong day;
 Order, please! Oh, order, please!
 Cease talking, or you will not stay.
 Order, please! Oh, order, please!
 Please change your seat, I beg of you.
 I'm sure you have some work to do!
 You can't converse and study, too.
 Order, please! Oh, order, please!

Is it the ink you're looking for?
 Order, please! Oh, order, please!
 You'll find some in the lower drawer.
 Order, please! Oh, order, please!
 There goes the bell! What a relief!
 Yet there is still some cause for grief:
 Here come some more! That's my belief!
 Order, please! Oh, order, please!

—RUTH BELL, '28.

TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION

With love of duty I'm not bless'd,
 For washing dishes I detest.
 When to my pleasures I would fly,
 There are the dinner dishes to dry.
 Or else, when all my tasks I'd con,
 Mother says, "Put the dishes on."
 I argue hard; I argue long;
 But all in vain, for I am wrong.
 It seems to me that school all day
 Would leave the evenings for play.
 My mother housekeeps all day long,
 While I, she thinks, spend time in song.
 When really I work hard all day,

And study too, which is not play.
 Methinks that I in desperation
 Will seek some other destination,
 Where food, according to my wishes
 Can be digested without dishes.
 Or if I nothing better meet
 From Woolworth's paper plates I'll eat.

FLORENCE PAINTER, '26

TRAGEDY

Once upon a midnight dreary, I was seated
 weak and weary,
 Pondering over many a curious volume of
 forgotten lore.
 Great and heavy was my sorrow, test befell
 upon the morrow.
 Inexpressible the horror of that awful night
 before
 Rising as a fearful spectre, haunting me now
 more and more.
 Struck the clock One, Two, Three, Four.

Hour after hour speeding found me reading
 ever reading,
 O'er books of truth and wisdom did my small
 mind search and pore.
 Suddenly my whole frame started, shades of
 night had swiftly parted,
 Day had come with all the horror of the test
 that was in store.
 With the terrible unceasing horror of the test
 in store.
 Staggering, I found the door.

Many months have taken wing, and test days
 now do find me singing
 In a strange and happy contrast to that
 fearful night of yore.
 Now there is within me burning, love of study,
 love of learning,
 And a safe and true assurance for the tests
 that lie before.
 Firm and positive assurance for the tests that
 lie before.
 (Believe it, and I'll tell thee more!).

GEORGE ROTH, '26

BURKE A LA LINCOLN

Seven score and ten years ago, Edmund Burke brought forth on another continent a new idea, conceived in righteousness and dedicated to the proposition of peace between England and her colonies. Now we are engaged in a fierce struggle with English 8, testing whether that idea or any other idea, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met in a classroom of that struggle. We have come to give up a portion of our class as a sacrifice to Burke, who racked his brains that his idea might live. It is altogether unfitting and improper that we should do this, for in our good senses we cannot discuss, we cannot improve upon, we cannot outline his idea. The brave English 8 scholars, living and dead [mostly dead], who have passed before us, have discussed this overworked topic far above our poor power to change or amend. Our teacher will little note, nor long remember what we say here on this subject, but we can never forget our struggles over it. It is for us, the present class, rather to borrow better outlines of this idea from those noble students who have borrowed those same outlines before us. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these borrowed outlines, we make our own—that we here highly resolve that they have not been made in vain—that the students on completing the book may have a new birth of freedom, and that the outlines of the students, by the students, and for the students, shall not perish under a D.

FRANK SCRIVENER, '26.

SHORT-STORY SORROWS

See him crowded almost double? In pain? Yes! He is trying to write a short story for journalism. A *short* story of one thousand words! First he writes a duel, but both characters die in two hundred words. A love affair is consummated in five hundred words, while a historical story is complete in six hundred. How can he get a thousand words? A story of a Jew is unsuccessful because the

chief character talks more with his hands than with his tongue! If only the writer can find something that will last through a thousand words! A story of a newsboy ends in seven hundred because all the papers are sold.

He stops a moment to ponder, and then suddenly he writes a story of a high school girl. He is forced to cut the conversation because he has a thousand words too many and the story is still unfinished.

GEORGE FINGER, '26.

THE FASCINATION OF THE FORBIDDEN

As fascination is a subject which I ordinarily place in the class of psychology and other "ologies," I feel totally unable to do this subject justice—not that certain things have not fascinated me, but rather that I am unable to explain the function of the brain, if it does function, under the spell of Fascination.

Even in my babyhood days, I recall, or my parents remember for me, that intense fascination which a red pencil or some other forbidden article, held for me. I always thought that I could cut my teeth earlier, and more efficiently, by using the red pencil rather than the ivory ring provided for that purpose.

Fascination for certain things was not totally overcome in my boyhood. There was always the yearning for the farmer's apples and watermelons, for smoking corn-silk behind the woodshed, and later the fascination, if so it may be termed, of skipping school and going fishing up the river.

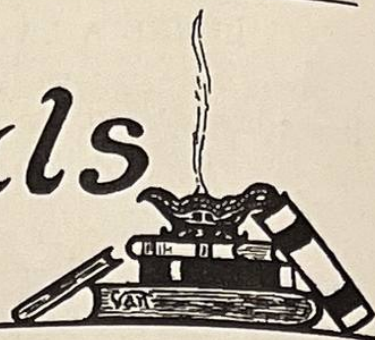
And now, I imagine that there are still fascinations to come which will intrigue me. There must be a certain victory in defeating nature's will (or trying to) by attempting to preserve one's youth, and by trying to keep one's hair from falling out.

In conclusion, I hope no one takes this paper seriously, as it is not intended as a contribution to universal science.

GEORGE R. BARKER, '26.



Editorials



OUR LUNCH ROOM REGULATION

We have a new rule regarding the lunch room. Tables have been placed on both sides of the room at the front. After we have eaten our lunches, we are to carry our dishes to one of these tables.

There is a purpose behind his rule, as behind all our rules. The rapid growth of our school has filled our lunch room to capacity at both lunch periods. The helpers cannot clear the tables in time for the next period without our cooperation. Therefore this plan was formulated.

If each one of us carries his own tray to the table, it will take about two seconds to accomplish the feat. Multiply this by 1800 and you have a small idea of the time you save the helpers. With this cooperation the hired help will not have to be increased. The money thus saved can be used in improving the lunch room without raising prices.

By doing your bit our lunch room will be a cleaner and more orderly place—one to which we shall be glad to welcome visitors. Most of us have remembered well, but some need a little reminder. It is in little things like this that we show our school spirit.

E. M. B.

BEHIND THE SCENES

It is our policy to give credit where credit is due. Let us, therefore, pause for a moment and pay tribute to a group of our most willing and useful helpers—the Eastern High stage hands.

Praise and honor come to those who give a successful dramatic performance. How much of this success is due to those who toil behind the curtains, setting each scene “just right,”

putting each chair in its proper place, making each light the right shade! All this must be done quietly, else confusion results; it must be done quickly, else boredom overcomes the audience; it must be done accurately, else the action of the play is handicapped.

These workers never appear before the footlights to receive their just share of applause, yet without them the play could never be produced. Under the leadership of Alpheus Walter, they attend rehearsals and spend many hours patiently waiting in case they are needed.

They must be responsible, trustworthy, and quick-witted. The splendid equipment of our excellent stage could not be entrusted to other than the best.

L. K. B.

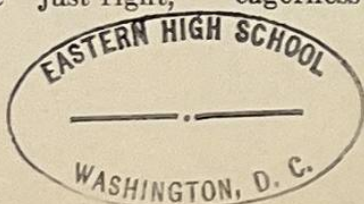
THE *EASTERNER* BOX

THE *EASTERNER* Box has a cavernous maw, a yawning maw, which yearns to be filled. THE *EASTERNER* Box has a hearty appetite and is capable of assimilating all sorts of edibles by way of ink-kissed copy.

After the long diet, necessitated by the summer vacation, the digestive apparatus is in a splendid working condition and would welcome any chance delicacy or decent meal.

The Box has a weakness for short stories and acts quite disgracefully upon hearing that one is about to be slipped into its greedy mouth. But it is very pleasant to hear the satisfied little cluck with which it swallows your manuscript.

The avidity of the thing is almost pitiful. Witness the fact that it recently swallowed a discarded and trampled paper cup in its eagerness to please the gnawing demands of



the inner anatomy. It ruminates carefully over the infrequent essay and fills its sweet tooth with occasional jokes. It delights in poems, particularly funny poems, which sharpen its appetite.

If there be any other toothsome thing by way of written stuff, it delights the Box. Only one requisite exists: the work must be original. This Box detests predigested food—such stuff destroys the joys of mastication.

Be it resolved, therefore, that we each make an effort to do a deed of charity—save a hungry EASTERNER Box!

E. M. B.

Eastern High School,
Washington, D. C.

Dear "Rookies":

We, as upperclassmen, wish to extend to you a hearty welcome to our school and yours. We hope that you will learn to love and uphold it always, and that you will form many lasting friendships.

Eastern has always stood out among the other high schools of the city for scholarship. Successful lawyers, doctors, statesmen, and soldiers have enjoyed their high school days at Eastern. Always remember they began just as you are beginning, as "rookies."

Fellow students, we want you to feel that we are all your friends. If we can help you, come to us for help. We want to feel that we are all one big family and not divided. We want to make Eastern shine as it never has before, and we can do it only with your help.

With your help we can win championships, we can win honors of all kinds, and best of all we can win the drill. Therefore, please come out to support our teams and cheer the boys who are drilling so intensively to win.

If you know Eastern and immediately become a part of it, you will soon learn to love it and endeavor to live up to her motto, "Do well, do better, do best."

Very sincerely your friends,

THE UPPERCLASSMEN.

Jesta Jester

*Rookies, rookies everywhere,
With their childish prattle.
Let's take a collection up
And buy each dear a rattle.*

* * *

Speaking of "rookies," if they continue to be younger every year, new traffic regulations will have to be made concerning the students' perambulators.

* * *

*"I throw away most any dress
That is a little mussed."
Said Mrs. Bragg, "That's nothing,
Our maids clean with gold dust."*

* * *

Some people think they are being "ritzy" when they are eating chocolates and reading the *Book of Etiquette*.

* * *

*"O, Mabel, look who's down the street!
Isn't it Lawrence Pringle?"
"Why no, my dear; it's Florence
With her brand new 'boyish' shingle."*

* * *

"Bobbed Hair." They debated this momentous question at Eastern a few weeks ago. The debate itself, however, faded into the background when several prominent teachers set forth their opinions concerning the "bob." At least, we won't be surprised if Mrs. Hall comes to school one of these fine autumn mornings displaying the latest "shingle."

* * *

*Sweaters loud and flaming neckties,
Cretonne vest and knickers;
Trousers thirty inches wide,
And yellow oilskin slickers.*

* * *

A rather elderly man, passing the school on one of those rainy October afternoons, noticed quite a number of Easternites emerging from school in the collegiate raincoats.

"Times sure have changed," he was heard to remark. "Judging from the raincoats they must be giving a course in street-cleaning in there."

GEORGE ROTH, '26.

SCHOOL news



A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Time—Copy day for THE EASTERNER.

Place—Some room in Eastern.

Plot—The Editor of School News sits worried. Where is he to get his material to fill his allotted space in THE EASTERNER? While he is wondering, the spirit of General Knowledge comes to his aid.

Cast of Characters as They Appear

Editor of School News.....A newsless creature
General Knowledge.....The master of an observing group of spirits

Mate Uno.....	} Captains under General Knowledge
Mate Dos.....	
Mate Tres.....	

Editor of School News: Today is copy day, but I have nothing to submit. I dare not delay, for deadline will cut me short and I shall be reprimanded for my failure to produce the goods. Material is scarce. I am perplexed. What's that?

A Voice: I see that you are in deep trouble. My name is General Knowledge and I believe that my helpers may be of some assistance to you.

Editor of School News (further perplexed): I hear your voice, General Knowledge, but I cannot see you; however, I shall gladly receive any information that you may impart.

General Knowledge: I shall summon Mate Uno. Ah, Mate, you are very prompt. Have you news that will relieve this patient sufferer?

Mate Uno: Yes, Master, I have news concerning the Student Council and its officers. On October 20, the Council met in Room 112 to elect officers. The result of the balloting was as follows: President, Alpheus Walter;

Vice-presidents, Marvel Douglas and Roberta Harrison; Secretary, Kingsland Prender. The Council is composed of eighteen members including one boy and one girl from each semester and two members at large. The members are:

Semester	Boy	Girl
8th—	William Lambert	Hildegard Cook
7th—	Kingsland Prender	Marvel Douglas
6th—	John Quinn	Marjorie Keim
5th—	Parker Faber	Beryle Edmiston
4th—	Victor McCloskey	Hulda Braden
3rd—	Thomas Neff	Alice Law
2nd—	Daniel Howell	Mary Hanson
1st—	Earle Miller	Bernadette Achstetter

Members at large: Alpheus Walter, Roberta Harrison.

Master, when I heard your summons, I was admiring the new set of the *Chronicles of America* in the library. I heard Miss Boyd say that Mrs. Harry Lee Rust presented eight sets of the fifty books to the high schools of the city. Eastern now has two sets of the *Chronicles*.

Master, I find that the new class, Commercial Law, is progressing nicely under Mr. Williamson's capable guidance.

Master, I am just recovering from the shock I received when I saw two of our students blocking traffic in the corridors by displaying their gaudy vests and cravats. One of them wore a clumsy blue bow tie to offset the peacock-decorated, cretonne waistcoat. The other student displayed a like vest, but wore a red tie with white dots.

General Knowledge: Very good, Mate, go seek more news. I shall now call upon Mate Dos. How fast you came, my second mate. Give us fresh information.

Mate Dos: Maitre, there have been four

assemblies to date. The first was for the purpose of receiving a bus given to the school by the Alumni Association. Dr. DeWitt Croissant, President of the Association, formally presented the bus while Miss Roberta Harrison accepted it on behalf of the student body.

At the next assembly Mr. Claus J. Schwartz made a plea for more members for the athletic association.

On October 16, sixteen prospective cheer leaders were tried and the following were selected: A. Heeke, Head; A. Walter, J. Madison, E. Kidwell, B. Langhenry, M. Rice.

At the assembly on October 23, Laura Barrett, second assistant editor of the EASTERNER, told the student body of some of the features of the coming issue of the official school publication and urged one hundred per cent subscription. "Big Chief" Coach Guyon then gave the audience a tremendous treat by appearing clad in a brilliant Navajo blanket, with a broom placed behind his head. To add effectiveness, he carried a hatchet. After five minutes of continued applause, the coach told us that he was on the war path and was out to beat Business. Several new cheer-songs were tried out. They ran thus:

"Rock, Chalk, Jay, Hawk, Eastern." (5 times.) This was more of a chant than a song.

"Oh, get the ball, O Eastern,
And take it far away,
For ——— must remember
It has met our team today.
We never make a fumble,
When our boys begin to play,
So we'll snow old ——— under
And win the game today.
Oh, play the game fair, Eastern,
Our boys are all true blue;
——— cannot stop our line,
We are rushing right straight through.
Our line is like a stone wall,
Nobody can get by;
Our boys are on the field today
To do their best or die."

The initial meeting of the Home and School Association held on Friday evening, October 23, was a success. The programme included introductory remarks by Dr. Raymond Fisher, President; five-minute talks by pupils on school activities; and music furnished by a trio composed of violin, cello, and piano, and by the Eastern High School Orchestra under the direction of Mrs. C. V. Byram.

General Knowledge: My second mate, you are very observant and I am well pleased with your report. Now, I shall call for advance notices which Mate Tres will——

Mate Tres: Maestro, I am here at your first thought of me and I bring news concerning the Fall Show. I heard Miss Ella Monk say that the show would be given on Friday and Saturday, November 20 and 21. In all probability the entertainment will be vaudeville including some musical numbers, two or three sketches, and some dance groups. Miss Monk is receiving valuable assistance from the Misses Ethel T. Prince, Olivia A. Taylor, Kate C. Moore, Rosemary Arnold and Nellie E. Curtis.

Maestro, the French class of Claus J. Schwartz looks forward to its foreign correspondence. When letters are received from France, Mr. Schwartz takes time out to read them to the class.

The 1,682 students are well taken care of at noon hour. The students may dance in the armory; the girls may have a social hour and there is a room for students wishing to study.

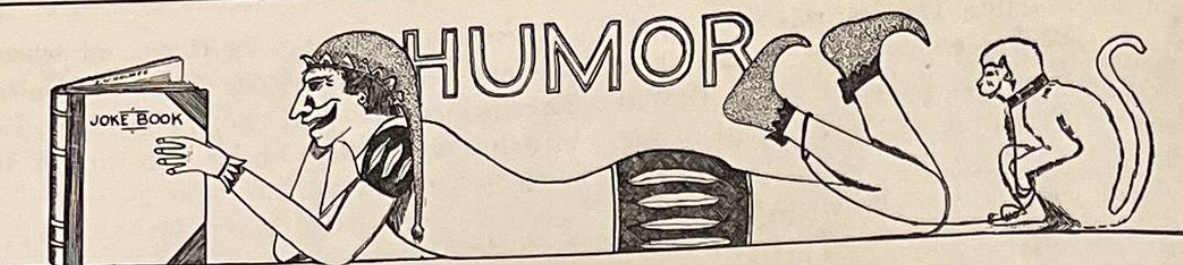
General Knowledge: My third mate has left to seek more news. Now, Mister Editor, can you use what I have told you?

Editor of School News: Yes, you have relieved my school days and freed my nights from horrible dreams of chasing, insistent editors.

CURTAIN

The Officers' Examination

Mr. Haworth, who was in charge of the examination, was very obliging. He answered no questions of any sort.



Lunchroom Lingo

1. "Oh, I think he's darling."
2. "I flunked that math exam."
3. "Lend me your homework."
4. "In Goldenberg's Bargain Basement?"
5. "Did you use a pony?"
6. "We sat in the balcony—the cheap skate."
7. "Is Miss——very hard on you?"

* * *

Finger: "What you say to me goes in one ear and comes out the other."

Elise Scharf: "The same thing will happen if I blow in one."

* * *

Elmo Jones to Paul Spalding, who is sitting near Miss Holmes: "Teacher's pet, teacher's pet!"

Spalding: "Do they?"

* * *

Lillian Hall: "Did you hurt your leg in gym, Rosella?"

R. Jarvis: "No—learning the Charleston."

* * *

McAllister: "I'd walk a mile for a——."

J. Madison: "A camel?"

McAllister: "No. A pony."

* * *

James Gilson to Dorothy Ashford, who has just dropped her compact: "You sure have lost your complexion."

* * *

From the test papers:

"General Braddock had three horses shot from under him and the fourth went through his coat."

"A vacuum is a large place where the Pope lives."

"A triangle is an angle with three triangles."

Heard in Biology Class

Mr. Flury (to Ruth Wannall): "Have you read the lesson in Hunter?"

Ruth Wannall: "No."

Mr. Flury: "Have you read the extra assignment in Coulter's *Plant Studies*?"

Ruth Wannall: "No."

Mr. Flury: "What have you read then?"

Ruth Wannall: "Hair."

* * *

Miss Monk (in dramatics): "Lawrence, don't slouch so."

Smallwood: "But, Miss Monk, I'm supposed to be a policeman."

* * *

We'll Call Him to "Account"

Miss Egbert (trying to recruit some members for the Debating Society): "James Bridges, why don't you join? You need a little change from bank work."

Voice from rear (believed to be Eddie's): "He does get a little change, everyday."

* * *

Overheard in the Dramatic Club

Alicegene: "What do I get for crying in this act?"

Scruggs: "Popularity, of course."

Alicegene: "What? For crying out loud?"

* * *

Miss Murray (to Early entering class): "Early, you're late."

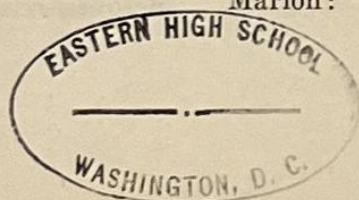
* * *

Mary Burns (in the Library): "Have you read *The Kentucky Cardinal*?"

Marion Paull: "No, religious books don't appeal to me."

Mary: "But this Cardinal was a bird."

Marion: "Scandalous!"



Page Mr. Hart!

"Monk" Martin was reading "Dr. Faustus" and Miss Monk had to leave. Martin, however, continued reading in his clear tranquil voice which could be heard now and then over the deadly calm that prevailed—oh, yes. The appreciative audience was gently whispering for him to sit down while Messrs. Langhenry and White carried the tenor and alto parts of a cat-call conducted for "Monk's" benefit. Our dauntless hero continued reading. This annoyed the class greatly, for they wanted to hear Elsie Burger tell about the horrid bus that hit her auto and the ultra-beautiful man who gave her water when she fainted. Suddenly all eyes were turned towards Martin. Someone jumped and said, "Lay aside that damned book."

Now girls, don't faint; it was only McGlathery reading his lines out of the book.

* * *

Famous Quotations

"Take your things and go back to the study hall."—*Miss Boyd.*

"Listen here! Let me tell you something!"—*Miss Murray.*

"If you don't get it now, you never will get it."—*Miss Monk.*

"What's this conglomeration of nothing?"—*Miss Shelp.*

"Stop talking!"—*Miss Franz.*

"The score was—That reminds me of a story."—*Coach Guyon.*

"Is your notebook up-to-date?"—*Mr. Suter.*

"Out where the west begins and the pavement ends."—*Mr. Rath.*

"Boil it down."—*Miss Egbert.*

* * *

Dr. Howard (in shorthand class): "All those who can read this page, raise their hands."

(All hands go up except those of a little girl in the front of the room.)

Dr. Howard: "What's the trouble with you, girlie? Why can't you read it?"

The little one: "You have my book."

Miss Murray (in history): "Brooks, a southern sympathizer, hit Sumner across the head with a cane."

Joe Tracy: "Did the South furnish the cane?"

* * *

Esther Yowell: "Where was Solomon's temple?"

Jennie Lee: "In his head, of course."

* * *

Miss Monk (to Radice who was having trouble pronouncing it): "Julie, what does 'acoustics' mean?"

Julie: "Why er-ah- paint and powder."

* * *

"Jawn" Connor (to instructor who was proving purity of pop, to be used in experiment): "I wouldn't drink that."

Mr. Winicov: "I wouldn't give it to you."

* * *

Nicholson to Smallwood: "Say, Smally, can't she tell some good ones?"

Smallwood: "How come?"

Nick: "She told me her brother graduated from the Electoral College."

* * *

Big Hoffman: "I wonder why Lowry never recites in class."

Little Hoffman: "He doesn't talk in his sleep."

* * *

The School extends its deepest sympathy to the pupils who lost their grandmothers during the World Series.

* * *

Harry Rosen (to Frances Galatzo in Chem.): "If I drop this quarter in this solution will it dissolve?"

Frances: "No, if it would you wouldn't drop it in."

* * *

Laura Barrett (to organ grinder): "Was that last selection by Mozart?"

Organ Grinder: "No, by handle."

* * *

Regimental Staff, reviewing cadets: "Pretty rank."

TURNED TABLES

"What would you say if I told you we had an English assignment to teach the teachers today?" F. asked me one morning.

"Mmm, I'd recommend a treatment at a certain hospital in Congress Heights," I scoffed cynically.

"You're not so smart as you think you are. The teachers are going to let us teach them today. If you want to help, come on."

Skeptically, I followed her to a room filled with members of the faculty.

"Take out papers and pens, and prepare for a test," she began while I sank helpless into a chair conveniently near.

"Miss Egbert, stop borrowing paper, 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be.'"

"Miss Arnold, have you forgotten your pen again? That's carelessness, and carelessness has no excuse. See me at the close of the period."

"You may leave the room, Miss Stockett, and do not return until you have washed the paint from your face."

"What! Miss Shelp, you have neglected to study your lesson? You may report after school to make the work up."

"Please keep still for a few minutes, Mr. Williamson. I can't hear myself think."

After a half hour of busy scribbling, Miss Egbert handed in her paper.

"That answer is too long; boil it down," commanded F. "Besides I shall correct no paper with such penmanship. Copy it after school."

"Miss Gardner, I wish you'd be more careful with your punctuation," she continued, glancing over the paper just handed in.

"Miss Murray, stop your foolishness. I'm mad—oh, I'm so mad!" F. screeched.

"Miss Watts, please remove that gum and sit up straight. Sagging shoulders are unbecoming," she reproved.

"All right, children, I'll collect the papers now. What! You haven't finished? How you waste time! You don't concentrate. That's the trouble with you."

"Class is dismissed. Mr. Haworth, come back. I haven't assigned the homework yet. For tomorrow, take twenty pages of Burke's 'Speech on Conciliation'; the next chapter of history; study the last ninety pages of chemistry; for journalism count the number of words that have been so far used in newspapers; for geometry, take the first forty-nine propositions. I am making the assignment light, so that you can attend the brilliant lecture tonight on 'Modern Morals'."

POPULAR SCHOOL FICTION

The Covered Wagon—Eastern's bus.

The Orphan—Any Rookie.

The Great Moment—Graduation Day.

The Purchase Price—\$1.00 (for athletic ticket).

The Big Blue Soldier—Col. Edward Andrus.

The Hunted Woman—Miss Monk.

The Sheik—Mr. Rath.

Get Your Man—Coach Guyon (to football team).

The Price She Paid—\$1.25 (for EASTERNER).

The Understanding Heart—Mr. Hart.

The Three Musketeers—Radice, Heeke and Hogge.

The Major—Clayton Gibbs.

Six Feet Four—Mr. Williamson.

If Winter Comes—Go to Florida.

The Bastile—Eastern High School.

Twenty Years After—Who knows?

PETER F. MANGANARO, '27.

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS

Scene

A quiet street.

Act I

A big, fat man.

Act II

Banana peel.

Act III

Virginia Reel.

Self conquest is the greatest of victories.—
Selected.



EXTRACTS FROM A ROOKIE'S DIARY

Sept. 21, 1925:

I arose this morning with a feeling of anticipation, for this was to be my first day at Eastern. Tonight I feel that there has been a murder committed, for all my joyful anticipations were killed the first thing this morning. I couldn't find my way around the building and had to ask one of my dear senior classmates the way to a certain room. After being kindly directed and told that this was the place I was looking for, I arrived at Mr. Hart's office. So ends, it seems to me, a failure of my first day at Eastern.

Sept. 25, 1925:

I have been so busy that I just haven't found time to write the last few days, for school life is full of work and maybe a few pleasures. I have made one friend of a senior through my gymnastic work. I like all my teachers very much, but I somehow feel as if I am not a part of Eastern. Everywhere I am affronted by upper classmates who endeavor to make me realize my insignificance.

Sept. 29, 1925:

We had an assembly this morning and somehow I lost my fear with the cheer-leaders' "Punch and Judy" for Eastern. I hope that I can soon become a part of this vast mechanism.

Oct. 22, 1925:

I went to the Fidelis Club Party and was welcomed so royally by all the members that I decided to join them. It seems to be a jolly good bunch of girls and I hope to have fine times with them.

Oct. 27, 1925:

Everything is moving nicely. I thought I was buried in a modern pyramid; but now, like Theodore Roosevelt, I am rising up and am going to try to drive the hearse. With the rest of the Easternites, I can say, "Three cheers for Eastern High School!"

HELEN SWICK, '29



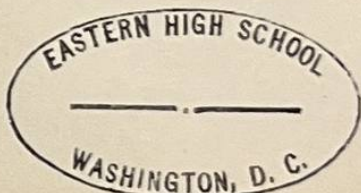
A Cretonne Creation

A MODERN JOSEPH

The eyes of those alert for excitement popped when a modern Joseph with a coat of many colors appeared in our halls one sunny October morning. Joseph with his coat of many colors boldly invaded the celebrated halls of Eastern, in the garb of a sophisticated collegiate.

The modern Joseph's coat was made of the loudest cretonne ever designed, and was trimmed in bands of royal purple.

Some kind soul should bring his camera to school, and photograph this rare specimen.





WHAT THE NEW 1925 FOOTBALL RULES MEAN

By KNUTE K. ROCKNE

Famous Notre Dame Football Coach

Football is going to be a lot more fun for the fellows in the stands this year, and for players as well, because the ball is to be kicked from the 40-yard line instead of from mid-field.

Last year two radical changes in the kick-off were made. The tee which all good kickers used was declared illegal, and the ball was kicked from the 50-yard line. It was thought that eliminating the tee, and thus cutting down both height and distance of the ball's flight, would compensate for the 10-yard difference.

But it didn't. Repeatedly high school and college kickers, accustoming themselves to a teeless kick-off, sent the ball over the goal line for a touchback. That meant that it was brought out to the 20-yard line and put in play. And one of the greatest thrills in football, the return of the kick-off, was almost entirely eliminated from the game.

In only a few cases—"Red" Grange's 95-yard run at the start of the Illinois-Michigan game was one of them—were the spectators treated to the colorful, thrilling sight of a man catching the ball, and ten others forming themselves into an interference in front of him to dash down the field. So the Football Rules Committee, conferring on 1925 rules, decided that henceforth kick-offs would be made from the 40-yard line without the tee.

Another important rule change is that affecting the penalty when the defensive team is off-side. The penalty is five yards as before, but the down remains the same. Under the old rules, which penalized the offenders five yards and made it first down, unfair hardships were sometimes worked.

The penalty on clipping has been standardized with the same purpose—to avoid misunderstanding. When a man "clips" an opponent—that is, throws his body across the legs of the other fellow from behind and brings him down—his team

is penalized 25 yards from the spot where the clipping took place.

The new rule on blocked kicks is the fairest yet devised. Its first provision is that a punted ball blocked behind the line of scrimmage belongs to whichever side recovers it, but counts a down against the kickers if that side recovers. Formerly a blocked kick recovered by the kickers meant first down.

On a partly blocked kick which crosses the line of scrimmage, the ball is played exactly as if it had never been touched. This rule is intended as a clarification to prevent misunderstandings like that which arose in the Michigan-Iowa game of 1923. Kipke of Michigan punted, and the ball tipped the fingers of Hancock of Iowa, but went far across the line of scrimmage. This made it anybody's ball, under the old rule; but nobody except one official and Jack Blott, Michigan center, had noticed that Hancock had touched the ball. Blott, like a flash, went down the field after the punt, and finally fell on it, making it Michigan's ball. It was a deciding play in the game; under the new rules, however, the ball would not be eligible for Michigan to take until some other Iowa player, other than the blocker, had touched it.

The "time out" rule has been altered slightly to provide that, when a man is injured, time is called and a substitute goes in, it counts as one of the team's four "times out" in the half unless the team has already called for time four times. This is intended to speed up the game slightly.

There are always a lot of football fanatics who want to introduce sets of rules to make the game more like soccer, or more like rugby, or more like tiddle-de-winks, bobbing up each fall. But none of the new rules is of that classification. Football is a good game now, a healthful, sportsman-like game, and undue tampering with its rules can do nothing but harm.

(Reprinted by permission from the *American Boy Magazine*.)

EASTERN'S FOOTBALL TEAM

Football, the king of fall sports, is in our midst! This year Eastern has put on the field of battle one of the best fighting teams since Coach Guyon has been at Eastern. The

possibility of Eastern's winning the 1925 inter-high school championship is very bright.

Coach Guyon's proteges are ever ready to meet their opponents and to play their best

for the honor of the school. The team has proved this by defeating the strong Georgetown Prep boys, 9—0.

In the first game that Eastern played in the inter-high school series, our team showed its caliber by turning back the team of Business High School with the score of 12—6. Heeke's stellar work was the feature of the game.

The Eastern-Western game, played during the first snow storm of the season, resulted in a tie, 6—6.

This year, Mr. Rath, the boys' new physical training instructor, is assisting Coach Guyon with the football squad. His football knowl-

edge and experience are proving of great value. The team is ably managed by Joseph Cosimano.

The squad is composed of Elliot, Radice, Murray, Madigan, Nicholson, Heintz, O'Brien, Allman, Heeke, Zambreny, Sutton, Hogge, Langhenry, Clifford, Brashears, Dawson, Hunt, Lawson, Miller, Smallwood, and Wyatt.

All that the boys ask is the hearty support and cooperation of the faculty and student body. Come out, everyone! Cheer at every game, and let the team know that you are behind it and wishing for its success.

COACH'S NEW METHODS

In preparing his football team for the grid struggles this year, Coach Guyon has adopted some new methods.

When his charges first come out on the field, Mr. Guyon puts them through a series of calisthenics, which tend to strengthen their muscles. They are then told to run up and down the field a few times to improve their breathing. When they are completely tired out and are lying around like a lot of dead men, the manager gives each of them a lump of sugar. At first thought, this seems ridiculous, but it is no secret that college coaches give sugar to their teams, as an energy-builder. Still, it is rather startling and seemingly foolish to hear a big, 180-pound half-back call, in a whining voice, "Hey, Coach, where's my sugar?"

JOHN HANN, '27

The only times when football is played are:

When it is hot
When it is cold
When it is raining
When it is snowing
When it is muddy
When it is dry

At other times the game is called off.

EDWARD D. ANDRUS, '26

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Golf

On October 15, Miss Culbertson and ten other golf "fans," organized the first girls' golf club at Eastern. The officers elected at the second meeting are: Regis Dunnigan, President; Ruth Apperson, Vice-President; and Marvel Douglas, Secretary and Treasurer. Miss Culbertson will instruct the girls every Tuesday on the West Potomac golf course, when the weather permits, and thereafter practice will be indoors until spring. It is hoped all enthusiasts will attend these weekly meetings and make the sport a success. Here's luck to all the Eastern golfers!

Clock Golf

Another new sport at Eastern, that ought to become very popular, is "Clock Golf." A twenty-five-foot clock has been laid out on the lawn in the rear of the girls' gymnasium, and instructions will be given in the gym classes to develop interest in the game as a noon-time activity. It is not strenuous, requiring skill rather than strength. For girls who are too restless to sit quietly in the auditorium after lunch, this sport will be a welcome relief.

Soccer

It's beginning to look as though new sports come to Eastern girls "three in a row." Golf,

(Continued on page 34)



Cadet Officers Speak

We're off! We are on the inside track! We have made a very good start this year with the appointment of one of our very own to the colonelcy, the highest position in the brigade.

Eastern has never won a battalion drill, but this year we *WILL*. The battalion spirit is one hundred per cent. The men have shown their willingness to cooperate to the fullest extent. The long, hard grind has begun. The drills may seem hard and monotonous; but next spring when we bring back our winning battalion, we shall see that all of this effort was not wasted.

So far we have had no battalion drills, but from the progress the companies are making now, I think we can start in the very near future.

At present, we have only four companies; but we hope that our recruiting campaign, which we started a few weeks ago, will net us enough men for one more company.

Lastly, I ask you, Faculty and Student Body, for your cooperation. Will you give it to us?

MAJOR GIBBS

Company A, although but recently organized, already shows promise of being a real

contestant in the Competitive Drill. The splendid cooperation of officers and men, the snap and precision with which the company has executed the various commands during drill, together with the spirit of the company as a whole, arouse our greatest hopes for future success.

Let's go, for the most successful year that Company A has ever had!

CAPTAIN THOM

Company D, as you probably know, is made up of the little fellows. We should like to remind you of that old maxim, "The best goods comes in small packages." As yet, they have not shown their full value and ability. This company should bring success to itself, and be an honor to Eastern.

CAPTAIN SWINGLE

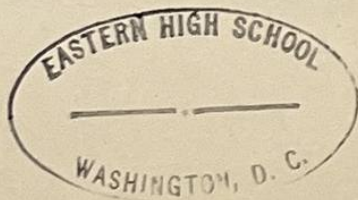
The ultimate goal and ambition of Eastern's cadets is to win the various competitions for cadets held during the school year. The only way to realize such desires is by working as a unit. We, of Company C, realize this. It is our intention to pull with the rest of Eastern's cadets and put the Light Blue and White on top.

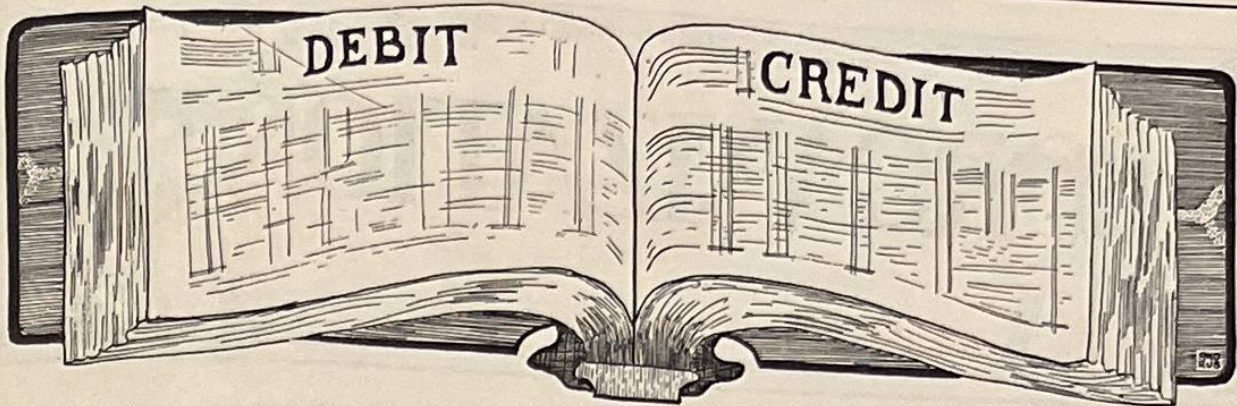
CAPTAIN PORTCH.

Modesty on the part of the Cadet Editor forbade his writing of the most important news of the year. Eastern has won her ninth colonelcy. Surely with such an achievement to our credit, all branches of cadet work should succeed.

Edward Andrus, one of our prominent Seniors, has brought this coveted honor to us. As Colonel of the entire Washington High School brigade, he has indeed acquired new glory for himself and for his school.

L. K. B.





We, as editor and reporter for the commercial page, on behalf of the commercial students, fully appreciate the addition of the commercial page to the *EASTERNER*. We sincerely hope that it will prove to be a success.

LOUISE PERKINS, '26,
MILDRED SOTER, '26.

THE STUDENT'S OPPORTUNITIES

It is safe to say that not one stenographer in fifty fully appreciates her opportunities. Although she sits daily in a business office, she is apt to think of herself merely as a machine to take down, word for word, dictation that is given her. She often fails to appreciate her opportunity of becoming familiar with the detail and spirit of the business. If she would take more interest in her work, the daily routine of life would not be so hard.

She should learn the faces of the customers as well as the names, and to be able to take care of the office, if necessary. She has a chance to become expert in the art of business correspondence, which is one of the most useful accomplishments of business life. She may learn to grasp the thought as well as the words, to suggest the word that does not readily come to the mind of the person dictating, and even make up an entire answer, herself. But there are few, who can be trusted to make up a letter and to sign letters that have not been read by the dictator. The stenographer has a unique business opportunity and seldom knows it.

L. P.

Lost time is never found again.—*Selected.*

THE EVILS OF CHEWING GUM

The evils of chewing gum are to chew it in school and another evil of chewing gum is to chew in front of company. If you chew in front of company it shows you have not much manners. Another evil of chewing gum is spending your money on it while you could buy something more important. There are some good things about chewing gum, but I cannot name them because I am writing on the evils of chewing gum.

PEARL CATZVA, 82.

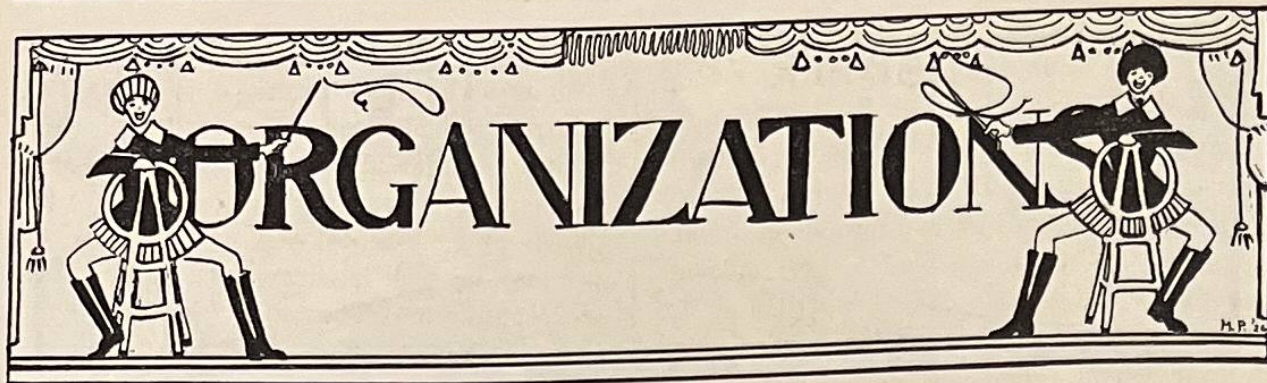
FOILED AGAIN

Of shiny brown, her eyes,
Of golden sheen, her hair.
Her neck resembled ivory,
Her cheeks were peaches rare.
Her teeth were tiny pearls,
Her lips were cherry red.
Could she have lived in ages past
She'd reigned in Venus' stead.
I sighed, and as I turned away,
Went slowly toward the door;
For she was just a wooden form,
In a department store.

MILDRED SOTER, '26.

"Everyone is crazy about me," said the man, as he entered an insane asylum.—*Nautilus.*

The four-wheel brake is a wonderful invention. Now the automobile can stop on top of the pedestrian rather than run over him.—*Monitor.*



Dramatic Association

Tall and short, fat and slim, dark and fair. There are all sorts of people in the Dramatic Association; but they all have one thing in common—a deep interest in acting. The weekly programs of plays, pantomimes, and readings, and rehearsals for the fall vaudeville are keeping all the members busy. Under Miss Monk's magic wand, bashful boys are transformed into dashing heroes, and retiring maidens become brilliant actresses. So here's to our actors and a successful season!

Glee Club

This year, as always, our Glee Club will sing its way into all hearts. There is no lack of talent, and with James Madison as president, we can expect great things from our song-birds. They are planning to contribute largely to the Fall Show in conjunction with the Dramatic Association and are working with real spirit to make the 1925 production an outstanding success.

Orchestra and Band

Eastern's orchestra has been greatly enlarged this year. There are violins, violins, and more violins. Then, of course, there are cornets, trombones, a 'cello, and other instruments to help create the harmony. Mrs. Byram waves the baton. Truly, a better school orchestra can not be found anywhere.

Besides the regular orchestra we have a real, honest-to-goodness band. Under Mr. Ludwig Manoly, who has so generously offered his service, the boys are making great strides toward perfection. They have shown their ability at the inter-high games played so far.

Girl Reserves

"To find and give the best." This is the motto of the Les Camarades Club. Week-end parties at Vacation Lodge, suppers, and dances, all contribute to the program of the club.

The programs of the meetings are very diversified. The four meetings of the month are business, social, discussional, and social service, respectively.

November 8 is the beginning of the World Fellowship Week; November 19 a discussional program will be led by Miss Sanborn of the Y. W. C. A.; November 13 a club supper will be given at the Y. W. C. A. A city-wide initiation will be held November 29, and a Christmas dance will be given at the "Blue Triangle," December 29.

Club members have unlimited access to the recreational facilities at the Y. W. C. A. The girls speak often of the dips in the spacious swimming pool.

Les Camarades, as its name implies, is a friendship club for the girls, to promote the spirit of democracy, kindness, and service in our young womanhood.

The officers of the club are:

President, Frances Galatzo; Vice-President, Katherine Albaugh; Secretary, Margaret Gibson; Treasurer, Marian Warfield; Council Representative, Eunice Smith.

The Fidelis Club is composed wholly of members in their freshman and sophomore years.

The officers are:

President, Kathryn McCaffrey; Vice-President, Helen Wyse; Secretary, Ida Cannon; Treasurer, Virginia Gregory; Council Representative, Mary Harrell.

Boys' Rifle Club

Far down in the spacious rifle range you will find Eastern's expert marksmen, ever striving to set some new record. From a team of two boys in 1911, the club has grown to an organization of great prominence among the school's activities. Under their efficient advisers, Mr. Schwartz, Mr. Haworth, and Mr. Darby, the boys are bringing increased glory to their school. The new officers are: Lewis Hayes, captain; James Harbin, assistant captain; Karlton Stein, secretary.

Hiking Club

Sizzling hot dogs! Toasted marshmallows! These are just a few characteristic words in the hiker's vocabulary. The brisk walks, ranging from five to eight miles, which are made every Saturday by Eastern's hikers are events in which one and all have jolly good times. Informal meetings are held every Friday at which the plans for the Saturday hikes are announced. After each girl has walked one hundred miles, she is awarded her "E."

The contagious spirit of joy and health which prevails at the meetings, draws large numbers to the club each year.

The officers are: President, Beryl Edmiston; Vice-President, Roberta Willard; Secretary, Frances Roberts.

Merrill Club

A lively bunch of loyal lassies meets in Room 24 every Thursday. These girls, working and playing under the name of Miss Merrill, a beloved former teacher in Eastern, believe in all-round development. Recently some of the girls spent the week-end at Holiday House. This is only one of the many happy occasions which have been planned for this year. The officers are: Roberta Harrison, President; Lucille Gibson, Vice-President; Hilda Eisenstein, Treasurer; Marvel Douglas, Secretary.

It may be a little farther around the corner of a square deal, but the road is better.—*Selected.*

Girls' Rifle Club

Not to be outdone by the superior (?) sex, the girls formed a rifle team in 1921. Since that time, under the capable management of the faculty advisers, they have grown in number and efficiency each year. This year they may be seen hard at work in the range each Monday and Thursday. We expect big things of them, so "watch their smoke."

The officers elected by the club are: Leah Woods, Captain; Veturia Jarrett, manager; Helen Seitz and Athlyn Spahr, assistant managers.

Debating Society

Have you heard the latest news? A bigger and better Debating Society, with enthusiastic orators eager to declaim! There will be serious debates, frivolous debates, and many other kinds of debates. All classes are invited to join, from the "humble rookies" to the "august seniors." One especially interesting feature is the new method of scouting membership. With an increased membership Eastern's Debating Society is all set to spread its fame far and wide. George Finger is president.

Hi-Y

This year we have a new club added to the list, the Hi-Y. It is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., and was organized for the purpose of promoting Christian spirit, high moral standards, and clean living among high school boys. With such an object as this, any club should succeed. It has not been fully organized as yet, but as soon as things are running smoothly there will be more news about this group of truly representative high school boys.

God gives every bird its food but He does not throw it into the nest.—*Selected.*

I count that man idle who might be better employed.—*Selected.*

Faculty Notes

Mr. Padgett, our popular teacher and sincere friend, writes—"I miss everybody and everything at E. H. S."

We want to tell him that *we* miss *him*.

We believe the following letter will be of interest to Mr. Padgett's many friends at Eastern:

August 3, 1925.

MR. PERCIVAL PADGETT,
1833 Park Road, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR MR. PADGETT:

While this is an official letter, I am yet endeavoring to couch it in a warm personal vein. You recently received notice that the Board of Education has placed you on a retired list. It is customary for the Board to send such retiring employees a line of appreciation for valued service rendered and an expression of good wishes for the future.

It is with exceptional pleasure, however, that I send this note. The writer has known you personally for practically twenty years. Our first acquaintance began happily and ripened into a warm friendship in our joint work of helping young, aspiring students in the Young Men's Christian Association. Many are the chats that I now recall we had over common problems before us. Your zeal was always to see how you could best help a man up a round or two on the ladder of success. And when I reflect upon the possible half century of your teaching service, how many thousands of students have come before your helpful presence in the classes in all these fruitful years of your endeavor!

The members of the Board of Education and all of your friends here at the Franklin wish you God-speed in whatever undertakings your hands may engage in the many years that we hope may be vouchsafed to you. No matter what the calendar may say, I know that your spirit is young and your physical and mental powers unimpaired. My personal wish is that the afternoon of your years may be long and full of sunshine; that you may have the fellowship of friends; the opportunity for travel and the delightful realizations and compensations that come in a sense of work well done. As you have occasion, come and see us here at the Franklin. Your happy countenance always carries good will. I don't know how much of this world's material goods you have laid by; but I know you are rich in friends.

So with best wishes for yourself and your good wife, and whoever others may be in your immediate household and dear to you, I wish for you continued happiness, the fulfillment of your fondest hopes, and the mature, deliberate enjoyment of the finer things of life.

Very truly yours,

HARRY O. HINE,
Secretary, Board of Education.

The student body welcomes eight new teachers to the faculty. They are: Misses Catherine M. McGrath, Louella Webb, Edith E. Drumm, Margaret A. McMahon, Olivia Russell, Mrs. Ruth Denning, Gordon B. Rath, and Herbert F. Keyser.

Miss McGrath is a Canadian but comes to us from England. We asked her what she thought of our building, and she told us with her delightful little accent that it was very

beautiful, "and much larger than any English school!"

"One finds a great resemblance between the English and American student as far as courtesy and intelligence go. But our students have no such things as study halls, cinema during the lunch hour, and so many activities. Compared with the English, I think that you American students have very much leisure and playtime. You are fortunate in that respect. However, I think the lack of fun has no derogatory effect on the English."

Mrs. Ruth Denning comes from North Dakota and brings a breath of "the wide, open spaces" with her. She was principal of Oakes High School for a time. In comparing that school with Eastern, she says that Eastern is much larger and better equipped. Mrs. Denning says that she finds it hard to give as much attention to each individual student as she would like, because of the great number of pupils at Eastern.

Central has given us Miss Louella Webb, and a loss it is to them, we are sure. We are proud to say that the first thing a Central teacher noticed was "Eastern loyalty."

"I have noticed it," says Miss Webb, "not only from the students to the teachers, but from the teachers to Mr. Hart."

When we asked Miss Drumm what she liked about Eastern, she said: "I like those five typewriting rooms, each with a different make of typewriter. Eastern is so up-to-date!" Miss Drumm is a Pennsylvanian, but she last taught in Camden, New Jersey.

"I like your spirit of cooperation," said Miss Russell. "Your students cooperate with the teachers and the teachers with Mr. Hart."

Miss Russell comes from Lakewood, New Jersey. She likes Eastern and thinks that our building is quite wonderful.

Miss McMahon smiled when we asked for an interview and said, "I like you all, and everything has been as 'pleasant as a May morning.' But do not ask me what I think

(Continued on page 34)

ALUMNI



THE ALUMNI'S GIFT

The new commodious bus, presented to Eastern by the Alumni Association, is a gift that is highly appreciated.

It is creating a sensation in high school circles. It is interesting to see the amazed students of the other high schools stare as our athletic heroes arrive on the field of action in such royal style.

The bus, which is a Mack chassis of white trimmed in light blue, was formally pre-

sented to the school by Dr. DeWitt Croissant at an assembly. Speaking on behalf of the Association, Dr. Croissant said that the bus gave tangible evidence of the link between the old and the new, and expressed the alumni's desire of seeing the gift lead Eastern to greater victories.

Eastern is very grateful for its latest acquisition, and expresses its appreciation in a rousing "Punch and Judy" for the Alumni Association.

THE CLASS OF 1925

Among the former Easternites who are now attending Wilson Normal School are: Audrey Blumer, Louise Bush, Amanda Clagett, Pearl Conklin, Elizabeth Didden, Lydia Edwards, Catherine Gibson, Marie Hickey, Lillian Keith, Margaret Lindsay, Dorothy Mattingly, Marie Miller, Marie Moore, Eugena Neumayer, Bess Orndorf, Mildred Repetti, Mildred Rogerson, and Irma Smith.

The inseparable "Kline Twins" are upholding Eastern's name at Catholic University.

The following boys are attending the University of Maryland: Jay Hall, Warren Hughes, "Alex" Gregory, "Barney" Kessler, and "Bill" Weitzel.

Graham Lowden, by his attendance at Washington and Lee, is making the old General's school remember Eastern.

Eastern's fame is spreading far, by having Robert Jacobs at Northwestern University.

Our old school chums at George Washington are: Nathan Clark, Ruth Greenwood, and Alda Flinn.

Warren ("Doc") Burch is taking a pre-medical course at Georgetown University.

Romaine Donnelly is taking a course at the Washington School for Secretaries.

Lois Baldwin, the artist of Eastern, is taking a Commercial Art Course.

Martha Scruggs is working in the office of the Telephone Company.

Elizabeth Berckmann is working hard, looking for a job.

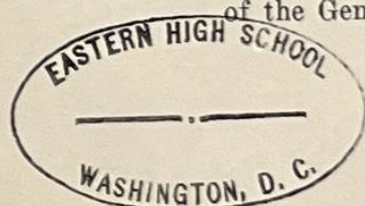
Asenath Graves, '25's shining light, has taken her talents to Mount Holyoke, to which she was awarded a scholarship.

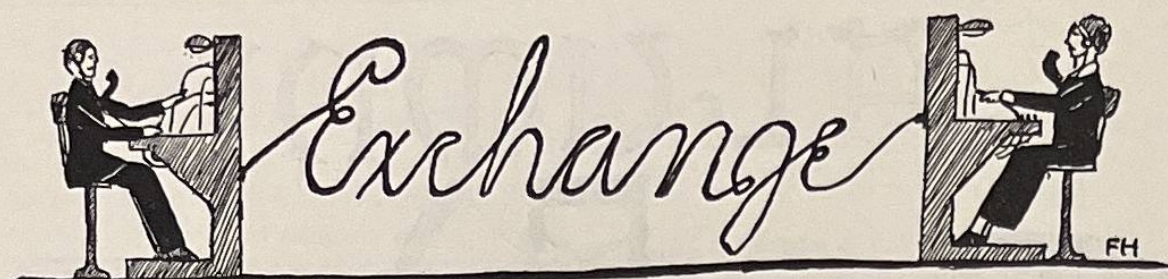
Aubrey Morales is preparing for a business career via Strayer's, as is Kathryn White, she of alarm clock fame. Herbert Angel is also at Strayer's, having won a scholarship last June.

Paul Bowdler, '25, has packed up his 'cello and gone to Dartmouth.

Pete Giancoli (two-year business course) is in Italy, where he intends to stay until next spring.

Hattie Bodenhamer is employed in the office of the General Baking Company.





While our Exchange Editor waited for the exchanges to come in this fall, he occupied his time by writing the following:

Suggestions for the improvement of the Exchange Department of the EASTERNER.

I. A picture of the Exchange Editor should be published on this page, because

1. It would be amusing.
2. It would stimulate interest because people would want to know what such a person could write.
3. It would beautify the EASTERNER.
4. It would be original.

II. All exchanges should be omitted from this page, because

1. They take up space.
2. They have to be written up by the Exchange Editor.
3. If you criticize another magazine it is not liked by said magazine, and if you tell them they are good, they already know it.

III. A new Exchange Editor should be appointed, because

1. A handsome Editor is so besieged by the girls that he has no time for work.
2. An Exchange Editor should be able to appreciate other people's humor in order to get good copy for the page:

- a. The present Editor cannot appreciate other's humor because he was formerly Humor Editor.
- b. The present Editor believes that no one can write jokes as he can.

Therefore, we believe, in view of the facts

thus far put forth, that the exchange department of this magazine will be a great success if no exchanges are printed, if the editor is changed, and if a picture of the editor is published.

These suggestions are respectfully submitted by,

GEORGE FINGER.

Exchanges Received

The Sentinel, Dunbar Township High School, Leisenring, Pa.

Tech Life, McKinley Technical High School, Washington, D. C.

Fine Yarns, Gastonia High School, Gastonia, N. C.

The Normal News, Wilson Normal School, Washington, D. C.

Maury News, Maury High School, Norfolk, Va.

The Diamond Back, University of Maryland, College Park, Md.

The Tripod, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

The Shore Line, Deerfield-Shields High School, Highland Park, Ill.

The Forum, Nicholas Senn High School, Chicago, Ill.

The Monitor, New Castle High School, New Castle, Penna.

Eastern's Garden Spot

(Continued from page 11)

ing spirits of a by-gone age would find this spot homelike and quieting, for, although it is modern, it seems old.

Let us watch the changing flowers and enjoy their beauty and fragrance.

Barbara's Big Brother

(Continued from page 9)

gift to his adopted sister. Sometimes it was a string of beads or a ring. Once it was a queer Oriental doll.

Barbara's letters were a mixture of grown-up wisdom and childish enthusiasm. The writing was very school-girlish and sprawly. She contrived to tell little about her school life, speaking mostly of her friends, her mother, and various games and "movies." These letters kept Johnny's interest alive during the long cruise. This was quite an accomplishment, for Johnny was usually morose on these long exiles from feminine society.

When the cruise ended, Johnny decided to spend several days in Washington, on his way home. Throughout the train trip, he thought of Babs. He hoped that she was little and blond (Johnny with all the sophistication of his twenty-two years, hated big women and vampy brunettes). Of course, she was cute. Wouldn't she be surprised to see him? She would know him from his pictures. It was rather mean of her not to have sent him a photo. On and on his thoughts rambled. Suddenly he wondered at his unusual interest.

"Why, if she were about four years older, I'd be in love with her! She sure writes mighty sweet letters. Wish I could be in love with her. Sure wish I could."

The vain wish was still in his mind as he left the Union Station at four-thirty.

After a hurried dinner, Johnny started for 2193 Massachusetts Avenue. Finally his taxi drew up in front of the house. Now for it!

Up the steps—the bell was rung—and now a soft southern voice was saying, "Why, it's Johnny! Oh do come in!"

A slim, fair figure led the way into a lighted room. Could this be Babs? But this girl was eighteen, anyhow.

Johnny blurted out his surprise. "You aren't Babs, are you? Why she's only about fifteen."

"You mean she *was*. I wrote that note when I was thirteen, but that bottle must have

floated some years before you got it. I thought it would be fun to fool you."

"But I sent you a doll!"

"It was a pretty doll, anyway," smiled Babs. "You aren't sorry that I'm over fifteen, are you, Johnny?"

Gazing into those laughing brown eyes, Johnny knew that he was not sorry, and suddenly felt that his wish made earlier in the evening was no longer a wish but a realization.

Traditions of Eastern

(Continued from page 8)

a tray of doughnuts, bearing the sign "Help a blind widow."

Among our most precious traditions, is that of the origin of the school colors. Once upon a time, in the early days of the high school cadets, each company was handed a bouquet as it went on the competitive field. One year the Eastern girls went into the fields and picked daisies. The following year forget-me-nots were presented. Thus, the daisy and forget-me-not were chosen as the school flowers, and light-blue and white as our school colors.

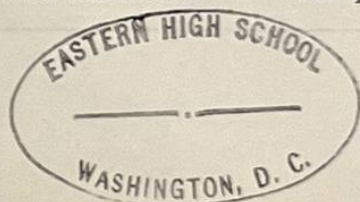
So, through the years, Eastern has been busy gathering traditions. At our door a flag flutters on a flag-staff dedicated to those boys of Eastern who sacrificed their lives for our country. In the little garden spot at the side of our building, stands a sun-dial, placed there by those who love her, in memory of the dear teacher who organized the social activities of the Eastern girls. These memorials, how sweet they are! The thought that lies behind them brings tears of mingled tenderness and happy memories.

Dear school, may the loved spirit which clung to your old walls, become a part of the new, and by its presence inspire our classmates to higher resolve.

"I can tell you how much water runs over the Niagara Falls to a quart," asserted the young man at the climax of the dispute.

"Well, how much?"

"Two pints."—*Helois.*



Faculty Notes*(Continued from page 30)*

about the Eastern-Business game, because I come from Business High."

"Oh, this is an interview?" and Mr. Keyser smiled. "Well, I come from the Washington School for Secretaries and I think Eastern is fine. Come back later and I shall be able to add something more then," and he sent us away. (He knows how to get rid of reporters. He must have been interviewed before!)

For two school days we have turned this building upside-down to find Mr. Rath. It is of no use. He eludes us. He will not be interviewed; so his space remains as empty as a reproach. All we can say is that Mr.

Rath is in the boys' physical training department and that he is quite handsome, they say.

Girls' Athletics*(Continued from page 25)*

clock golf, and now soccer! The girls seem to be setting the pace for the boys, this year. Mrs. Woodin is instructing the Juniors and Seniors in this new sport, and they are very enthusiastic over it. Inter-class games will be played between the Juniors and Seniors later in the year. Already, the girls can dribble, "head" the ball without serious results, and "punt." (You should have seen Nellie Dalrymple punt the ball. Three linesmen searched for it an hour, in vain!)

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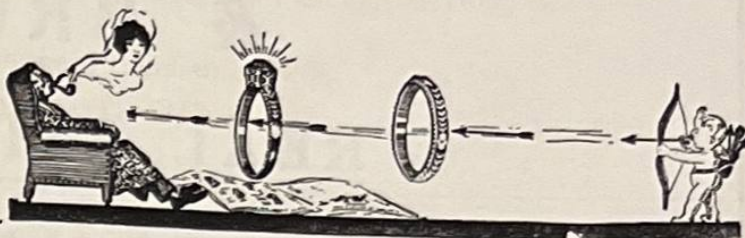
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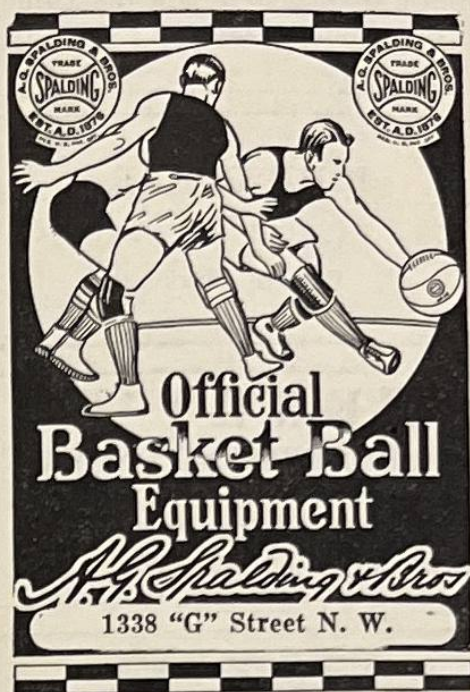
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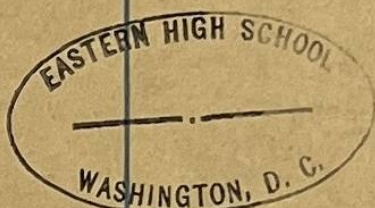
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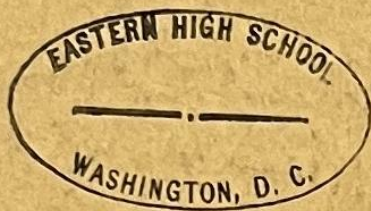
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Volume XXIX ::: EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL ::: December, 1925

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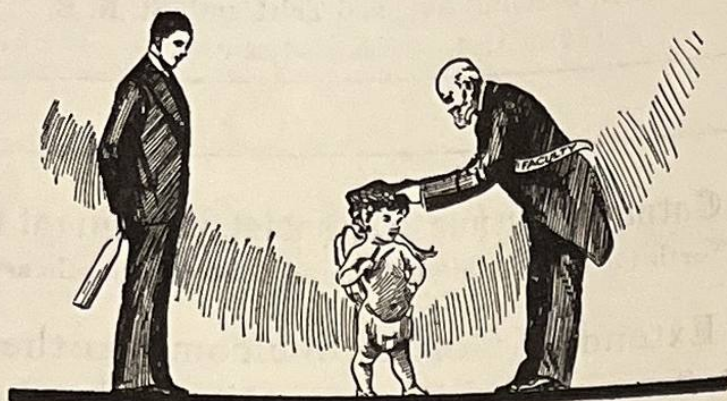
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boy to hold it all and you will have to be a man to stand it.

That's what schools are for, to make *real* men out of Freshmen, and somehow it takes fairly rough treatment to make a boy's brain and soul grow, just as rough games like football are necessary to make his body grow.

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VOL. XXIX

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER, 1925

No. 2

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Merry Christmas



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The snow-flakes whirled one frosty night, the
wind sang on the hill.

Below, the valley, wrapped in white, lay
dreaming, calm and still;

Around the tall, bare, shiv'ring trees, the
snow-flakes' arms did fold,

As if to keep the dark night out, and shelter
them from the cold.

High in the gray, cloud-covered sky, a radi-
ant star pushed through,

Parting the clouds as curtains light, halting
the snow-fall, too,

And gleamed as a sparkling jewel, set in the
sky of night,

Bending its gaze upon the earth under its
spell of light.

Against the brightness of the hill, created by
the breeze,

Were phantom forms in shapes of gaps made
open through the trees.

I saw dark shadows taking shape, of camels
and three men;

The shadows fell against the hill, fading away
again.

Another shadow on the hill, of cattle in a
shed,

A Child who slept, while angels kept watch
o'er a manger-bed;

A maiden kneeling close beside, and shep-
herds bending low;

The shadow melted in the night, under the
star's soft glow.

And then, the snow-clouds met again, faded
the wondrous light,

The snowy mist, a falling sheet, took in the
star so bright.

The wind arose and sang once more, the
snowy sheet was deep;

And all the swaying, nodding trees settled
again to sleep. RUTH BELL, '28.

Credit Where Credit Is Due

Many sections reached the 100% mark in the sale of fall show tickets. The three highest and the percent sold are: 2056—257%, 3294—197%, 66—190%. Others selling 100% and above follow: 3228, 2188, 2167, 2147, 2237, 2197, 1157, 1226, 3166, 1135, 1205, 3305, 2094, 2204, 2173, 1243, 3323, 2103, 1113, 2242, 3151, 3051, 2061, 3171, 2071, 1161, 3281.

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3—4	2173	83
5—6	3305	76
7—8	1157	104

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Is There a Santa Claus?

MYRTLE POSEY, '26

Bob had made the *Eata Pi* frat and it was the day of initiation.

Bob's face had a harassed and worried look, and his grin was not all a grin should be. They pummeled, paddled, pushed, and pulled him, used a goat on him, and through it all chanted, "Buck up, my son; the worst is yet to come!" And so it was. They carried him down on Main Street during the busy part of a hot August day, rigged him out in an overcoat put on backwards, a fur neckpiece, a high silk hat with a red flag on it, and, last but not least, they took his shoes from him.

"On Christmas day," they told him, "you will bring us an answer to this question, 'Is there a Santa Claus?' Go to this address to find out, and beware! You are watched!"

Thus, they turned him loose with the address clutched in one hand and a large piece of mince pie in the other.

Dazed, he wandered down the street, looking at the address: "Betty Jean Scott, 5076 Lake Avenue."

"Betty Jean Sc——! Ye gods," moaned Bob, "the most popular girl in town! Bright idea of theirs! They think they will put me in bad with her before I even meet her, simply because they are all crazy about her. But I'll show them. I'll pass this test and be a friend of Miss Scott's, too." And he stalked away toward the fashionable residential district.

Bob called the house from a neighboring drug store.

"Is Miss Scott in?"

"No, Miss Scott is not in, but will be in in a half an hour. Is there any message?"

There was not, and Bob dragged himself disconsolately around to 5076 to view the scene of battle.

As Bob stood with his little red flag waving bravely in the breeze, a nobby red roadster drew up before the house and a tall, slim, brown-eyed girl jumped out. Bob started to

back out of the picture immediately, but he saw a leering face peep around the corner; so he took his hat in his hand and approached the young lady.

"M-m-Miss Scott," he stammered.

The bright-eyed girl looked and burst into laughter. She recognized the outfit as a part of the rituals of initiation. As her eyes reached his face and blue eyes, Betty stopped laughing and asked pleasantly, "Yes?"

Blushing crimson, Bob said quickly, "I beg your pardon, Miss Scott, but may I ask one question? Is there—is there—is the—"

"Yes," smiled Miss Scott, and ran into the house.

And Bob, not knowing whether to laugh or say things, dashed madly down the street with the fur neckpiece flying wildly behind him.

"I say, Jack," said Bob to his roommate as he dressed for a frat dance that night. "You know Betty Scott. I'd like to meet her tonight."

So Bob—this time in a "tux"—met Betty. And Bob and Betty continued to meet and to go out together.

And then on Christmas Eve Bob said to Betty, "Do you remember the day I first saw you and you answered a question of mine with 'yes' before I finished it? I dare you to do it again."

* * *

It was Christmas night at the annual Christmas *Eata Pi* dance. The initiation committee waited at the door for Bob.

"We'll see what he has to say," they laughed softly.

"Well," as Bob came in, "what is the answer to the question we gave you?"

"The answer is 'yes,' there is a Santa Claus," grinned Bob, "and see what he brought me for Christmas." And Bob drew the arm of laughing, blushing Betty through his own.

Food, Food, Food

LAURA K. BARRETT, '26

There is one period universally popular throughout the entire school. From rookie to senior to faculty, all enjoy it and long for it each day. It is the lunch period.

Daily, a hungry throng invades the spacious lunch room, captures its desired food, and at the end of the period disperses to the four corners of the building. Luncheon is over; it has ceased to interest the lunchers until the next day.

It is taken for granted that another luncheon will be ready then. We, being part and parcel of this throng, always held the same attitude, until one day we began to wonder about the preparation necessary to make the lunch period such a happy, jovial hour.

Forthwith, on a quest of information, we hied ourself to the lower regions of the school. We found it necessary to go after school, although we feared that the cafeteria would be deserted. But to our joy we found all the force busily at work.

First, we approached Mrs. Savage, dispenser of hot foods at the counter. She was busily engaged in drying a boundless expanse (so it seemed) of cutlery. She calmly announced that the lunch room possesses eighteen hundred of these useful implements. After this astounding news, we thought that we were prepared for anything. But, more surprises came thick and fast. Our brain reeled as we tried to conceive of the amount of work needed to cook twenty gallons of soup, three gallons of cocoa, two gallons of coffee, a four-gallon can of vegetables, twenty-five to thirty pounds of meat, three bushels of potatoes and ten pounds of macaroni or spaghetti a *DAY!*

Bowing with admiring awe to Mrs. Savage, the master mind of this amazing job, we staggered to another table to interview Mrs. Lovely, maker of sandwiches and salads. There are five different kinds of sandwiches prepared each day. Cheese, ham, and frankfurters are always with us. The other two vary from day to day. We felt more at home

on the subject of sandwiches, for we had often made them for picnics. However, twenty-four dozen rolls, six loaves of white and two of raisin bread were slightly beyond our powers of realization for one simple little luncheon. One hundred and fifty frankfurters a day, too, seemed overly generous, but Mrs. Lovely assured us that they were all in demand.

We were then referred for additional facts to Mrs. Roberts, the general manager of the cafeteria. She, with her five assistants, keeps this immense undertaking running smoothly and satisfactorily.

Our sweet tooth demanded that we ask her about the pies, cakes, and ice creams. In the short time between eight A. M. and four P. M., it is impossible to do all the baking for the school. However, about five dozen cup cakes and three or four layer cakes besides numerous cookies are baked every day at school. The splendid new Frigidaire, container of the ices, is filled each day with five cans of sundaes, two cans of Dixies and one five-gallon can of ice cream.

Turning to the question of milk, we find that the chocolate milk has a safe and comfortable lead over its simpler brother. The score is 220 bottles of chocolate milk to 180 of plain milk.

At this point our brain refused to hold more figures; so with profound thanks we fled to give you the benefit of our knowledge. And here it is.

Perhaps after this you won't take luncheon as a simple matter of course.

Eagle in Flight

The little ground animals
Crawl near the earth,
And gaze with alarm at me;
But they share communal
Joy and mirth,
While loneliness flies with me.

EVELYN BURNS, '26

The Eastern High School Bank

JOSEPHINE TREMAIN, '26

"Din-a-ling-a-ling", rang the bell in the business office. At the sound Doc, the special guide for visitors to Eastern High School, bounced off his perch on the top of the switchboard, and whisked into Mr. Hart's presence. When he had made a deep obeisance to the company who had come to inspect the finest school in Washington, he ushered them down the hall to the right, and stopped directly under a sign which read, "Eastern High School Bank."

"Would you like to go in?" queried Doc. The visitors assented vigorously. They were thoroughly enjoying themselves already. Who could help it?

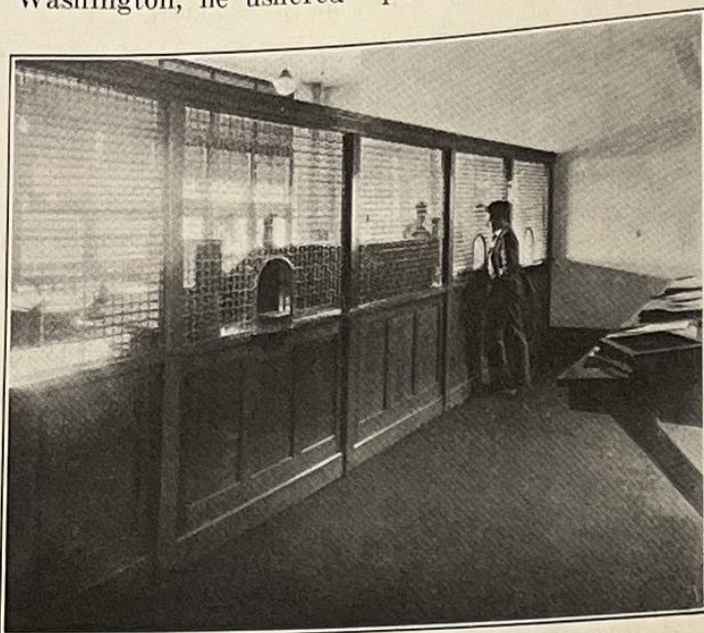
You must remember that Doc is the person at Eastern who knows more about every department of the institution and every corner of the beautiful building than any one else. He was doing his job in superfine style today and he racked his brain for every morsel of information.

"To begin with", said Doc, "ten cents will open an account. The bank has two hundred depositors. An account pays 3 per cent interest. Between sixty and seventy-five thousand dollars are handled each year. The money is deposited in a larger bank, the excess interest producing the surplus of which \$172.25 is on hand now." Doc paused for breath and mopped his forehead. That was a lot of data, all at once. He waited a moment to let it sink in.

One of the gentlemen asked with a sly wink, "These people look rather young and inexperienced; is it safe to deposit money here? Don't they make mistakes frequently?"

Doc gave a squeal of delight. "Never. Here's our mistake-proof system. The depositor makes out a deposit slip which he

presents at the desk with his account book. The amount of the deposit is entered in a cash book; this entry is then carried to the general cash book. Each bookkeeper marks the deposit in a separate ledger; at the end of the day a trial balance is made of all books, and the cashier counts the money.



This is the plan that all the large firms use, so of course it is a good one, and you see, it's perfectly safe. Our bank is under the supervision of Miss M. B. Hardy, of the faculty. In the spring, a committee appointed by the director of the Commercial Department of the high schools audits the books."

The callers turned to go. "I haven't finished yet," piped Doc. "Let me tell you about the equipment. The two safes, bookkeeping machine, two adding machines (one of them electrically driven), two calculators, and a check protector are worth twenty-seven hundred dollars!

"Eastern's bank has a history, too. Organized in 1913 in a tiny cubby-hole at Old Eastern, it was the second high school bank to be established. The one at Business came

first, and Central's and Tech's are the newest.

"You know, we can't keep the girls out of office even here", said Doc, nudging one of the guests. "There have been three girl presidents, Rosemond Johnson of '21, Margaret Shea, '25, and now Wilma Shively."

"Now," continued Doc, "allow me to introduce my friends who serve here: Wilma Shively, president of the bank, who has as her special charge all ticket sales; William Ford, vice-president; Robert Himes, runner. The other six positions—teller, cashier, three bookkeepers, and manager of the book exchange—change hands every six weeks. May I present, Anne Silverman, Margaret Hoover, Robert Mullen, James Bridges, William Hazes and Alvin Walters, who hold each place in turn."

"What is this book exchange you mentioned?" inquired one member of the party.

Doc blushed. He had almost forgotten that important establishment, which, although within the walls of the bank, is entirely separate. He hastened to explain.

"The book exchange deals in books and stationery. More than one thousand second-hand books are handled each year. The paper comes through local dealers. The small amount which the exchange earns is put in the emergency fund of the school. We couldn't get along without it."

Music! It's lunch hour, and the band is playing in the auditorium.

"Lead us to it," remarked the jolly one, and then added more seriously, "I'm glad to see that thrift is practiced at Eastern. A bank account is surely a valuable asset. When these youngsters grow up they'll be thankful for the lessons in saving that they are learning here."

Our visitors turned their steps to the assembly hall, and then were shown all other places of interest. I believe they liked the bank best, though, for, you see, they were bankers themselves.

To produce a work of art you must first master the art of work.—*Selected.*

Jesta Jester

*"Was that boy hurt in football
That his leg's so tightly bound?"
"A football player—no, my dear,
That sap's a Charleston hound."*

* * *

Truthfully speaking, the country is Charleston mad. Of course, there are those who frown upon it as "wicked," but back in the old days the minuet met with quite a bit of frowning, while the gavotte, a simple dance of the same period, was actually stamped as an invention of the Devil, himself.

We can't help wondering what will be invented next to help the frowners keep their brows properly exercised.

* * *

*It's quite a queer sensation
And it puts you quite at loss,
When you say a thing meant for a joke
And it doesn't get across.*

* * *

As is customary, various members of the school were sent to the grades to advertise the matinee of the fall show.

A certain pair, detailed to schools, mentioned in passing, that they came from a place near the Eastern branch. They added, believing themselves brilliant, that it was either Eastern or the jail. Strange to say, if facial expressions are grounds for judgment, the classes seemed unable to decide which.

* * *

*Our cadets are working,
Hard and with a will—
A and B and C and D.
Which will win the drill?*

* * *

Lester Swingle says he can answer this question easily. A more serious problem is perplexing him now. He wonders who will be a sponsor to come out after he has won the drill and kiss him.

* * *

*Fat ones and skinny ones,
Little ones and tall,
The Jester says in passing
"Merry Christmas, one and all."*

GEORGE ROTH, '26

A Christmas Present For Dad

PETER F. MANGANARO, '27

George P. Regan was famed throughout Berkley, Pennsylvania, as being the benign owner of the Berkley Steel Mills and the father of the lovable, reckless, young spend-thrift, John Gilbert Regan.

After repeated admonitions, the senior Regan had decided on a strenuous method of bringing about his son's reform.

After dinner a week before Christmas, Mr. Regan asked John to join him in the library. John took a cigarette from his jewelled case, lit it, and sank into a comfortable armchair.

"John," said Mr. Regan, "this careless spending must stop. I can't understand how a boy needs as much money as I send you every month. Why, I send you about ten times as much money as any other boy receives. Yet, you always demand more. This has gone far enough and it's going to stop, right now."

"But, Dad, you know college is so very expensive and there are so many affairs going on at which one must make a good showing. That costs money and all the fellows depend on me to——."

"Yes, they depend on you! Why, no wonder they like you and call you a good scout! You send for money, and then you stage lavish parties during the time you should use for study. Is that what you consider a college education?"

"Listen, son, you're mistaken about this college life. The dean has written me, telling all about your wild parties, and he states that unless these foolish affairs cease, you will be dismissed."

"But——."

"Now listen," continued Mr. Regan, "you are going to do as I say. There is a family on Saratoga Street with whom I have arranged that you live from now until Christmas Eve."

"What?" cried John, rising from his chair.

"You are to live with them," continued John's father, "and you are going to eat what

they eat, sleep in their home, and do as they do. This is an experiment of mine, and unless you follow my instructions, I shall disinherit you. Do I make myself clear?"

John slowly nodded, and his father left him alone to meditate over what was in store for him during the coming week.

The following morning John entered his father's expensive car and was swiftly whisked away to 125 Saratoga Street.

Arriving at the address, he found a two-story frame building sadly in need of painting and many other repairs. John sighed deeply, slowly walked to the door, and knocked. After a few moments the door opened, revealing a small, smiling, curly-haired girl, neatly dressed. The girl asked him in and then called her father.

After introductions, John settled the few belongings that his dad allowed him, and then sat down to a simple breakfast with his "new" family.

It was not long before he became acquainted with every member of the large family of the proud Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Murphy. There were seven little Murphies, a happy bunch of children, and, as the jolly Mrs. Murphy often said, "They're always scrapping and giving me trouble. They sountinly take after their father. May the Lord bless 'em all."

John felt the contrast between the poverty of the Murphy family and the richness and comfort that he was used to at home.

He came to appreciate the busy, happy home. The children told him of their Christmas plans for one another and he wondered that such simple things could bring joy. He pitied the plainness and poverty of their lives and soon tired of this exile.

After what seemed months, Christmas Eve finally arrived. Bidding everyone a "Merry Christmas," he left the Murphy house and trudged home through the snow.

When John arrived, his father greeted him

and asked how he had enjoyed the past week. But John merely said without a flicker in his eyes: "Dad, give me a check for five hundred dollars."

"What! Another check? I thought"—began the surprised father.

"You know, Dad, I have learned a lot in the past week, and I have decided that you were right—darn right! The check is for the Murphies' Christmas present."

"Thank goodness, John," said Mr. Regan, "that my experiment has succeeded. This is the best Christmas present that I could expect!"

MY FAVORITE HOBBY

I have an almost feminine partiality for cooking. When I am weary of life's monotony or disheartened at life's buffeting, I seek solace in the kitchen and there in the preparation of my favorite dish find happiness and contentment. I am not ashamed; although, being a boy, I sincerely hope the name of the writer of this article is not divulged at this most unusual of hobbies.

The unusual pastime came upon me early in life. Candy had always been my pet weakness and, on sampling some delicious brown fudge of a friend, I asked her bashfully for the recipe. I could hardly wait to get home to test my skill in this newly discovered art. I tried. Oh, bitter was the day, a day that should have been replete with sweetness, for instead of creamy fudge I had unusually good cocoa! However, my indomitable spirit led me to try again, and this time my effort was rewarded with candy of adamant hardness. As days passed I delved into other branches of the art. Custards, cakes, and pastry sprang up from beneath my hand.

This is, in brief, the hobby which has afflicted itself so strongly upon me. However strange it may seem, it has its possibilities, for if I do not become a short-story writer, a musician, or a journalist, I can transform my hobby into practical use and become a chef.

MARY LOU

Sure, she's just the girl for me,
Mary Lou!

She's as sweet as she can be,
And as true.

Yet there's something in her eyes
That's a bit of a surprise—
She's a vampire in disguise,
Mary Lou!

Do I love her? Listen. Say,
Mary Lou
Is the night, sir, and the day
To me, too.
But she keeps me on my knees,
Independent as you please.
How that girl does love to tease!
Mary Lou!

I don't worry, 'cause she's mine,
Mary Lou.
By and by she will resign;
Women do.
Soon I'll make her say, "Yes, Joe!"
And she'll like it, for I know
She'll say "yes" instead of "no"—
Mary Lou! ELISE SCHARF, '27

IF

If you can keep your mind, when all about
you

Are talking, on a certain green-bound book;
If you can let the rev'lers do without you,
And never give your dearest friend a look;
If you can shut your eyes, and see your
lesson

Written on earth, and air, and sea, and sky,
And say it all, correctly and distinctly,
And never hope two-thirty's drawing nigh;
If you can take that same book home at
ev'ning

And never wish to drop it in the fire;
If you can study it again, believing
That you should do so, even though you tire;
If you can dream of it each sleeping minute,
And waking, study it again with zest,—
Yours is the earth, and every lesson in it,
And, what is more, you'll pass the Latin
test!
—RUTH BELL, '28.

Fishing for Panthers

GEORGE A. MAIN, '26

Jay Bird was an old, bearded negro who used to relate marvelous tales to me long years ago.

Sometimes he would tell the story of his alligator hunt, or how a bear chased him home, or of a magnificent deer which he had killed; but most often he would tell of his fearful fight with a young panther.

As this was a tale frequently told, I can remember it all, including the peculiar dialect, which, because it is so difficult to reproduce, I shall omit in my version.

Jay Bird would begin, "Well, 'doc!'" (that was his nickname for me, as I often accompanied my father on his medical trips), "I expect you want another story. Have you ever heard of the wildeat that almost killed me and the chicks?"

I would shake my head in brazen denial.

"Well," he would proceed, "as I was sleeping tight one dark night, something got into my hen-roost and killed eleven of my best chickens. I was covered up tight, and didn't hear no noise, but in the morning I went down there and saw the damage. Right then I made up my mind that the rascal wouldn't get away from me, no sir.

"Well, I certainly was hard put to get a contraption to catch him. A panther is a hard sucker to catch, and a harder to hold. So I figured that I couldn't use no trap at all.

"That night I was down at the store, and I heard old man Johnson tell how that sailor, Mister Peterson, used to fish out of his window, and how he'd tie the rope to his arm and catch 'gators. Of course, I had my doubts as 'bout that, but I thought about it, and, sir, I got an idea.

"I turned my hens into another house, and hauled it up in a big tree, way away from the cabin. Then I took a big piece of chicken that the panther had left, and tied it on to my biggest hook. I took some quarter-inch

rope, tied it on to the hook, and led the other end into my window. It was a pretty bold plan, but seeing as the panther was bold, too, I had to meet him half way.

"That night when I went to bed, everything was ready. The rope was hid in the hen-house, and only the chicken showed out. My end of the rope was tied fast to my leg. That panther sure was mine if he came. Then I lay down to get all the rest I could.

"I had been so excited over it during the day that I dreamed during the night. The last and most awful one was when I dreamt of him coming in at the window. I woke up right then and loaded a shotgun and a pistol. I certainly was scared. Well, sir, nothing happened that night, and when I woke up in the morning, everything was all right. Then, of course, I knew that he wouldn't likely show up at all; but I decided that I would wait one more night. I left the guns beside my bunk, and tended to the day's work. When I went to bed again that night, everything was fixed up even better than before.

"Well, this time I didn't have no dreams. I slept wonderful up till almost morning. Then I felt a tremendous tug on my leg, and I sprang up with a yell. I was answered by an awful strangling screech. I remembered that I had left my window open, and ran to close it, but before I got there a streak came in that window. Sir, I leaped aside just in time to stop his getting my throat. As it was, he managed to claw my side. See, there's the marks now. Well, then I realized that my guns were on the other side of the room, and the cat was between. I just broke out in a cold sweat, and my knees knocking together sounded like your dad's motor boat.

"The panther was scared like I was, but we were each cornered by the other, and we had to fight it out. He jumped for me, but the rope was tangled in the legs of the bed,

and he couldn't get me. Then he clawed around, trying to bite the rope. He stepped on the trigger of the shotgun, and it went off. One shot just grazed my leg, and another hit the wall just behind me. The roars scared him worse than ever, and he just went into a fit. I saw then that the hook was loose, and if he had tried, he could have pulled it out. If he was loose, he could have hurt me bad, and I didn't intend to let him go free. So I reached behind me, got and struck a match, lit the whole box, and threw it at him. He jumped out of the way, and the fire landed right by the loaded pistol. I saw my chance. I ran right into him, and I was so quick he didn't hurt me. I went back of the fire, which was spreading to the bed-clothes, and I got that pistol. Then, taking a quick aim, I fired. The bullet got him in the eye, but it was glancing, and it didn't stop him from jumping square at me. His

front claws caught my shoulders, his back ones tried to rip off my flesh. Thank heaven, they were tangled in the rope. The hook still hung in his mouth because his struggles had only pulled it tighter, and that saved me because it kept him from reaching my face. I fired two quick shots through his head, and we both fell to the floor, he dead and I mighty near that way.

"Just then Sam Williams came running in. He had heard the noise from his shanty, and had come as fast as he could. He put out the fire, and then ran for your pappy. When he came, I thought I was gone sure. But he wrapped a lot of bandages around me, and put me to bed. Bless you, child, if it hadn't of been for your pop, I'd have gone up to see the Lord.

"It's about time you ran on home. Go on and tell your mammy it wasn't your fault you was out so late."

HOW TO DARN STOCKINGS

A darn is a wonderful thing. It has done more to upset the peace of mind of the human race than any other one thing of its size in the history of the world. It is something every flapper can make and something not one will admit knowing anything about. A darn's highest aim is to peek out over the top of one's slipper when one is dancing; its first principle is to make one conscious of it—if not by sight, then by a blister on the heel. Because of these things, it is well to look into the art of darning.

The customary and proper time to discover a hole in your stocking is twenty-five minutes to nine on Monday morning. The first thing to do is to count twenty before you say what's on your mind. Then sit down and prepare to darn the stocking.

The necessary articles are, in the order of their importance, a stick of chewing-gum, to keep up your morale; a needle of generous size so that you can see the eye; a piece of darning thread, the size of which is determined by the size of the darn; a darning, if you are so fortunate as to have one (if not, your hand will have to act as a pincushion); the stocking, and the hole.

Now thread the needle. Be careful to put the thread through the eye of the needle—don't shove the eye of the needle onto the thread because this would shatter the illusion so fondly cherished by the world, that only bachelors adopt this method of threading a needle, which would be most unkind. Also, don't put a knot in the thread. Knots are the roots of all blisters.

You are now ready to begin operations. Put the darning under the hole and begin to weave your needle and thread up and down from the top to the bottom of the hole, laying your threads close together, and not pricking your fingers more than is necessary. When you have finished the vertical threads, start sewing them horizontally over one thread, under the next and sew on—or etc. Try to make it look as little unlike the weaving of the stocking as possible. Next secure your thread by two short stitches and cut it off. Lo! you have a darn.

The last step is to cast aside your faithful chewing-gum, grab your books, and run. Then tell your teacher the cars were tied up.

MARJORIE BARTLETT, '26.

Our Poets' Corner

SHELL MAGIC

I found a magic sea-shell
Beside a calm blue sea,
And oh, the wondrous stories
It has whispered soft to me.

It sings a lovely melody
All delicate and light;
A fairy slept within its shell
Once, on a summer's night.

It whispers lovely secrets
Of which I may not tell—
Else I do hush its melody
And break its magic spell.

And when I'm sad and weary
And long strange tales to hear
I let it sing its beauty
Into my eager ear.

Oh, I found a magic sea-shell
Beside a calm blue sea,
And oh, the wondrous stories
It has whispered soft to me.

GEORGE ROTH, '26

SONNET IN COMMEMORATION OF MY FREEDOM

I loved you well full many a year, 'tis true,
And each small word from your sweet lips
was law;
And when you felt unhappy I was blue,
And if you smiled I worshipped when I
saw.
I did not dare expect to make you mine,
I hoped, it's true; but 'twas an idle dream.
Why, everywhere you went I built a shrine;
I saw you there in every wayward beam.
But now the shrine is empty—love is gone.
Yet strange to say, I am not weeping much;
When one doth meet the timid, tripping fawn,
One searches not for goddesses and such.
I'm sorry, Juno, but your reign is o'er,
I'm happier now with Venus than before.

A MAGIC PENNY

I have a magic penny
And with it I shall buy:
A pound of pleasant weather;
A square of summer sky;
Three notes a robin uttered
Out in the tree one day;
The fragrance of the columbine
When the evening breeze is gay;
The first blade of the spring time,
The last leaf of the fall;
A ride upon an eagle's back;
The whip-poor-will's night call;
A spider web's rare fineness;
A bit of Pierrot's dream;
A part of Diane's lightness;
A King's coat's velvet seam.
*Oh, I have a magic penny
Which I'll never, never spend—
For it's magic while I have it;
Spent—its magic's at an end.*

—EVELYN BURNS, '26.

DREAMS

I stood upon a rocky cliff
Next to a roaring sea;
A gray gull broke the loneliness,
Then left myself to me.

I burned beneath a southern sun,
Afire my very breath;
The crew was dead and I was one
With palm trees whisp'ring, "Death."

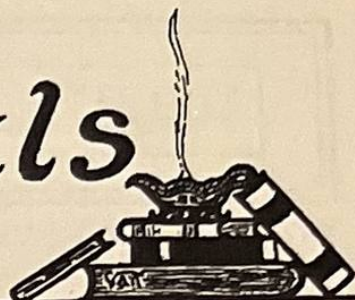
I wandered in an Eastern street
Where money purchased lives;
Dark maidens of the Orient
Danced to the clash of knives.

But my earth was of other stuff
Devoid of exciting schemes—
So I folded up and put away
My tapestry of dreams.

GEORGE ROTH, 26



Editorials



MERRY CHRISTMAS

Christmas is in the air. From the bright splashes of red and green in the store windows to the cheery smiles on the faces of hurried and somewhat worried shoppers, everything is alive with the spirit of Yuletide.

At Eastern, also, the atmosphere is decidedly "Christmasy," and gossipy little groups bubbling over with hints and secrets of the nearing holiday, are congregated around lunch tables and in the corridors.

It is a season of delightful mystery and sincere love. It is a mingling of fun and joy with life and beauty. Yet, beyond the holly wreaths that adorn our windows, beyond the jolly Santa Claus in the big department store, even beyond the very gladness that sings in our hearts, one must go to discover Christmas.

In the first Christmas is found the lesson and the spirit that has ennobled humanity down the centuries.

Let our thoughts at this glad season inspire us to better things through the little kindnesses in school and home, and prompt us to wish all mankind the sincerest greeting for a Merry Christmas.

EASTERN'S LIBRARY

Up on the second floor, located above Mr. Hart's office, is our library.

There it is that the booklover spends his spare time browsing over the gems that are at his command. It is there also that the erring student receives first-rate discipline at the hand of Miss Boyd. He is soon made to realize that the library is a place for study and not for clowning, a place for reading and not for talking. Yet, despite the efficiency of our librarian, there are pupils among us, who,

either through lack of proper spirit or through ignorance of right, violate the fundamental laws by which all libraries must be governed.

Shakespeare must groan within his marble breast when he sees the student bend the pages of his *Tempest*; Addison, ever the spectator, must wrinkle his carved brow as he notes his *Spectator Papers* thrown about; and Milton, his ears made keen by his lack of sight, must shudder as he hears *Paradise Lost* fall from the hand of some careless pupil.

Imaginary flights? Yes. But to come down to earth: it is an important matter to Eastern and to the succeeding classes which must use the books that the best of care be taken of them.

The tables, also, should be treated with the utmost care. Will you help to keep them bright and new by refraining from shaking a stubborn fountain pen over the polished wood, or drawing your sweetheart on the shining tops?

Ever remember to return your book on time. Even if the villain is about to throw the heroine over a rocky cliff, anticipate the arrival of the hero rather than satisfy your curiosity at the cost of returning the book late.

Remember, it is *our* library, ours to be proud of, ours to make use of, and ours to take care of.

G. R.

All men make mistakes, but wise ones do not make the same mistake twice.—*Selected.*

The traffic is getting so bad in the halls that the seniors will have to wear shin guards to protect themselves.—*Helios.*



THE FEATURE

FOUR PAGES

TUDOR CASTLE

Tests Taboo, Says Mr. Hart

"I absolutely refuse to allow any teacher in Eastern High School to give a test," said Charles Hart at a teachers' meeting today.

Mr. Hart went on to explain that very severe punishment would be inflicted on any instructor who violated this rule. The punishment is that the teacher will have to pass her own test.

"I am resorting to this means," he declared emphatically, "because tests so inconvenience the student. A pupil often gets a headache while cramming into his head what has been assigned for the last six weeks. Then, too, the student might have a date. Pupils' necks often become stiff from stretching and their eyes crossed from wandering during exams."

Mr. Hart remained firm in his decision even though the teachers resent being deprived of the pleasure of correcting papers.

Students May Go in the Movies

After seeing the fall show, Director Kleig-Lights of Hollywood has offered all of the participating students a part in his next great play. Most of them are accepting the positions.

Weather Forecast

The weather (or not) our third advisories will be welcome, has not yet been forecasted. From all hints of the teachers, however, the weather will be rather stormy on report day.

Johnson Will Attend E. H. S.

Walter Johnson, pitcher of the Washington team for many years, will attend school this year at Eastern. He wishes to improve his game by playing with experts.

Johnson will start in training immediately. His right arm will be given beneficial exercises, and he will be put on a special diet.

Coach Guyon says that if Walter follows directions and practices faithfully, he might make the scrub team by the time he is a senior. At any rate he will be used to pitch to batters in batting practise. Johnson is very much elated.

Students to Have Party

Because the teachers are so sorry to have to fail them, the students who receive D's are to be entertained by the teachers at a party on report day.

Radio Readings

Any pupil who finds his class growing dull may go to Room 13 and tune in on the bedtime stories.

Mr. Schwartz is offering a lecture course through station A-B-C-D on how to make generals for the next war. Every boy should tune in on Mondays and Thursdays.

Many of the students have decided to

PONIES
Guaranteed
to help
in any test.
Apply Room 102

tune out of station
ruary, and listen i

Ed

This year there
forms at Eastern.
regulation that th
student should car
tables at the sides
As most of the stud
the *Feature Fabric*
good qualities.

First, it is good
at least ten steps t
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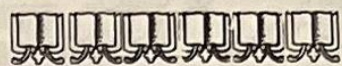
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HIGH SCHOOL

PRICE—NO SENSE

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Jenny Jones' Letter Box

Dear Miss Jones:

My girl thinks I am a joke. How can I make her take me seriously? An unfortunate.

Answer: You are lucky if your girl only *thinks* you are a joke. She may know it before long.

Dear Miss Jones:

A senior tried to tell me their aint no santy claus, is this true? A rookie.

Answer: Always believe seniors; they know everything.

Dear Miss Jones:

My girl has the habit of running her hands through my hair. How can I stop this?

Answer: Have you ever used axle grease?

Beauty Contest to Be Held

A contest to determine which boy or girl at Eastern has the most beautiful ears will be held soon.

The rules are as follows:

1. No entrant shall have either light, dark or medium hair.
2. Every entrant must have attended Eastern six years.
3. Students must have written proof that they possess ears.

Lost and Found

Lost—The gray matter of most of the students of Eastern. The finder may keep it as the losers haven't noticed the difference.

Found—We haven't found anything worth while. If we had, we'd keep it.

Santa Visits Eastern Teachers

Santa Claus was unusually generous to the faculty of Eastern this year and brought them gifts most useful in the school work.

Miss Egbert got a huge kettle to boil down articles written in her journalism class.

Miss Murray received a iron rod to wield in case she had another section like 2188.

Miss Taylor got stilts—great long ones with the injunctions to use when talking to Mr. Williamson.

Mr. Schwartz received a bottle of magic power. The fluid, when administered, enables him to exact money from a *cheerful* subject.

Miss Franz received an enormous package of chewing gum of her favorite flavor "Juicy Fruit," while Miss Arnold got a beautiful little volume entitled, *The Art of Writing Love-Letters*.

Mr. Hart's gift delighted the student body as well as the Principal, himself. It is a new-fangled radio set enabling him to tune in on various rooms while sitting quietly in his office.

Mrs. Hall's curiosity got the best of her, for Santa Claus had delivered her package early, with instructions "*Do not open until Christmas.*" She didn't follow them, however, because we saw her "bob" ahead of time.

Miss Watts was presented with a book entitled, *Are Pupils People?* by A. Skipper, while Miss Shelp got several new records for her victrola, among them "I've Got Those Mathematical Blues."



BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

January 9 Eastern vs. Tech
 January 12 Eastern vs. Western
 January 19 Eastern vs. Business
 January 23 Eastern vs. Central

January 26 Eastern vs. Tech
 January 30 Eastern vs. Western
 February 6 Eastern vs. Business
 February 9 Eastern vs. Central.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON

The 1925 inter-high football season has now passed into history.

After defeating Business and holding Western to a 6-6 tie, Eastern met Central in the crucial game of the inter-scholastic series. Before a huge crowd at the Wilson Stadium, the boys played their best but they couldn't make the grade. However, Eastern gave Central a hard fight for the championship. Angus Heeke again surprised the football followers by making a remarkable 75-yard run, missing a touchdown by a few yards. The final score was Central 10, Eastern 0.

In the last game of the scholastic season, Eastern was downed by Tech by the score of 13-6. Tech was forced to the limit in order to win the game. At one time during the struggle, "Julie" Radice, scoring a touchdown through his quick thinking and lightening action, made Tech look foolish.

By the consensus of opinion of the five coaches of the high schools that competed in the inter-high series, Heeke was unanimously chosen as the all-high star fullback. Radice was also on the mythical team as one of the best tackles.

Through graduation, Eastern regrets to part with such loyal players as Hughes, Heeke, Radice, "Reds" Murray, "Skinney" Madigan, Bob Clifford, Al Nicholson, Paul Sutton and George Hogge.

BASKETBALL MEN CALLED OUT

When Coach Guyon issued the call for basketball candidates, he was surprised to find such a large group of boys who were "raring to go." He was pleased by the candidates' earnestness and ability.

Radice, Heeke, Eliot, and Scruggs, last year's letter-men, are getting into playing form for the coming season. Madigan, Hogge, Hogarth, and McAlister of last year's squad are also out for practice.

GIRLS' SPORTS REVIEW

While awaiting the opening of the basketball season, the freshmen and sophomores became excellent in volley ball. Teams which met once a week were organized. A record of accomplishment in volley ball serving was kept in the freshmen classes. Really, the strength of some of those little freshmen is amazing and dangerous.

The sophomores and freshmen are dancing too. The "Rookies" gave folk dances at the December Parent-Teachers' meeting.

The juniors and seniors have been taught a new game by Mrs. Woodin—"Fist Ball." As implied in the name, the ball is "fisted" back and forth over the net, a feat involving a good deal of skill. It surely is a sad sight to see the poor dears howling with sprained

(Continued on page 34)



Is there anyone who didn't enjoy the Fall Show? We think it is safe to say that the bank will refund the money to any ticket purchasers who failed to crack a smile at "Irene" or shed a tear over the touching rendition of "Old Folks at Home." Such a wonderful production took long hours of preparation. The thanks of the student body and faculty go to the Dramatic Association, Glee Club, and Orchestra for their excellent work.

Now that the great event is over you must not suppose that these organizations are idle. Not at all! We can hear our songsters practicing Christmas carols almost any day after two-thirty, while if we peek into the auditorium we may see some of our stage stars rehearsing for the Christmas play, *The Holly Tree Inn*.

The fame of our actors is spreading. Recently the Metropolitan Baptist Church was visited by a group from the Dramatic Association who entertained an enthusiastic audience with two plays, *The Ghost Story* by Booth Tarkington, and Beulah King's *Henry, Where Are You?*

At assemblies and noon-hour entertainments, we see evidence of the work of the orchestra and band. The band has been an invaluable asset at football games, as we all know, and a meeting of the Home and School Association would surely be flat without our orchestra.

Turning back in the annals of the girls' clubs, we find some interesting notes. The Merrill Club made several families happy at Thanksgiving time by sending them baskets heaped with good things to eat. A brilliant

social event was a dance given by the girls at the Grace Dodge Tea Hut on November 25. Friday, December 4, was an important date for the Girl Reserves. It was Girl Reserve Day, and hosts of white and blue clad lassies from every club in the city lunched at the Franklin Square Hotel. Then they were honored by having their pictures taken with Mrs. Coolidge! Initiation, Christmas dance, club suppers are only a few of the events we hear at the meetings of both Les Camarades and the Fidelis Clubs.

Every Monday and Thursday our markswomen are to be found in the rifle range, carefully taking aim after aim. From the scores we have seen, Eastern cannot fail to stand high in the matches with other schools next spring. Keep up with the good work, girls! The boys have their turn, too, and are striving to make this year the best ever. But all the activities of these clubs are not confined to the range. They are planning a dance and card party for January 15 to which everyone is invited.

The last, but by no means the least on our list of organizations, is the Debating Society. On Tuesday afternoons our budding "Burkes" hold forth. Recent debates have been on such subjects as the World Court, government ownership of mines, centralization of the limited States' government. The Debating Society offers such valuable and interesting training that we suggest membership therein as an excellent thing.

"The victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work."



What Would Happen If:

The Freshmen talked back to Miss Stockett?
Judson George arrived on time?

Miss Shelp neglected to take the attendance
in section room?

"Billy" Heintz kept quiet in Dramatics?

Jo. Tremain and Eddie Andrus danced to-
gether?

Coach Guyon played the saxophone?

Nellie Dalrymple stopped talking?

Frank Scrivner started reducing?

Elizabeth Rice stopped eating candy?

Miss Murray carried out her threats?

Miss Monk said "ant" for "aunt"?

King Prender's EASTERNER copy were in
on time?

* * *

Alvin Graves (in Math): "Miss Shelp,
this example can't be worked."

Miss Shelp: "Why?"

Graves: "I can't work it."

* * *

Miss Boyd (in Library): "Spalding, stop
talking."

Spalding: "Miss Boyd, I'm not talk-
ing."

Miss Boyd: "Well, stop chewing gum."

Spalding: "Really, I'm not chewing
gum."

Miss Boyd: "Well, you surely were doing
something."

Spalding: "Honest, I wasn't doing any-
thing."

Miss Boyd: "Take your things and go
back to the study hall; you can't sit here
and do nothing."

* * *

Eddie Andrus says: "Yes, I'm a nut so
they gave me the kernel-see?"

Reasons Why I Didn't Go Out for the Football Team

I've already had my nose broken.

It's so terribly embarrassing to have your
head submerged in lubricated terra firma.

You're liable to get your teeth knocked out
and a dog might come along and eat them.
Then, you will have dog teeth, won't you?
I know a girl that knows a girl who did.

Every time I faint nobody is looking.

Brogans are unusually hard to digest.

Playing football necessitates bathing, and
our football games are never played on Sat-
urdays.

My enemies want me to play.

The stretchers always cramp my neck.

They already have one dummy to practice
on.

* * *

Miss Milliken (in English): "Come now,
we are wandering too far from the subject;
let's get back to our Bacon."

* * *

George Hogge wants to know if "extradi-
tion" is a supplement to a newspaper. Who-
ever tells him, may also tell him that the
war is over.

* * *

Constance Hanlein: "I went past Miss
Shelp's room at three o'clock."

Vetura Jarrett: "Who was in there?"

Constance: "No one was there."

Vetura: "Then it couldn't have been Miss
Shelp's room."

* * *

He: "Where's the friend today?"

Grace Lady: "He's a sea captain."

He: "What?"

Grace Lady: "Skipper."

At Md. Park with the Football Squad

The team had finished playing (modesty makes us withhold the score) and had seated themselves for a meal. After a little coaxing, the team was persuaded to eat. "Buck" O'Brien, Eastern's dashing end, helped himself to some "Irish" potatoes and started to dissect them when he spied some brown gravy. The said gravy, however, was chocolate flavor for the ice-cream, but O'Brien didn't know the difference and even went so far as to brag about the sweet gravy Maryland people could make.

Don't laugh, he's liable to be standing near you, and I know you wouldn't want "Buck" to make a face at you.

* * *

Roper: "What did you make in the test, Ackerman?"

Ack.: "Fifty-five."

Roper: "Do you think you passed?"

* * *

Lynn Vandercook (calling on Chaney for his *Literary Digest* Topic): "Mr. Chaney has 'The Mind of an Ape.'"

* * *

Clara Whelock: "What did we have in English home work?"

Marion Gardener: "We didn't have any."

Clara: "Well, I did mine then."

* * *

Gromberg: "I wrote two pages without making any mistakes in English."

Denzilow: "How come?"

Gromberg: "It was a Latin test."

* * *

Mrs. Byram (to students practicing dance for Fall show): "Don't look at your feet; they will take care of themselves."

Robby Voight: "They are big enough to."

* * *

E. Grant: "Give me a nickel, Purcell."

Purcell: "Say, who do you think you are—Mr. Schwartz?"

* * *

Miss Arnold: "It was a thousand years before Christ, Miss Jones. Don't you remember?"

Edith Jones: "I can't say that I do."

Why Teachers Get Gray

ANSWERS TO SCHOOL EXAMINATION PAPERS

"Benjamin Franklin produced electricity by rubbing cats backward."

"The Gorgons were three sisters that looked like women, only more terrible."

"A deacon is the lowest kind of a Christian."

"An index is where you look in the back of the book when you want to find something that is printed in the front part of the book."

"William the Conqueror fell from his horse one day and was wounded in the feudal system."—*Selected.*

* * *

George Finger suggested putting his picture on his page (the exchange) of THE EASTERNER. The students think it rather odd that he didn't think of doing this when he was the "Joke Editor."

* * *

Lewis Hayes (fixing target on rifle-range): "Say! Stop firing! That bullet came within three feet of me."

Reverdy Claggett: "What do you expect? I haven't had much practice."

* * *

Langhenry (after center rush): "Fiddlesticks! (this word is substituted for a stronger one) I could have sworn I swallowed something that time."

Heeke: "Say, I lost my shoe that time; did any of you fellows see it?"

* * *

Miss Murray (while speaking about cleaning up the school): "Don't you know that trash under the lockers is apt to start a fire?"

Francis Holmes: "Miss Murray, they wouldn't burn; they're green."

* * *

Miss Egbert (before Burke test): "Absolutely no questions will be answered during this test."

* * *

Speaking of slight of hand tricks, we know some one who can take an automobile and turn it into a side street!

SCHOOL news



S. R. O. (Standing Room Only) was the case at each of the three performances of Eastern's recent vaudeville show presented November 20 and 21, in the school auditorium. Those in the audience who have followed the progress of the various dramatic productions given by the school acclaimed the Fall Show as "the best that Eastern has produced." At an assembly held before the Thanksgiving holidays, Miss Kate Bucknam heartily thanked all those who assisted in any way toward making the show a success.

Now that the appetite of the school's general fund is satisfied, at least for the present, let us turn to other items of interest which go to make up our school life.

Recently, after a campaignless campaign, the graduating classes elected their officers. We shall introduce the officers of the February class as they will be the first to leave us. The president of the mid-year class, George Madigan, is that young fellow you have seen parading through the corridors exhibiting a checkered lumber-jacket and wearing a shy look upon his countenance. "Shake hands, George."

If you are but faintly acquainted with Alice Morgan you can readily see why she holds the honorary position of Vice-President. "Go on, Alice, show us the Charleston."

Florence Hancock is that very capable young lady who is to take care of the secretarial end of the graduation. (Some job!)

Most of us are rather well acquainted with Robert "Sill" Clifford, but if you have not had the privilege of meeting him, you should lose no time. Robert has charge of the money, you know.

Immediately following the Christmas holi-

days the February class will start work on its play. We wish them success.

The result of the June class election follows:

President—Kingsland Prender.

Vice-President—Helen Bryan.

Secretary—Roberta Harrison.

Treasurer—Angus Heeke.

Historian—Laura Haynie.

'26 has indeed chosen its outstanding members for its highest honors.

(President—Purposely omitted.)

Helen Bryan is the pride of Section 2167.

We recall Roberta Harrison as the star of last year's spring play, "Adam and Eva."

"Touchdown" Heeke is the gridiron and dramatic hero.

Laura Haynie was one of the prominent entrants in the Oratorical Contest of last year.

(As the office of Class President is too important to be ignored, we find it necessary to add a few words to this account. "King" Prender is well fitted for this high office. He is a speaker of note, cadet officer, and actor—truly a worthy leader in every respect.—EDITOR'S NOTE.)

* * *

It is rumored that at the annual Faculty party held a short time ago our friend, the Goat, was present in order that the new teachers might get accustomed to a few of life's inevitable "bumps." After the ceremonies refreshments were furnished by our own Domestic Science girls.

A faculty committee, headed by Miss Mary C. Dent, has been preparing a handbook containing a review of Eastern's activities. The publication has gone to press and is due the first of the new year.

We are very happy to know that Miss Ruth Gordon, of the faculty, is on the road to recovery. We watch with expectant hope for her complete return to health.

"And a *good* time was had by all"—so the old saying runs; but, be it ever so hackneyed, it still runs true as far as the EASTERNER party was concerned.

The Executive Council of the Alumni Association recently donated funds with which a new cello was purchased for the Eastern High School Orchestra.

The physical training and the domestic art and science departments exhibited their lines of proficiency at the regular meeting of the Home and School Association on December 18.

Behold, I bring good tidings of joy! Check up fifteen more acres to Eastern's already large area. Fifteen acres of the reclaimed marsh southeast of the school have been turned over to Eastern to be used as a parade ground!

THE FRESHMAN TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Never bring roller skates to school.
2. Be sure and study while a freshman, for when you are an upper classman you won't have time.
3. If it looks cloudy, do not take any chances; bring rubbers and an umbrella.
4. Always appear bright. (We know this is hard but practice makes perfect. Example: The Seniors.)
5. When mama gives you lunch money, keep away from Mr. Schwartz.
6. In turning corners, signal with your left hand.
7. Always go down the "up" stairs.
8. Be good children while at school as your conduct reflects on the teachers.
9. Never skip study hall until the teacher has taken the attendance.
10. Never throw a banana peel on the floor. A senior might slip on it and lose his dignity.

She: "Why, it's only six o'clock. I told you to come after supper."

He: "That's what I came after."—*Monitor*.

* * *

Miss Murray says the costumes of the minuet of the fall show reminded her of the time when she used to go to school.

* * *

Silvia Clifton (in Civics class): "I'd rather be tried by a jury than a judge because a jury is more easily influenced."

* * *

Miss Knee (in history class): "Miss Shively, please locate the northern territory of Australia." (??)

* * *

William Lambert: "How do you say 'milk' in French?"

Richard Portch: "I don't know, but you say cow, *la vache*."

* * *

Marjorie Bartlett (in Chemistry): "Gee, I would like to remove this spot from my handkerchief."

Elizabeth McVeary: "Dip it in sulphuric acid and the spot will disappear."

* * *

Regis Dunnigan said (when asked her opinion): "I think the football gets the biggest 'kick' out of the game."

* * *

Mr. Williamson (in Business Law): "What is a buggy?"

Don Conner: "A little bug."

* * *

"M'gosh, what a long tunnel we're going through."

"This ain't a tunnel—it's Pittsburgh."—*West High Weekly*.

* * *

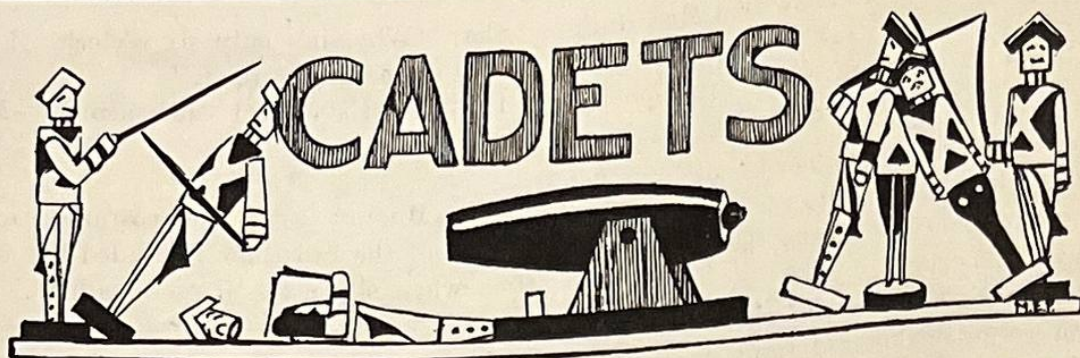
"A fellow just told me I looked like you."

"Where is he? I'd like to knock his block off."

"I killed him."—*Electric Sparks*.

* * *

Mr. Flury (holding up a penknife): "Whoever lost this knife can have it if he describes it."



Years ago, when Eastern accommodated her seven hundred students comfortably at the old school, most of the boys were cadets. These boys drilled with old model rifles. They had no adequate drill hall. Things were much harder for them than they are for the cadets today.

New Eastern is one of the best equipped schools in the country. Our armory is spacious. The rifles are of the newest model. We have everything that could be desired in the military way. Yet—there are only a third of the boys in the school cadets. What is wrong? Is the Cadet Corps becoming a back number at Eastern High School? Is the spirit of Eastern becoming dead? We hope not. Or does the student body fail to realize what is happening, that it is “asleep at the switch” when it comes to cadet matters?

Eastern's spirit always supports other school activities. But most of the students know little about the cadets and apparently take little interest in the organization. It is not the cadets' fault. They work hard for the honor of our school. They are out drilling in the cold and heat. They spend two afternoons a week, working hard for one big goal—the Competitive Drill.

Here is the proposition: Girls, notice the cadets more. Watch them drill for a few minutes once in a while. Give them your support. Let them know you are behind them.

Fellows, who are not cadets, see if you can't find some way of joining the Corps. We need you.

Cadets, talk up your organization around school. Make it *known* that you are a cadet and are proud of it.

Eastern is going to win the drill this year, but we need the individual help of every single boy and girl in the school. Give it to us!

Major Payne

We have a new instructor for Eastern's Battalion. He is Major R. G. Payne, a graduate of the United States Naval Academy.

Anyone who has met Major Payne has been decidedly struck by his quiet manner, his soldierly appearance, and his good nature. He is always ready to help those who come to him on military matters.

While Major Payne is required to divide his time between Eastern and Western, the battalion is already beginning to show the effect of his work here.

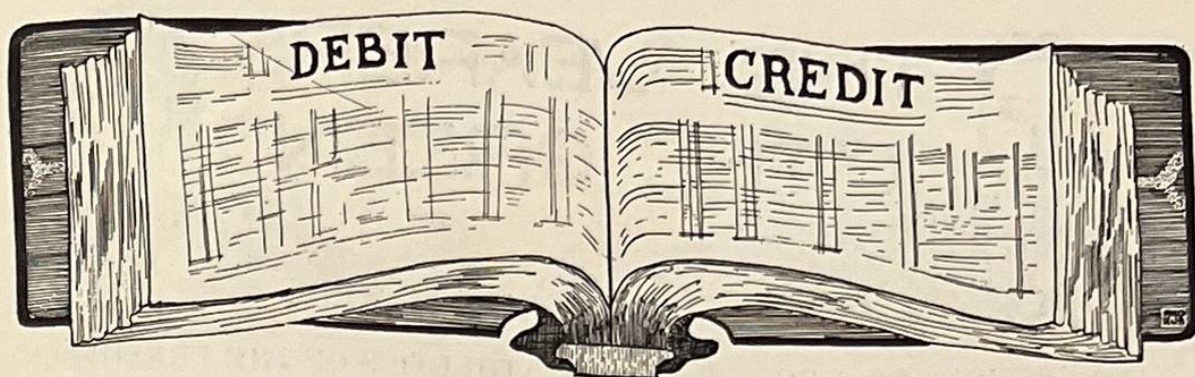
We are sure that everyone will like Major Payne. I voice the sentiments of the whole battalion when I say that our instructor is a true officer and a gentleman.

Schedule of War Games

The following is a schedule of the elimination series:

- January 8—Company B vs. Company C.
- “ 15—Staff Team vs. Company A.
- “ 22—Company D vs. Winner of 2nd Game.
- “ 29—Winner of 1st Game vs. Winner of 3rd Game.

“Wise men make mistakes; fools continue to make mistakes.”



TOLD BY A TOLL-GATHERER

Working as cashier in a moving picture theater was not a thrilling occupation, nor was it so very drab either. There were always new faces to see and study. One couple especially interested me.

Every Sunday night they came—this old gentleman and his wife. His old, gray, felt hat always came off as soon as he entered the lobby of the theater. Even in his shoddy, brown suit his erect figure was dignified, and best of all, his eyes twinkled. His wife was a sweet, little old lady who seemed entirely devoted to him. They always gave me a friendly greeting and always asked my opinion of the show which they were going to see.

For a long time they were regular patrons for Sunday night, but one night I waited in vain for them to appear. Then for a time they slipped my mind, as there is much to fill my thoughts. However, as weeks progressed, I felt apprehensive about them.

Hurrying to work one day, I saw sitting on a park bench the figure of the little old man. His back was bent forward; he seemed sad and in deep thought. His hat was off and showed that his hair had added silver since our meeting and the merry twinkle had gone out of his eyes. I intended to keep on going, but I was drawn back. In half-bitter, half-sad tones, he told me of how in crossing the street on returning from the show (the last evening I had seen them) his wife had started across ahead of him and had been run over. She had been only slightly injured, but the shock had been too great for her.

I tried to comfort him with sympathetic

words, but it was of no use; he was bitter toward the world and would not listen.

A few weeks later, after the last performance of "Smilin' Through," among the crowds I saw the little old man, looking sad, but with a sweet, peaceful expression on his face; and as I nodded to him he attempted a smile and nodded back.

FRANCES IGLEHART, '26
(2-yr. course).

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

What a lovely thing it is—the Christmas Spirit—that prompts men and women to forget themselves and open their hearts to make others happy. What a wonderful thing if we could all make the spirit of Christmas last throughout the year—the spirit of thoughtfulness for others, the spirit of sharing our blessings!

It is true that by giving to others, joy will come to us. We who are well and happy are prone to forget those less fortunate than ourselves.

How wonderful to play Santa Claus to boys and girls whose parents, through poverty or sickness are unable to give them the toys and clothing they long to have!

If you do this, you will have the joy of knowing that others are having a brighter Christmas, because of your loving heart.

LOUISE PERKINS, '26.

The same ambition can destroy or save,
And make a patriot, as it makes a knave.

—Selected.



CONFESSIONS OF A ROOKIE

(As related by Cynthia Eldridge, 2071)

Yes, if the high and mighty seniors would thaw out a bit and look around they might notice that there are a lot of new persons running round Eastern—very shy, awkward, and green rookies (at least that's what they're called). And I am one of them.

The first day in school, Jimmy Kline, one of the June graduates, was in the room. I was there also and so was the bell! I was amiably chatting with my Shadow when the bell rang in the peculiarly shrill, startling way that the bells of Eastern have. Of course, I jumped skyward and then settled back, blushing, to see Jimmy Kline grinning sympathetically at me.

One day a senior had the fortune (or misfortune) to teach our class during our teacher's absence. At the close of the period, he was heard to remark to his friend that we were a bunch of darned smart rookies. (Which wasn't intended as a compliment!)

Yes, we're rookies, and the greenest of the green, but I wouldn't miss for anything that occasional, gentle (?) reminder, "Wrong stairs, Rookie!" or "Look where you're going, Rookie." For it is life, and it is as much fun as being a senior with a stiff neck and a swelled head, sitting on a pedestal surrounded by the adoring school.

Wiblitzhouser (entering print-shop, with hand tied up): "Mr. Flinn, may I be excused? I hurt my hand."

Voice from a wise guy: "He scratched his head and got a splinter in his hand, Mr. Flinn."

ATHLETICS OF THE FRESHMAN GIRLS

Freshman girls! Here's your chance to show the other semesters what enthusiastic athletes we are. The basketball series starts soon after Thanksgiving. There will be a thrilling series among the different sections, and now is the time to practice and enlist for one of these teams. The best players from these teams will represent all of the freshman girls, and *you* may be one of them. To vanquish the senior, junior, and sophomore girls, we need your cooperation.

We have already shown a fine spirit in hockey, and we want to continue thus. We are going to show the other semesters that there is no team equal to ours in any branch of athletics.

Now's your chance! Enlist! Remember the old motto, "Practice makes perfect!"

V. C.

FRESHMAN SCHOOL SONG

(Sung to the tune of "Collegiate")

Eastern High School
Is a very nice school;
Nothing slow in this school,
No, Ma'am!
Dances, classes, jolly lads and lasses
Grouped in happy masses,
Yea!
Ever striving hard to reach the top,
And we do not like to have another beat us.
Football, soccer, our baseball team's a
knocker;
Two in every locker;
Eastern, Rah! Rah! Rah!

CAROL MEADS, '28.

DORIS RIEDEL, '28.

MY IDEAL YULETIDE

A day apart, a day of cheer.
 A sweet taste of Heaven here.
 Stars peeping out tell us again,
 "Peace on earth, good will to men."

In the early gloaming the snow, with a mystic whiteness, gives a weird Christmas-like appearance to the world. Tired shoppers pass by laden with bundles of mysterious shapes and sizes bespeaking to all, the Christmas Season. Children frolic in the snow with visions of Santa Claus, their enraptured hearts all atune with joy and merrymaking. Here the tree, the representative of Mother Nature, is borne into a home by happy, smiling children. The lamplighter starts on his journey singing "God, rest you merry gentlemen." The tired shopgirls wend their way home humming. Through the windows the merry scenes of dressing the tree are progressing. Starry-eyed grandmothers hurry along eager to reach home and tempt their grandchildren with big sugar-cookies. At the corner the old warecrier gathers his belongings and cheerily tramps home with his hard-earned money, enough, however, to buy "Bertie" the joys of his first visit from Santa Claus. Through the snow, the postman goes with packages of high and low degree, while on the other side of the street a policeman gives a beggar money instead of a night in the station-house. From the bakery issues a delicious smell of fruit-cake, doughnuts, biscuits, pies, and cookies. A man runs along exalted by the thought of the goose which he swings in his hand. Noiselessly the twilight hour is transformed into night shadows. Softly the chimes ring out seven o'clock and sweetly blend with the choir boys as they carol the old, old, yet ever more dear Christmas anthems—

Oh, radiant Star high in the sky,
 Bind us together in Friendship's tie.
 Oh, Emblem of Peace in years to come—
 Remain as a Beacon to guide us home.

HELEN SWICK, 3151.

Stude (visiting Corecoran exhibit): "You say that's one of those cubist paintings. I'll never go to Cuba!"

A GRACEFUL SPILL

Last summer, while on a vacation in the country, I had the most thrilling ride I ever had or ever hope to have. Like most city boys, my cousins and I became very much interested in an old chassis. At first we just pulled each other around on it, but later we became more daring and took it to a nearby country road. We coasted down a very steep, stony hill.

All hands climbed aboard, and the last man on gave a push. We were off! So was our starter. He had either fallen off or jumped off, I do not know which; but it proved to be a lucky fall or jump. He ran after us, but to no avail, for I really believe we were going forty miles an hour. The chauffeur of our horseless buggy began to get nervous and dizzy—at least it appeared so—and we ran up the side of a bank and down again, then over into a fence and finally off the road and straight into a large rock. That was the straw that broke the camel's back, and our buggy also.

Perhaps you have seen children playing a game called "Statues"; if so, you never saw any better statuary than we presented at that moment. I was thrown clear out of the wreckage, and while lying in a graceful, sprawling position could see just how the others looked. One cousin was standing on his head with his feet up in the wheels; another was posing as a bird trying to fly, and the lucky one was still running down the hill. When we were able to view the wrecked cart and saw that no one was seriously injured, we all enjoyed a hearty laugh.

Even after we had reached home and been bandaged up, we still thought it a great joke, but our parents seemed to think it a narrow escape.

E. MARSHALL GRINDER, 2262.

Bowlegged: "How does it happen that all the windows in your house are broken?"

Knock-kneed: "I just bought a saxophone."

ALUMNI



MARRIAGES

H. Lenore Murray, '14, to Chester Howe, on August 1.

Eleanor Earnshaw, '15, to Rev. Willis B. Townshend of Chicago, Ill., on June 10.

Luella F. Jacobs, '15, to John W. Stockett.

Rachel Thomas, '16, to A. H. Van Horn, on October 29.

Carol H. Johnson, '17, to Joseph F. Shaeffer.

Mildred Reynolds, '18, to Dr. Arthur Selinger.

Margaret Burton, '19, to Albert C. Reed, on June 20.

Marion Royal Whitman, '20, to James L. O'Connor, '20.

Clara Edith Graves, '20, to Arthur A. Baker, on September 29.

Mildred Mooney, '20, to Ensign G. N. Neely, '18.

Frances O. Lloyd, '20, to Harvey A. Daly.

James Griscom Harper, '21, to Helen Claire Gwyn, on July 1.

Phoebe Atkinson, '22, to Daniel Robb Slatery, on June 24.

Mildred Mockabee, '22, to John H. Bragg.

Mildred C. Huth, '22, to Berkley J. Anderson.

Lillian E. Bragunier, ex-'23, to David L. Sandoe, '23, on July 11.

BIRTHS

To Mrs. Margaret Wilson Harvey, '09, and Robert P. Harvey of Milwaukee—twin sons.

To Ruth Bell Hall, '15, and Walter J. Hall of Seattle, Wash.—a daughter.

To Mary F. Lanham and Charles T. Lanham, '20—a daughter.

To Thelma Taylor Hall, '20, and Homer Hall—a son.

DEATHS

Melvia F. Yoder, '00, on July 15.

Miss Yoder was a teacher in the physical training department of the public schools.

Dr. Samuel Boyce Pole, '05, on Sept. 24.

Dr. Pole was a well known eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist in Washington.

Edward Young Davidson, '15, very suddenly in Chicago on August 16.

Lieut. William D. Gwin, a former student of Eastern, at the Naval Hospital in Portsmouth, Va., in July, from injuries received when the seaplane he was piloting crashed in Hampton Roads. While at Eastern Mr. Gwin was active in athletics.

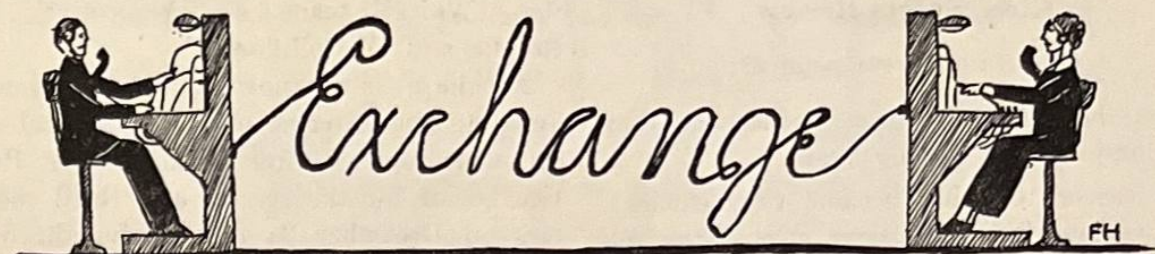
Dr. Arthur Herbert Kimball, '93, at his home, 130 E. Capitol Street. Dr. Kimball was a graduate of the first class of Eastern High School.

HERE AND THERE

Grace Weitzel, '22, is attending the Marjory Webster School night classes in preparation for teaching physical education. She is working during the day for the Acacia Life Insurance Company.

"Bill" Furey, '22, has been elected president of his law class at Georgetown University.

Norman S. Fridinger, '19, graduated from the Foreign Service School last June and has just received an appointment which takes him to Calcutta to represent his firm.



DIARY OF THE EXCHANGE EDITOR

Nov. 10—Discovered that 18th was copy day.

11—Began writing copy, but started reading *The Forum*, from Senn High School and forgot about copy. Liked cover, which first attracted my attention, and then read stories which banished all thoughts of copy.

12—Found joke editor in possession of exchanges. He began showing me *Helios*. Soon discovered that we had been enjoying the magazine for over half an hour! No copy!

13—Got tangled up in *Fine Yarns*. Very fine! My copy incomplete!

14-15—Saturday and Sunday (thought about copy).

16—Received *The Eagle*, Lindblom High School, and ascended to heights of forgetfulness. Copy unfinished!

17—Went off by myself and wrote copy after looking over the following exchanges that I had received.

Helios—Central High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The Normal News—Wilson Normal School, Washington, D. C.

The University Hatchet—George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

The Tripod—Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut.

The Yankton Woksape—Yankton High School, Yankton, S. D.

The Junior Pioneer—Columbia Junior High School, Washington, D. C.

Tech Life—McKinley Technical High School, Washington, D. C.

The Sentinel—Dunbar Township High School, Leisenring, Pa.

Science and Craft—R. T. Crane, Technical High School, Chicago, Ill.

Central Bulletin—Central High School, Washington, D. C.

The Eagle—Lindblom High School, Chicago, Ill.

The Shore Line—Deerfield-Shields High School, Highland Park, Ill.

Fine Yarns—Gastonia High School, Gastonia, N. C.

Nov. 18—Had copy in *on time*! Wish I could thank each one personally for sending such enjoyable and good exchanges for me to read.

Fable

Once upon a time there was a normal, high school boy, a star athlete, and a leader in the activities of the school, who became deeply interested in *Cæsar* and translated it all.—*Fine Yarns*.

Never worry about trifles. The hole that lets the water into your shoe will let it out again.—*The Eagle*.

Teacher: "What is the most prominent women's club in America?"

Pupil: "The rolling pin."—*The Eagle*.

Oily to bed

And oily to rise,

Is the fate of the man

When a motor he buys.

—*The Eagle*.

Onward, onward,

O time in thy flight,

Make the bell ring,

Before I recite. —*The Eagle*.

Girls' Sports Review*(Continued from page 22)*

wrists; but 'tis only for a second, and they are jumping and hitting again.

In soccer the girls became very efficient. The various "gym" classes elected the following soccer captains: Evelyn Bixler, Eleanor Johnson, Nellie Dalrymple, Athlyn Spahr, Elizabeth Clark, Helen Seitz, Frances Mullen, Louise Wildman, Betty Basim, Letty Sharpnack, Dorothy Colliflower, Margaret Hoover, Betty Bayliss, Ruth Johnson, Zemma Hawkins, Amelda Bart, Ruth Teates, Marion Warfield, Marion Paull, Virginia Barrett.

In hockey the captains of the "Blue" and

the "White" teams are, respectively, F. Rozelle and D. Colliflower.

All the girls are now excited and eagerly awaiting the outcome of the basketball season, which opened after Thanksgiving. Practice began for the second and third semesters on December 2; for the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth semesters, on December 7; and for the first semester on December 8. This affords a splendid opportunity for the girls to earn the much-coveted "E." An exciting series is anticipated.

Margaret Gibson (in Civics Class): "The man and wife obtained a divorce and the child was divided between them."

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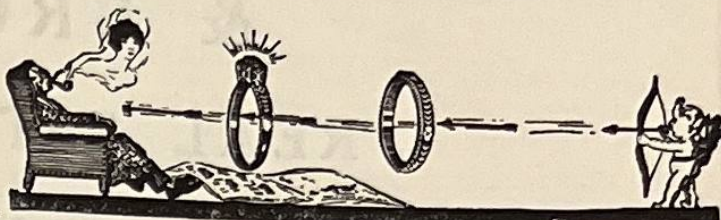
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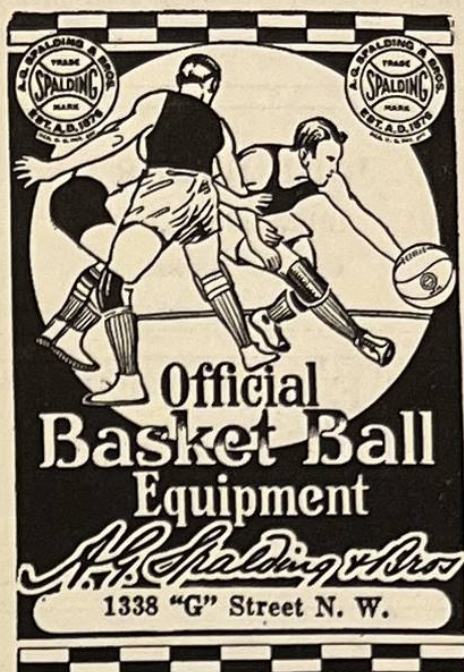
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